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THE NEW YORKER

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ON THE PLAZA
BERGDORF
GOODMAN

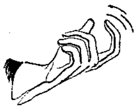
Departmental Primer

A

"The best shoes you can buy are the best buy!" Delman Salon, Main Floor

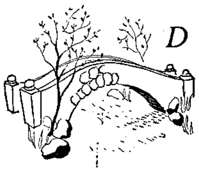
B

Beautiful Made-to-order Fashions (the oh!-and-ah! department). Fourth Floor



C

Chic Gloves, day and evening. Main Floor

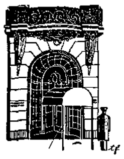


D

Coats, city and country, to bridge the times between furs. Second Floor

E

City Suits, day and evening Dresses, ready to put on with peacock pride. Third Floor

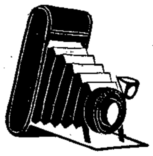


F

Furs. "Through these portals pass the most beautiful furs in the world." Second Floor

G

Precious Jewelry and whatever you're wishing for in the way of fashionable accessories. Main Floor



H

Nylons in the newest and best tones, to make your legs photogenic. Main Floor

I

Institutional. The Spirit of Bergdorf Goodman. All through the house.

K

Sportswear to take you in style anywhere in the world. Third Floor

L

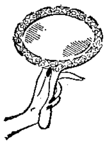
Lovely lingerie, negligées and tea-gowns to turn you into a leisure lily. Second Floor

M

Made-to-order Hats, the Crowning Glories. Main Floor

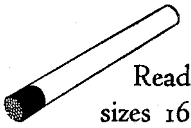
MR

Hats with a young point of view, gay and fresh as daisies, ready to put on. Third Floor



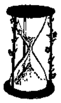
P

Perfume, lipstick, powder, creams and all for prettying; dressing-table gadgets too. Main Floor



R

Ready-to-wear costumes for king-size figures, sizes 16 to 44; and ℞M Fashions to keep the pregnant pretty. Second Floor



S

"Good dressing goes skin-deep." Corsets, made-to-order and ready to put on. Second Floor

W

BG

Beautiful Gowns for the Bride and her bridesmaids. Fourth Floor

X

X marks the spot where you find a connoisseur's collection of gifts and antiques. Fourth Floor

Y

Engraved letter-paper, pens, date books and such, for the chic clerisy. Main Floor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell is very regal and spirited, if not, perhaps, quite as abandoned as she might be, in this excellent revival. Godfrey Tearle makes a good, touching Antony, and there are other effective performances, by Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Dublin Gate Theatre—This Irish repertory group will present "Where Stars Walk," a play by Micheál MacLiammóir, through Sunday, Feb. 29. (Evenings at 8:40. Matinées at 2:40.) "John Bull's Other Island" will be presented for six days, starting Tuesday, March 2. (Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.) The company is headed by Hilton Edwards and Micheál MacLiammóir. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a somewhat mechanical play. With John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Feb. 29.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent at the head of a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

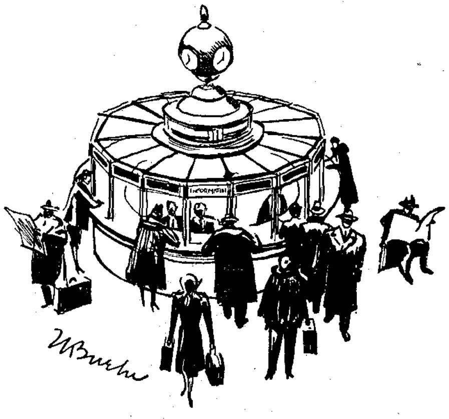
Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the subject a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Reopens, after a week's hiatus, on Monday, March 1. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, powerful job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, of turning a war book into a war play. The remarkable cast is headed by Henry Fonda and includes David Wayne and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skipper Next to God—John Garfield in Jan de Hartog's morally commendable but theatrically static play about the plight of the stateless Jew. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Strange Bedfellows—Prostitutes and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and the total effect, unfortunately, is pretty strained. Joan Tetzel and John Archer lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	1	2	3	4	5	6

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' new play about a woman's disintegration is better than "The Glass Menagerie" and one of the best things to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Winslow Boy—Except for a little interpolated romance, this Terence Rattigan play, based on a famous British trial, is most satisfactory. The cast, brought over from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Hedda Gabler—Eva Le Gallienne in a brief revival of the Ibsen play. Produced by Louis J. Singer and the American Repertory Theatre, and directed by Margaret Webster. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 6.)

Me and Molly—Gertrude Berg and Philip Loeb in a play by Miss Berg. Directed by Ezra Stone and produced by Paul Feigay, Oliver Smith, Herbert Kenwith, and David Cummings. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tonight at 8:30—"Ways and Means," "Family Album," and "Red Peppers" are presented on Thursday, Saturday, and Monday evenings, and Wednesday afternoons. "Hands Across the Sea," "Shadow Play," and "Fumed Oak" are offered on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoons. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, and Roberta Jonay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six extremely comic numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—This admirable company, which includes Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, makes the old favorites seem just as pleasant as ever. "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Cox and Box" will run through Saturday, Feb. 28, followed by a week of "The Gondoliers." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense dealing with the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable evening by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story, but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive and Nancy Walker is a nice, indignant comic. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Make Mine Manhattan—Arnold B. Horwitt's sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a really engaging evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel

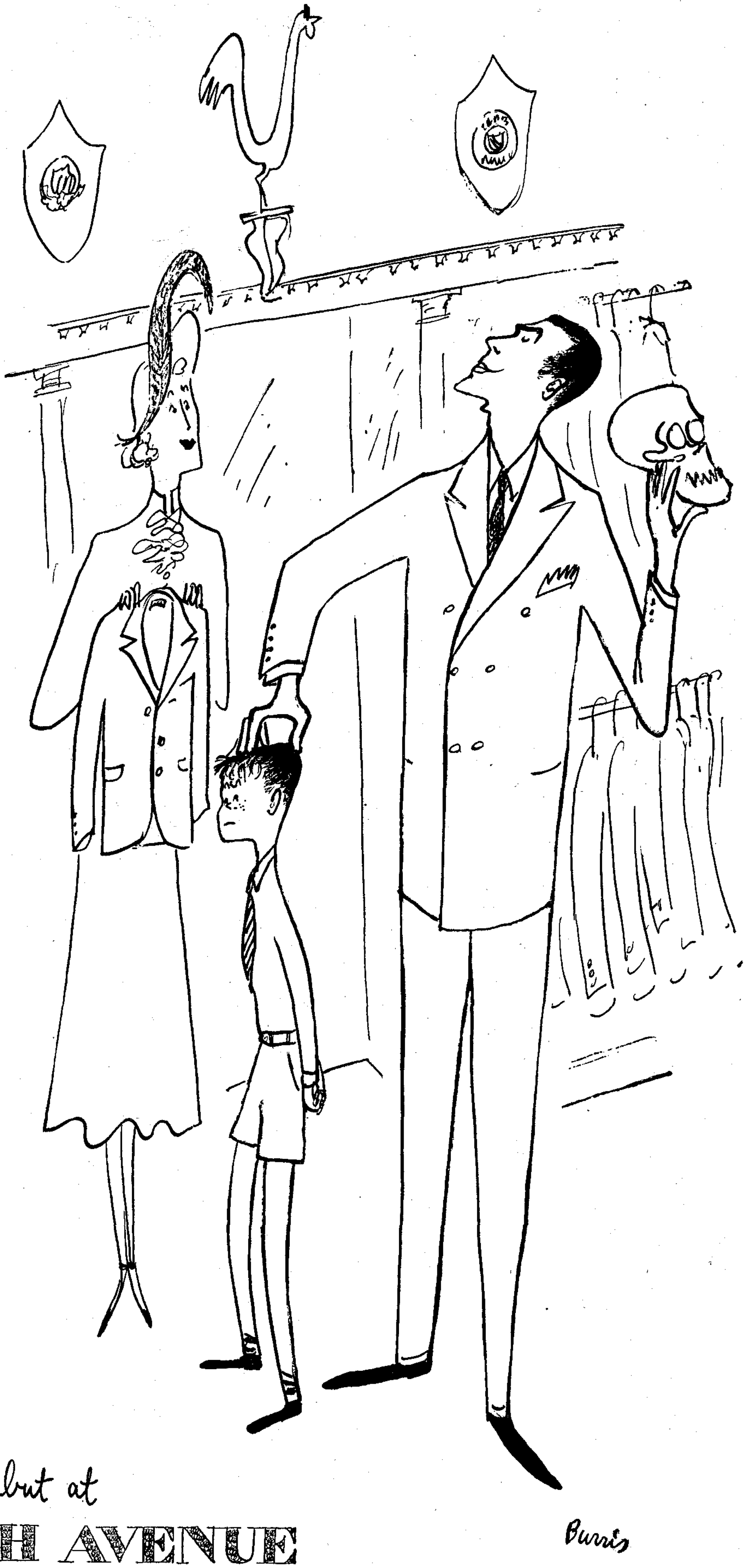
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXIV, No. 1, February 28, 1948. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1948, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippine Is., Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

This is our Mr. Swarr

Mr. Swarr, a well-groomed mesocephalic, took his degree in anthropology and ethnology, and has recently been doing field work in Saks Fifth Avenue's Boys' Clothing, where you meet some fascinating bone formations. When he told us he wanted to be a section manager because he liked people, we thought petulantly "Oh, *that* old cliché," and hired him because he spoke twelve languages and seemed a nice chap. How should we know he'd be crazy about customers for their ethnic variations?

It's turned out to be quite a bundle from Heaven, at that. Say a foreign visitor approaches the multi-lingual Mr. S. about okaying a check or a special order. Since Mr. S. can spot nationalities at one ethnological glance, he greets them in the right tongue before they've even opened their *bouche*. What a joyous babel ensues! What mutual trust is engendered! Sometimes Saks Credit Department gets a bit sullen, though, when Mr. S. tells them he's opened a charge-account for a splendid dolichocephalic, and the bookkeeper keeps saying "Yeah? But what bank does this party do business at?"

Mr. Swarr's own bone formation is a godsend to mothers of elongated youths. They're always nabbing him with fluty cries of "Oh, you're just my son's size. Would you mind holding up this Fletcher jacket till I see if the sleeves—?" He complies graciously, even if he suspects the absent son may belong to quite a different cephalic index than his own. There are some things you can't tell a mother.



Oh Mr. Swarr – where else but at

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

at Rockefeller Center

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
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Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **BRIGADOON**: Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**: The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!**: Age cannot wither. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it would be a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

THE LINDEN TREE—Boris Karloff, with Una O'Connor, Barbara Everest, and Halliwell Hobbes, Jr., in a play by J. B. Priestley. Produced by Maurice Evans and directed by George Schaefer. Opens Tuesday, March 2. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HALLAMS—A play by Rose Franken, with Ethel Griffies, Royal Beal, and Alan Baxter. Directed by Miss Franken and produced by William Brown Meloney. Opens Thursday, March 4. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO—Thursday evening, Feb. 26: "Ballet Imperial," "Concerto Barocco," "Night Shadow," and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Giselle," "Cirque de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28: "The Nutcracker," "Madroños," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Coppelia." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 29: "Coppelia," "Cirque de Deux," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 29: "Ballet Imperial," "The Nutcracker," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 2: "Serenade," "Billy Sunday," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 3: "Concerto Barocco," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Billy Sunday," "Cirque de Deux," "Rodeo," and "Frankie and Johnny." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "Serenade," "Coppelia," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "Swan Lake," "Night Shadow," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Ballet Imperial," "Madroños," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MARTHA GRAHAM AND HER COMPANY—Final performances of an engagement for the benefit of A.N.T.A.—Thursday evening, Feb. 26: "Dark Meadow," "John Brown," "Herodiade," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27: "Appalachian Spring," "Stephen Acrobat," "Night Journey," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28: "Dark Meadow," "Cave of the Heart," and "Letter to the World." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 29: "Errand into the Maze," "Dark Meadow," and "Every Soul Is a Circus." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 29: "Appalachian Spring," "Cave of the Heart," and "Night Journey." (Maxine Elliott, 39th St., E. BR 9-9459. Evenings at 8:40. Matinée at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

MAURICE CHEVALIER—A one-man show. Opens Sunday, Feb. 29. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

ICE SHOW—"Icetime of 1948," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise indicated. A few of them have fill-in entertainers on Sundays or Mondays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The orchestra of Lary Siry, who's as much of a Park Avenue landmark as the Ambassador itself, and a rumba band play for dancing in the Trianon Room. No dancing on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Larry Green's and Charles Turecamo's orchestras supply dance music all evening in the Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A great big production number containing a lot of hard-working violinists but, except for the impish dances of Mata and Hari, absolutely no laughing matter. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Sort of country-club atmosphere, with cuisine and music (Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras) of a superior grade. Closed Sundays.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Hollywood at your doorstep, and in a very vivid package. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails and dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Why millionaires leave home. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra (to be replaced on Tuesday, March 2, by Chauncey Gray's) and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—There is a placid dinner-and-supper show in the Cotillion Room, as well as Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the period-piece Rendez-Vous Room, the show, a good one, is provided entirely by the dressy clientele. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras alternate for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, there is Hildegarde, an efficient girl who leaves no ringside customer unturned. Dance music is supplied by Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Bland is the word for the dinner music of Emery Deutsch's string orchestra, in the Oval Room; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Bouncy music by Johnny Guarnieri's trio and more romantic music by Hal Saunders' orchestra in the opulent Iridium Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Downstairs, against the background of the handsome Maisonette, a small show and the customary dance music. On Monday, March 1, Dave Apollon will start effervescing here. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, playing for a rather Continental audience in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—In the evening, the young bloods' fancy lightly turns to thoughts of the Cub Room. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Language is no barrier when Edith Piaf goes to work on her French sad songs. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At suppertime, the Sert Room has Lucienne Boyer, whose lyrics run the complete Gallic gamut. Richly inlaid dance music all evening by Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Sparkling piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band in this pleasant corner. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for the New Look and (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) Les Crosley at the piano. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Fats Pichon, one of New Orleans' most distinguished exports, playing piano. Dances by Hal Sherman, songs by Helen Humes, and dance music by Cliff Jackson and Ed Hall's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Dimly lighted and sedate, which is just right for Roger Stearns' piano music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty, when things have quieted down. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): This little drawing room has Mary McNally at the piano at apéritif time and Alex Fogarty later in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian rambunctiousness, but of the Very Old School, of course. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with a gypsy fiddler at dinnertime and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. . . . **CAFÉ JAMES**, 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3696): Libby Holman, investigating American folk songs in her deep, bitter voice; Cass Harrison, playing Manhattan folk songs on his light, clean-cut piano. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Teatime and dinner dance music by the Dardanelle Trio. No dancing on Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but comfortable glade. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborly level. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Henny Youngman, whose special frame of reference is Broadway, and Carl Ravazza,

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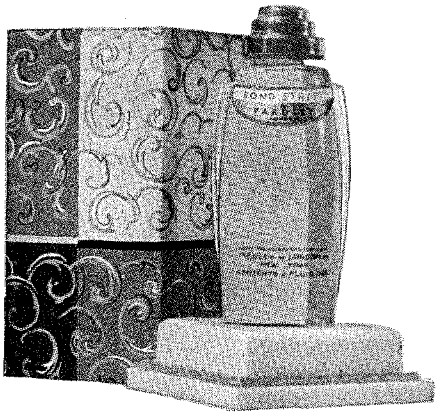

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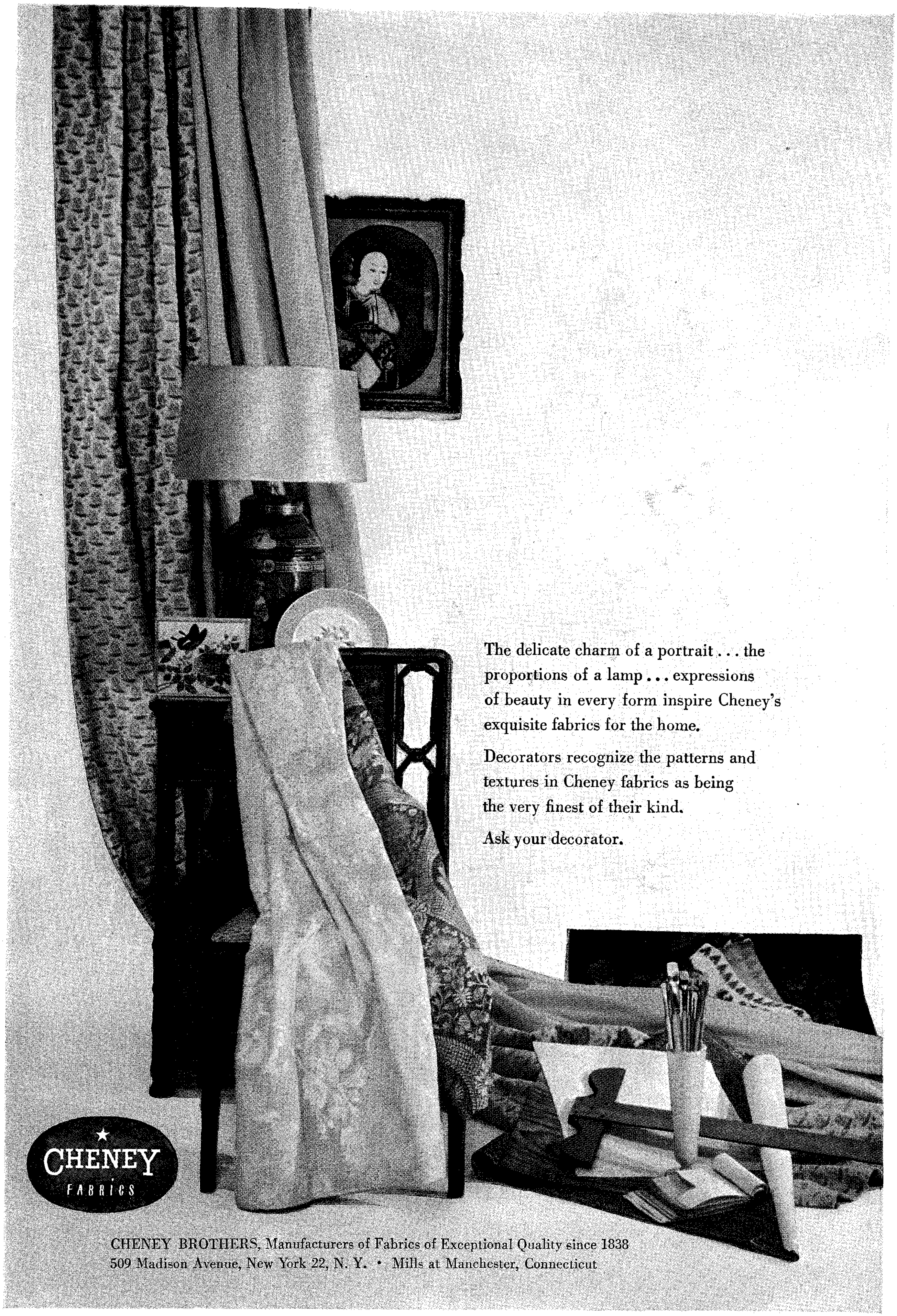

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a very, very sugary singer. Dance music, too.... **EMBASSY,** 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435): The slightly deranged ditties of the Three Flames, who perform with the energy of Swiss bell ringers. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Alice Pearce in a swirl of rattlebrained songs and rattlebrained props, plus a great deal of skylarking by Jay Marshall and Josephine Premice. Background by the Ellis Larkin Trio.... **RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): A sound enough evening's entertainment at the hands of Day, Dawn, and Dusk, Muriel Gaines, and Jane Dulo. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The imperishable, flawless Maxine Sullivan, and a new young calliope named Paula Drake. The Max Kaminsky Trio is prominent all evening. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Mostly Spivy and those songs her mother never taught her. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his Admiral Farragut, or damn-the-torpedoes, trumpet style, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. Now and then, Joe Sullivan plays piano in enviable fashion. On Tuesday nights, distinguished visitors add to the uproar. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, Billy Butterfield, Jess Stacy, and their colleagues, making the neighborhood welkin ring. Visiting performers drop in on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The Golden Era of jazz, played by Art Hodes' trio and sung by Chippie Hill. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Harlem rhythms of the band headed by Wilbur de Paris, which also affords Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. No music on Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Eddy Howard's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays.... **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Shep Fields' orchestra and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Dick Jurgens' orchestra. Closed Sundays.... **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

William Baziotes—New paintings, hiding a good deal of wry observation behind their abstract formulation. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 6.)

Eugene Boudin—A rewarding collection of this nineteenth-century artist's delicate landscapes, which seem, to the modern eye, wonderfully peaceful. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Georg Ehrlich—Quiet and conservative sculptures, chiefly portrait busts. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through March 6.)

Gounaro—First American showing by one of the leading Greek contemporary painters, who combines modern simplifications with a kind of rainbow mysticism. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through March 12.)

Maurice Grosser—Crisp, impeccable, and perhaps a little superficial landscapes and other subjects. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Gerome Kamrowski—Wispy and involved symbolic abstractions that at times attain a certain weird effectiveness. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 6.)

Henry Koerner—First one-man show by a painter of unusual promise, who mingles poetic inference with realistic treatment, sometimes with extraordinary results. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Irving Marantz—Sardonic Expressionist oils, in a first solo show. (Opportunity Gallery, 9 W. 57th St.; through March 11.)

Henri Matisse—Paintings of three decades, 1900 to 1930, showing his early adventurousness and his constant skill. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

George L. K. Morris—One of the more self-reliant American abstractionists shows a new set of oils, more lucid in style than his preceding ones. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Feb. 28.)

Paintings of the Circus—Clowns, of course, and other canvas-and-sawdust subjects, by contemporary Americans, in an almost too generous assortment. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through March 15.)

John Piper—Sombre, romantic paintings of the English countryside. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Joe Richards—Boats and seashores, somewhat monotonous in tone, but done with a nice feeling for the subjects. (Laurel, 48 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 27.)

Sculpture—A show of sculptures designed for architecture by members of the National Association of Women Artists. (Argent, 42 W. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

John Sloan—The dean of American city-genre painting, in a large and comprehensive retrospective showing. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Florine Stettheimer—Flowers, lovingly and piquantly painted. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Edward John Stevens—A report on this artist's recent visit to Hawaii, glittering in texture and rapt in feeling. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through March 9.)

Nahum Tschacbasov—A new group of rich, tempestuous oils. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Keith Vaughan—Small paintings and gouaches, by one of the younger English moderns. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through March 13.)

Denny Winters—Large, strictly patterned semi-abstract oils. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Feb. 28.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A loan show of paintings by Manet; through April 3.... **JULIEN LEVY,** 42 E. 57th St.: Arshile Gorky; through March 20.... **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57th St.: Paul Mommer; through March 13.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: Will Barnet; through March 20.

MUSEUMS

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, chiefly of Palestine, by M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through March 3.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of works by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, two of the founders of the Constructivist school of non-objective sculpture; through April 25.... ¶ Forty-one additions to the Museum's collection; through March 21.... ¶ Water colors by children, selected from national contests run annually in France; through March 21. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual exhibit of contemporary sculptures, water colors, and drawings, rather scattered as to styles but lively and full of surprises. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 21.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Pia Tassinari and Ferruccio Tagliavini.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten and Jan Peerce.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 28, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik and Mario Berini; and "Pagliacci," with Florence Quartararo and Ramon Vinay.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Bidu Sayao, Giuseppe Valdengo, and Salvatore Baccaloni.... ¶ Monday evening, March 1, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Daniza Ilitsch, Cloe Elmo, and Jussi Bjoerling.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 3, at 8: "Peter Grimes," with Frederick Jagel, Regina Resnik, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 4, at 8:15: "Aïda," with Florence Kirk, Margaret Harshaw, and Kurt Baum.... ¶ Friday evening, March 5, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Ezio Pinza, Rose Bampton, and Jarmila Novotna.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6, at 2: "Tannhäuser," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, and Astrid Varnay.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 6, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Dorothy Kirsten, Lucielle Browning, and Jan Peerce.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thursday evening, Feb. 26, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Feb. 27, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 3 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin).... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:45 (with Sigi Weissenberg, piano, winner of the Leventritt Award).... ¶ Thursday evening, March 4, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, March 5, at 2:30 (no soloists).... ¶ Saturday evening, March 6, at 8:45 (with Eugene Istomin, piano).

Tibor Serly—Conducting a chamber orchestra, with Miklos Schwalb, piano, and Emanuel Vardi, viola. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Ferruccio Burco—An eight-year-old conductor, leading an eighty-piece orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, at 2:30.)

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting, with Joseph Knitzer, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, March 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-1228.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Shaw direct-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, March 3, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday evening, March 5, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Alton Jones—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, at 3.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:15.)

Rose Bampton—Soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Lotte Lehmann—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday evening, Feb. 27, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—Chamber music, with the Paganini Quartet, Joseph Schuster, cello, and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 5:30.)

Benefit Concert—A program of works by Wallingford Riegger, with Vivian Rivkin, piano; Max Hollander, violin; and others; for the benefit of the scholarship and building fund of the Metropolitan Music School. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Sunday evening, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

Lucie Bigelow Rosen—Theremin. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

The Musicians' Guild—Chamber music, with the Kroll Quartet; Frank Sheridan, piano; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Monday evening, March 1, at 8:45.)

Nikita Magaloff—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, March 2, at 8:30.)

Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick—Violin and harpsichord. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, March 3, at 8:30.)

Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart—Duo pianists. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, March 4, at 8:30.)

John Charles Thomas—Baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, March 5, at 8:30.)

Emanuel List—Bass. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, March 6, at 2:30.)

Harriet Cohen—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, March 6, at 5:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, March 6, at 8:15.)

Dorothy Maynor—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, March 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Teddy Wilson, Charley Shavers, June Richmond, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Feb. 28, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

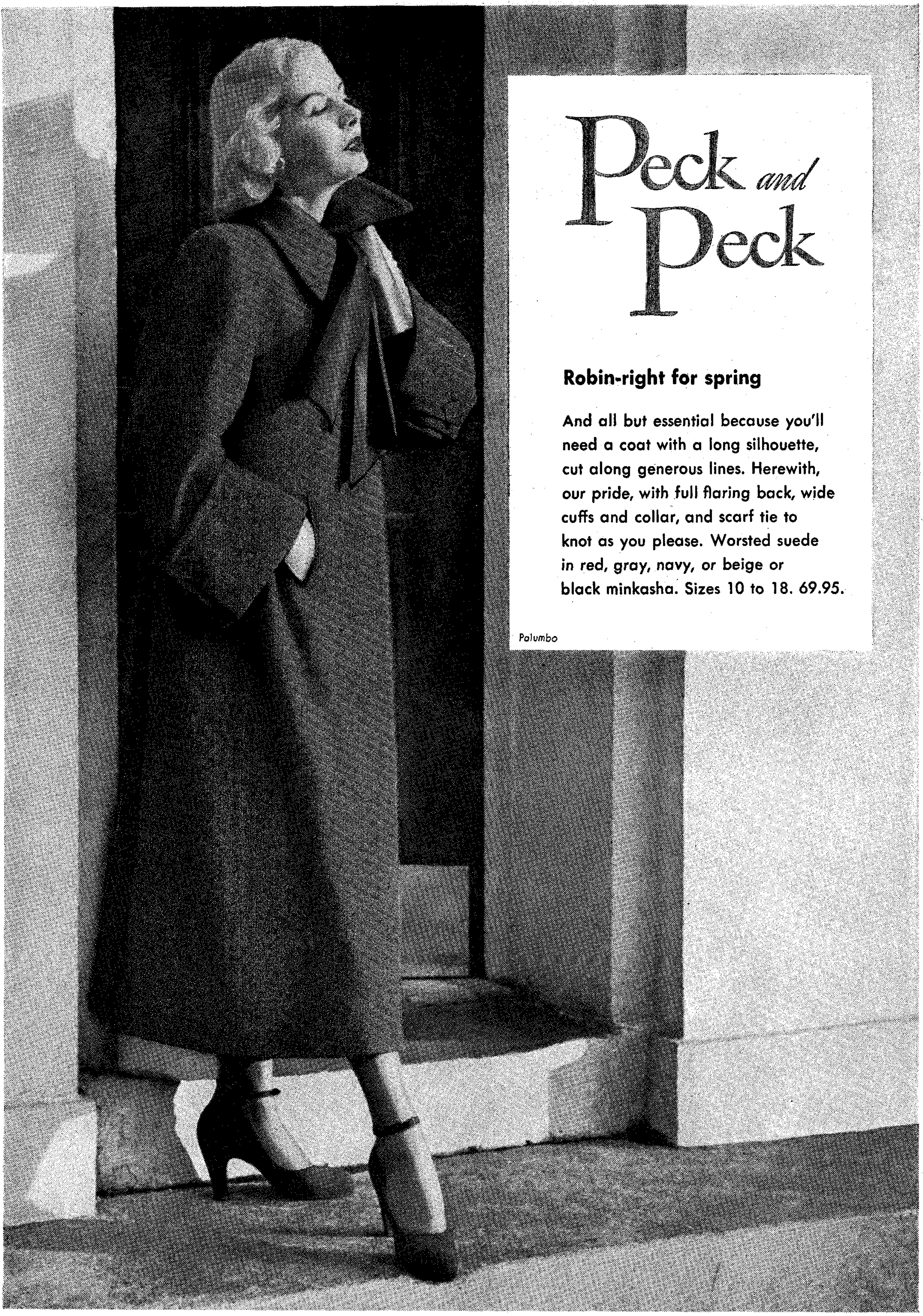
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 27: Ike Williams vs. Kid Gavilan, in a 10-round, non-title match. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5: Gus Lesnevich vs. Billy Fox, 15 rounds for the world light-heavyweight championship. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Golden Gloves Tournament matches, Wednesday, March 3, at 8 P.M.

College Basketball—Thursday, Feb. 26: C.C.N.Y. vs. Brooklyn, and L.I.U. vs. Seton Hall. . . . ¶ Monday, March 1: N.Y.U. vs. Notre Dame. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 4: C.C.N.Y. vs. Lafayette, and L.I.U. vs. Muhlenberg. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Hockey—Sunday, Feb. 29: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 2: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, Feb. 28: Ramapo vs.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Squadron A Regulars, and another match, to be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6: Two matches, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Indoor Tennis—The Eastern Championships. (369th Regiment Armory, Fifth Ave. at 142nd St. AU 3-3010. Mondays through Fridays starting at 10 A.M., and Saturdays starting at 5 P.M.; through Saturday, March 6.)

Indoor Track—Saturday, Feb. 28: I.C.A.A.A.A. meet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6: Knights of Columbus meet. (Madison Square Garden. Meets begin at 8 P.M.)

Six-Day Bicycle Race—Some old-timers, including Alfred LeTourneur, have popped up again for this hundred-and-forty-six-hour grind, which will probably set some spectators to thinking warm thoughts of the old days. (102nd Engineers' Armory, Broadway at 168th St. PL 7-8315. Sunday, Feb. 29, through Saturday, March 6.)

FOR CHILDREN

Plays—Children's World Theatre: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, Feb. 28 and March 6, and Sunday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) . . . ¶ Children's Drama Guild: "Rumpelstiltzkin" and "The Sleeping Beauty." (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday afternoon, Feb. 28, at 2:30. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) . . . ¶ Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre: "Penrod." (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Feb. 28, at 10:30. For information about tickets, call EN 2-6984.)

Puppets—Remo Bufano's puppet-and-marionette presentation of "Cinderella." (Fraternal Clubhouse, 110 W. 48th St. Sunday afternoon, Feb. 29, at 2 and 4. For tickets, call WA 4-8613.) . . . ¶ "The Haunted Doll House," presented by the Puppeteers of the New York Junior League. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71st St. Saturday, March 6, at 11 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call BU 8-6220.)

Movies—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

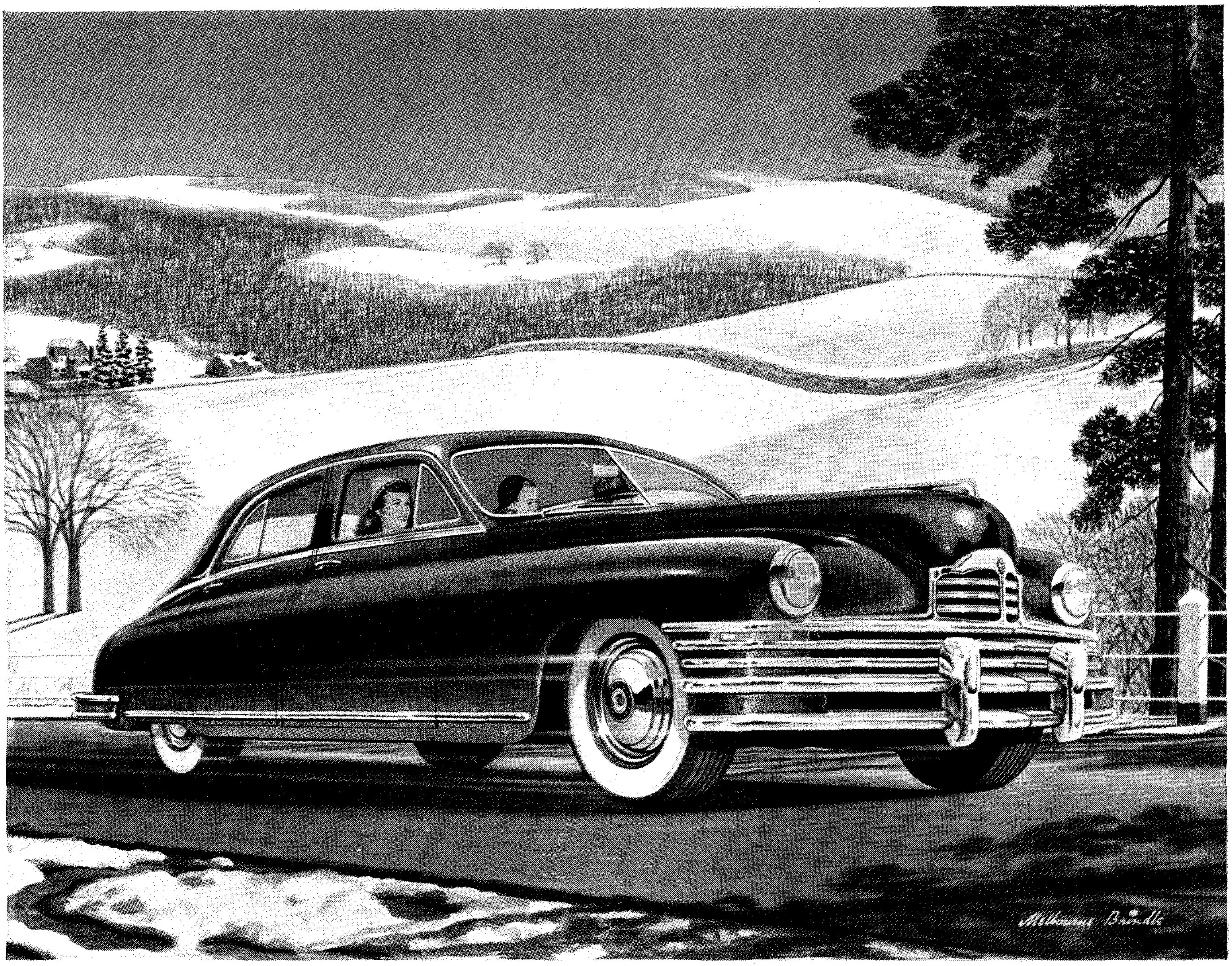
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

Little Magazines—A show of about a hundred and twenty-five literary and otherwise thoughtful magazines published since 1900. On display are the *Little Review*, in which James Joyce's "Ulysses" was first published in this country, and the *Transatlantic Review*, which printed some very early Hemingway. (Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "Space Ship to Mars." Starting on Monday, March 1, there will be a new show, called "Radar, Meteors, and Comets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Noting that it is February, the Library has gone into its files for relics of Lincoln and Washington—a draft of the Farewell Address, a recipe for small beer that Washington jotted down, and a sheaf of Lincoln's per-



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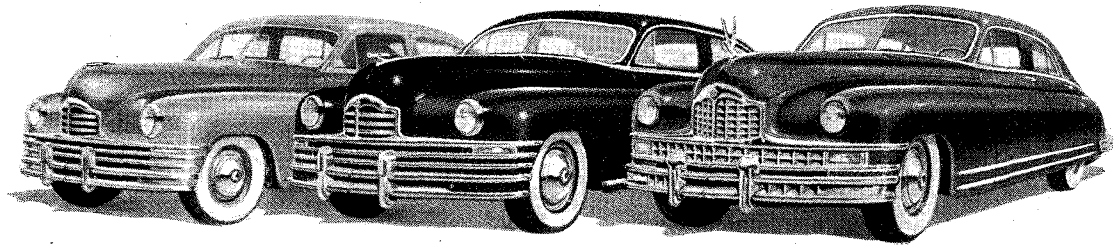

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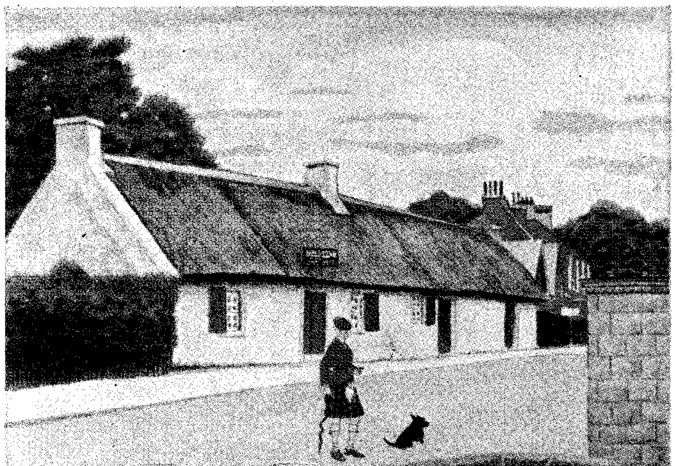

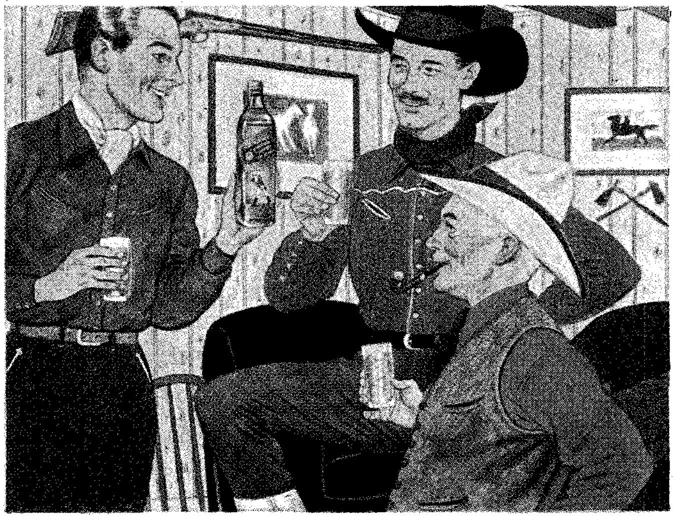

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sonal letters, among them—and put them all on display in the Main Hall. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.)

Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A large display of charts, models, and diagrams intended to demonstrate how the scientists are getting along in their peacetime joust with the atom. Among the exhibits are an atomic pile (a model, but equipped with sound effects), a miniature atomic-power plant, and a voltage machine that makes your hair stand on end when you touch it. Sponsored by the Brookhaven National Laboratory and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century English furniture and decorations, from various collections. (Exhibition, Thursday, Feb. 26, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday, Feb. 27, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance objects of art, and drawings by modern French artists, owned by the late Henry Goldman. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 26-27, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ First editions of American authors, and other Americana, from the library of Nathan N. Wallack. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, March 1-2, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

United Nations—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M., over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA. . . . ¶ A weekly report by Thomas J. Hamilton, Wednesdays at 11:05 P.M., WQXR.

Music—Metropolitan Opera: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik and Mario Berini; and "Pagliacci," with Florence Quartararo and Ramon Vinay; Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sunday, Feb. 29, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, March 2, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Feb. 29, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ B.B.C. Symphony, Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sunday, Feb. 29, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . ¶ St. Louis Symphony, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Juilliard Orchestra, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Bidu Sayao, soprano, Monday, March 1, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Yella Pessl, harpsichord, Thursday, Feb. 26, at 3:45 P.M., and Sunday, Feb. 29, at 10:05 P.M., WQXR.

Drama—Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne, and Frank Allenby, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, Feb. 29, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

Sports—Boxing: Gus Lesnevich vs. Billy Fox in a bout for the world light-heavyweight championship, Friday, March 5, at 10 P.M., WJZ.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

Television—Newsreel, Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Feb. 29, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ College Basketball: Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:45 P.M., Monday, March 1, at 8 P.M., and Thursday, March 4, at 8:45 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 29, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boxing: Ike Williams vs. Kid Gavilan, Friday, Feb. 27; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. Golden Gloves Tournament matches, Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Track: I.C.A.A.A.A. meet, Saturday, Feb. 28, and Knights of Columbus meet, Saturday, March 6, both at 8:30 P.M., WCBS.

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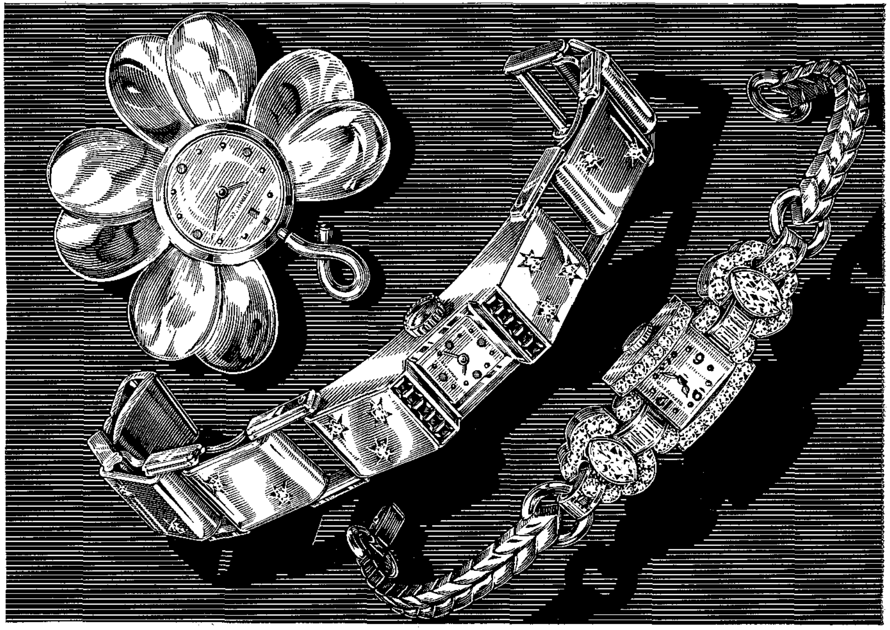

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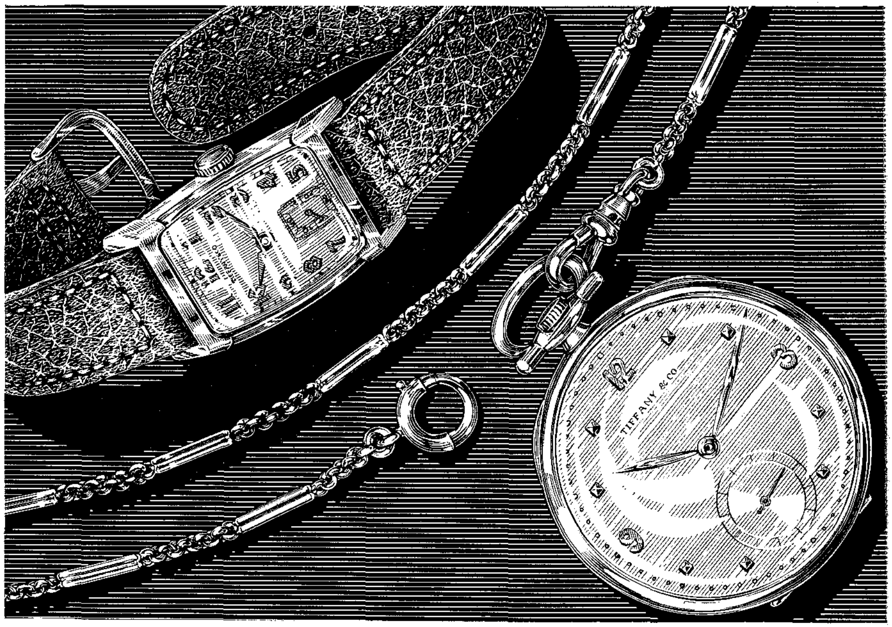

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Call Northside 777—Another pseudo-documentary dealing with the efforts of a poor scrubwoman to get her son out of a penitentiary, to which he's been unjustly dispatched for the murder of a policeman. Not as taut as some films of this type, but often exciting. With James Stewart, Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Fanny—A funny and touching consideration of the effects of careless love on some forthright natives of Marseille. The late Raimu dominates the film, which was made in France in 1938. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attack on anti-Semitism, which too frequently offers homilies instead of solid dramatic stuff, but is, nevertheless, a short step in the right direction. Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire are in the cast. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

The Idiot—A French interpretation of Dostoevski's mystical novel that often gets close to the core of his difficult ideas. The Russian background seems quite authentic, and the acting is impeccable. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740; Feb. 26.)

The Pearl—The cloudy philosophy of John Steinbeck's parable about a pearl fisherman hasn't been quite cleared up in this screen version of the story, but the picture is pictorially magnificent, and the Mexicans who make up the cast conduct themselves with impressive dignity. The film is in English. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Shoe-Shine—A restrained and memorable tragedy of street children in postwar Rome. In Italian. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, CO 5-9438.)

Tawny Pipit—An English piece that manufactures some gentle fun from such mild ingredients as bird watchers and nest-rifling ornithologists. The cast, headed by Bernard Miles, is always fine. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting March 2.)

To Live in Peace—An Italian film that, without any preaching, considers the brotherhood of man, as expressed by a peasant who befriends a pair of G.I.s, one of them colored, in an Italian village during the war. Humorous, compassionate, and altogether satisfactory. Aldo Fabrizi is magnificent as the peasant, and the others in the cast are almost as good. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre—The extraordinary acting of Walter Huston redeems this rather trite story of a trio of fortune hunters who come to a bad end looking for gold in Mexico. With Humphrey Bogart. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting March 3.)

Volpone—Ben Jonson's comedy about a miser, done to a hilarious turn by a French cast headed by Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet. The adaptation was made by Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig, and would be hard to improve upon. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

The Adventuress (1947)—An English comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively patriotic Irish girl during the war. With Deborah Kerr. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Feb. 27-29.)

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; March 1-2.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; Feb. 29-March 3.)

Diamond Jim (1935)—Jim Brady, of course. With Edward Arnold. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; March 3.)

Foreign Correspondent (1940)—A Hitchcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; March 1-2.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara, Walter Pidgeon, and Roddy McDowall. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting March 2.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, RH 4-9786; through Feb. 28.)

Love on the Dole (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. A British film. (Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Feb. 29-March 2.)

Ninotchka (1939)—The Garbo comedy. With Melvyn Douglas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. An English film. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Feb. 26.)

The Spoilers (1942)—Marlene Dietrich in Rex Beach's Alaska. Also with Randolph Scott and John Wayne. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; March 3.)

This Happy Breed (1947)—Noel Coward's hymn of praise to the British middle classes. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Robert Newton. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 1.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate an adolescent love affair. In Swedish. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Feb. 26.)

Trade Winds (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; March 1-2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through Feb. 29: "A Night Out" (1915), with Charlie Chaplin; and "The Kid" (1920), with Jackie Coogan. . . . ¶ Starting March 1: "La Fée Carabosse" (1906), and "Nosferatu" (1922). Showings are held daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through March 3: "Three Daring Daughters," Jeanette MacDonald, José Iturbi. (On March 3 at 8:30 P.M., there will be a special showing of "The Naked City," with Barry Fitzgerald, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association Fund. For tickets, call EL 5-4582.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Sleep, My Love," Claudette Colbert, Robert Cummings.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"A Double Life," Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"If You Knew Susie," Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Road to Rio," Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"To the Ends of the Earth," Signe Hasso, Dick Powell.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
CALL NORTHSIDE 777.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through March 2: "Killer McCoy," Mickey Rooney, Brian Donlevy, Ann Blyth.
From March 3: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"My Girl Tisa," Lilli Palmer, Sam Wanamaker.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"A Miracle Can Happen," Paulette Goddard, James Stewart, Henry Fonda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
Through March 3: "Jassy," Margaret Lockwood.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Farrebique" (in French).

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"The Raven" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
FANNY.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
SHOE-SHINE.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
Feb. 26: **THE IDIOT.** (Maurice Chevalier moves in starting Feb. 29.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Through Feb. 27: **NINOTCHKA**, revival.
From Feb. 28: "Passionnelle" (in French).

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
Through March 3: "Holiday Camp," Flora Robson, Dennis Price.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Furia" (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE PEARL.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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Frank Schoonmaker

Special Vineyard Correspondent for some of your favorite magazines, author of *"The Complete Wine Book"* and *"American Wines,"* has just brought back with him from California a few discoveries that will really cheer these cold March days:

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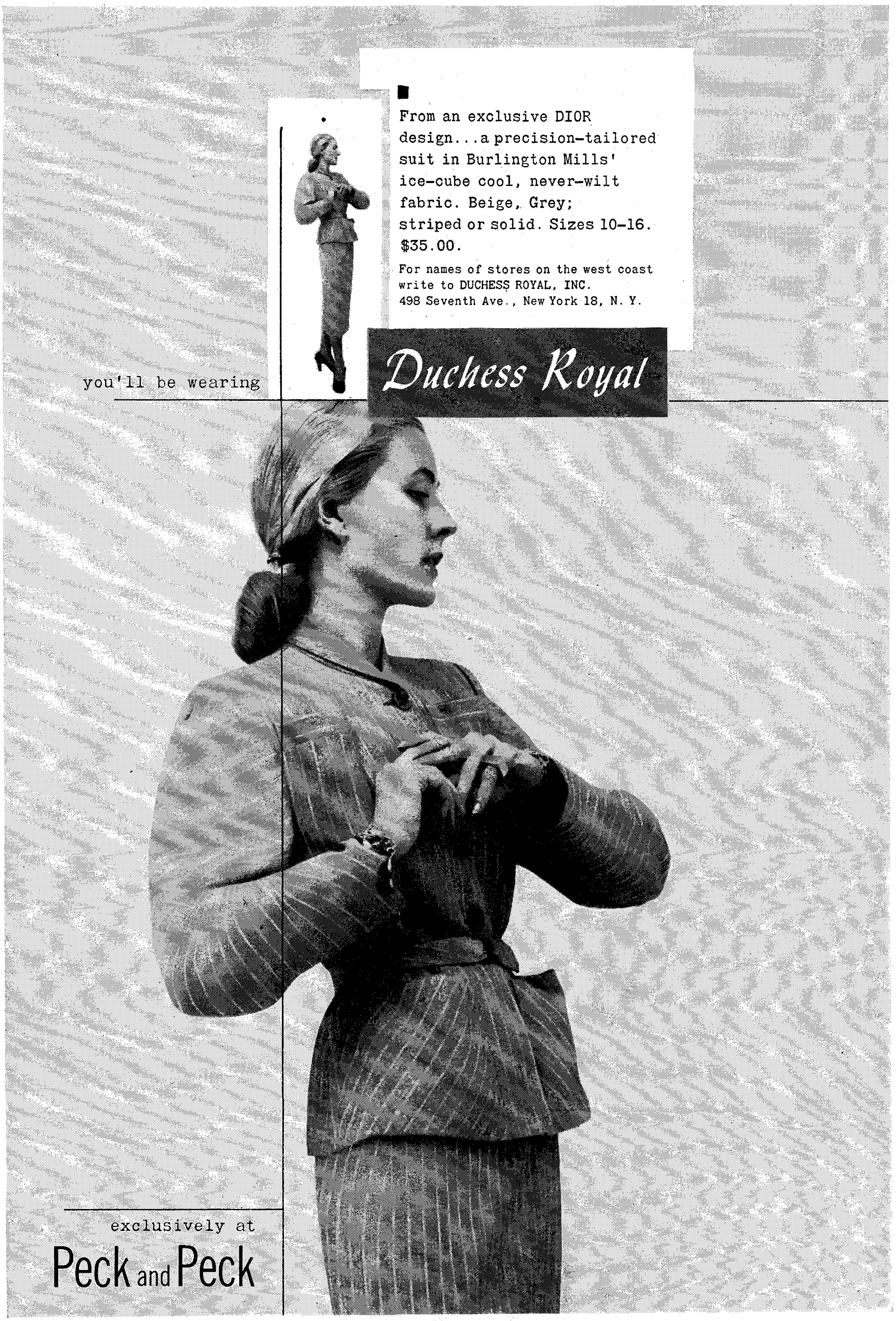

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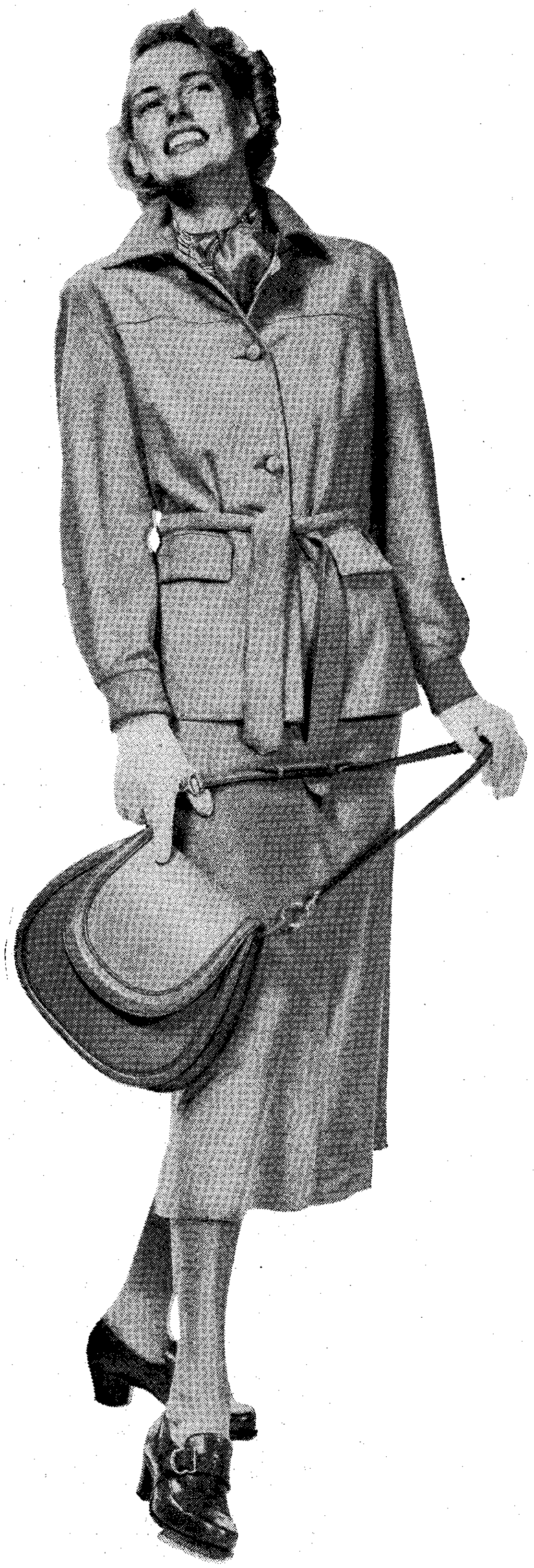

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HOMEY NOTE: Several of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad's commuter coaches have mice.

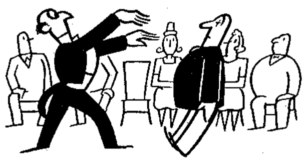
NEXT TO LAST STRAW NOTE: Crosse & Blackwell's Pure Sweet Orange Marmalade contains, according to its makers, "Sugar and Oranges, with citric acid added to make up natural deficiency."

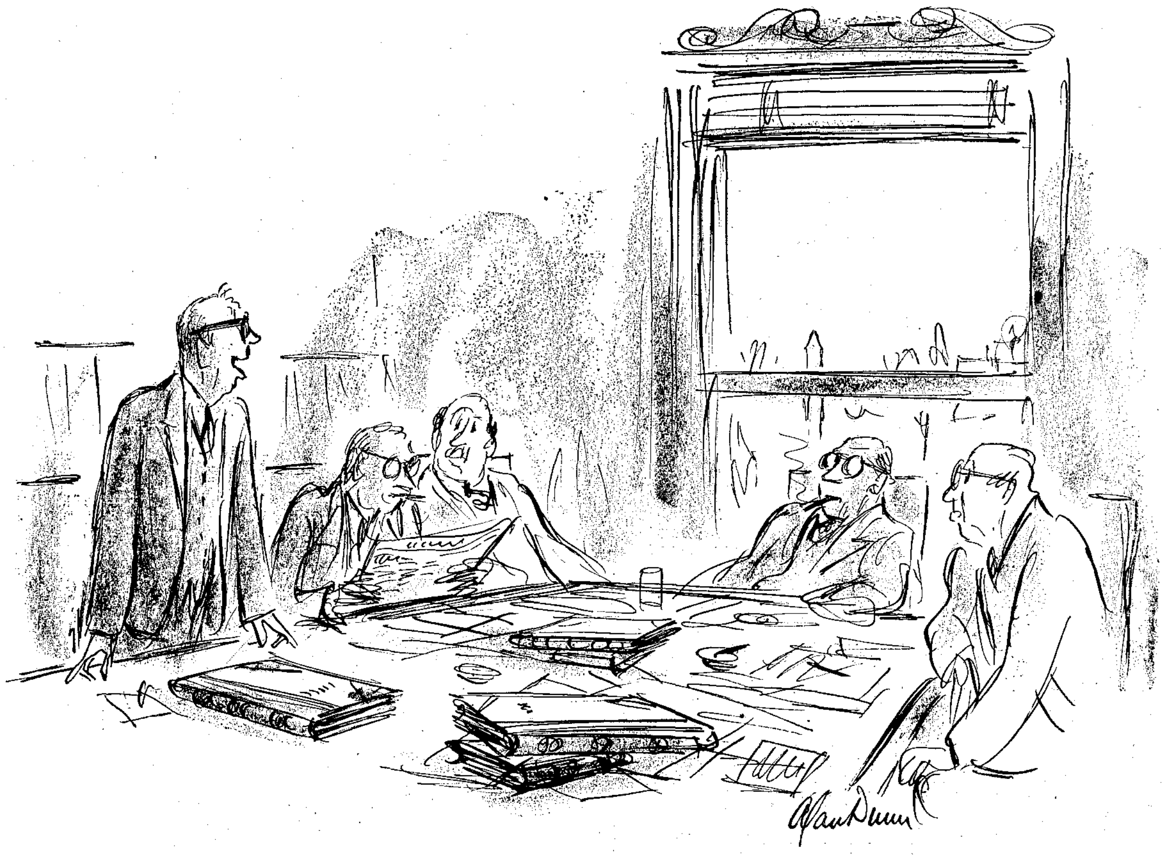
NOTE ON THE MOOD OF THE MODERN CHILD: A late-afternoon radio show has recently been offering the kiddies "a handy pocket compass to help you find your way when you're hiking or out camping." So far, a couple of hundred requests for compasses have come in. Another late-afternoon broadcast has been offering "an atom-bomb ring with secret message compartment and war head." Total requests so far: three million, six hundred thousand.

IN changing its name to the Institute of Contemporary Art, on the ground that "so-called 'modern art' " has given rise to a "cult of bewilderment and double-talk," the Institute of Modern Art of Boston has clearly taken a poke at its sister city's Museum of Modern Art, not to mention the Modern Art Dyers & Cleaners Corp., of 1218 Third Avenue; the Modern Art Greeting Card Company, of 39 East Twentieth Street; and the Modern Art Waterproofing Company, of 454 West Forty-first Street. On purely chauvinistic grounds, we resent this. We take this occasion to point out that the president of the Boston Institute is Nelson W. Aldrich, the president of the affronted New York museum is Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller. The two men are cousins. The Boston outfit's action has nothing to do with art; it is obviously the fruit of a sordid, semasiological family squabble, which will probably blow over next Thanksgiving, when the Rockefellers and Aldriches get together over a modern, contemporary turkey for some rattling good double-talk.

IN a new movie called "Sleep, My Love," there is a scene in which the heroine is coaxed by her husband, who is something of a hypnotist, to shoot a man he wants out of the way. Even though the lady is in a trance, she refuses to do this, because shooting people is against her principles. This business is supposed to make it clear that hypnotists can't make criminals out of virtuous folk. Last week, the publicity elves of United Artists, which produced the picture, dreamed up the peculiar idea of drawing attention to "Sleep, My Love" by establishing that hypnotists *can* make crooks and killers out of honest men. For their demonstration, they engaged Dr. Franz Polgar, a hypnotist from Budapest, and a small auditorium at Carnegie Hall. We had a chat with him offstage before he went into action, and discovered that he is a graduate of Budapest University and that he has been practicing hypnosis for twenty-seven years. "Mostly," Dr. Polgar advised us, in English overlaid with a thick Hungarian accent, "I give the lectures at places like Colgate, Columbia, and Purdue, and only a few weeks ago I am speaking to twelve thousand women in St. Paul. I give popular lectures. Always I like to dominate. I challenge ping-pong champions and beat them by hypnotizing them secretly. Tonight, with such a little audience, I don't feel good. Only a couple hundred people, and I am used to working with thousands." A United Artists man interrupted Dr. Polgar to tell him that it was time to go on. The Doctor shook his head. "Four thousand people I turned away in Austin, Texas," he muttered, "and here . . ."

With a sigh, Dr. Polgar repaired to the auditorium, and we joined the audience, which, we had been informed, consisted of psychiatrists and medical students. After doing some mathematical tricks that baffled us, at least, Dr. Polgar ordered the lights doused and the hypnotic scene in "Sleep, My Love" was run off. When the lights went up again, the Doctor announced that anything could be twisted into evil—even hypnotism. He then selected a half-dozen likely subjects from the throng and proceeded to run through several standard hypnotic routines—making a subject called Joe fall into catalepsy, a subject called Faith deliver an attack on the New Look, and a subject called Bonnie forget her name. Everything went swimmingly until Dr. Polgar induced Faith to pinch a key case from a gentleman in the audience. At once, a small, sharply tailored character with a jaunty mustache leaped to his feet and shouted, "I am Ralph Slater! This is my profession, and I don't like to see it disgraced!" "Ralph Slater," said Dr. Polgar, "your real name is Joe Polski." "United Artists came to me," yelled Mr. Slater (or Mr. Polski), "and asked me to do this demonstration, and I turned them down cold!" (Cries of "Quiet!" and "Throw him out!") When Mr. Slater relapsed into reluctant silence, a stout man, whom we identified as Richard Himber, the band leader, arose and addressed Faith. "Isn't it true," he inquired, "that you were hypnotized last night at a private





"May I suggest, Senator, that perhaps we should just offer the whole five and a half billion to Mr. Stalin to buy off Communism itself?"

• •

party?" "I was home in bed with a cold last night," Faith said. Mr. Himber sat down.

"Many years back," said Dr. Polgar, "I told a young chap in Hungary, 'I'm going to have you kill somebody,' and made him fire several blank shots from a pistol. The fellow ran out. He thought he'd committed murder." With a scream of rage, a man seated across the aisle from Mr. Slater arose and denounced the whole affair. "Let's have parliamentary procedure!" somebody shouted. "Tell me, Slater," the man across the aisle from Mr. Slater said, "what diplomas you've got." Mr. Slater gave the man a withering glance. At the other side of the room, a squat individual in a seedy blue suit, his arms full of documents, stood up and confronted Dr. Polgar. "I have been on your trail for a good many years," he announced. "I am a defender of hypnosis. My identity must remain a mystery. Did you or did you not, in 1940, go before the Telepathic Society and say—" He was drowned out by Mr. Slater, who got into voice again with a whoop. "Polgar," said Mr. Slater, "did you or did you not say, 'I will prove a hypnotized subject will commit a crime, signed Polgar'?" "This is a private meeting," said Dr. Polgar. "I will not let anyone do wrong to the profession," said the defender of hypnosis. A man in the center of the hall took the floor. "I am a psychiatrist," he said. "Your office is over a delicatessen!" shouted a heckler. "I am a psychiatrist," the man repeated, and launched into a rambling story of an interesting experience he'd had with a somnambule.

We slipped outside for a breath of air. At the entrance to the hall, we met a United Artists representative. "My God, what a fracas!" he observed. "All day long I've been trying to get a pistol for Dr. Polgar. He was going to load it with blanks and have one of the subjects shoot somebody. Couldn't get one anywhere. Even our property department can't pass one out, for fear it'll be used in a holdup somewhere." A sudden commotion attracted our attention to the auditorium again. Mr. Slater was challenging the man who'd questioned his educational background to serve as a hypnotic subject. "Show me a diploma and I'll let you," rejoined the man. There was some further bickering, and Mr. Slater's critic suggested they settle things outside. Over the bedlam, Dr. Polgar announced that he had to catch a train for Miami. As we left the hall, several people were shouting "Faker!" at each other. The question for which the meeting had been called remained unresolved.

Punishment

ONE of the witnesses in a recent court action on Long Island was an eight-year-old boy. The judge tested his understanding of the seriousness of the occasion by inquiring, "If you should promise to tell the truth, and then lie, what would happen to you?" The boy considered the matter for a moment and then replied solemnly, "I'd be thrown out of the Cub Scouts." "Swear him in," said the judge.

Big Man

WE dropped into Café Society Downtown one night last week to watch Fats Pichon, a massive colored musician from New Orleans, make a grand piano jump. Alternately pouting in the manner of Charles Laughton and beaming in the manner of Louis Armstrong, Fats got the good out of "High Society," "The St. Louis Blues," and a song about a weighty lady you could love all seasons of the year. When he had finished his stint, we asked him to join us in a drink and tell us something about himself and his music. "I ain't played since I left New Orleans, three days ago," he said, "and I ain't really got my fingers stirring yet. I been playing steady at the Absinthe House—place twice as big as this one—down home since 1941. Used to be just me and the piano, but lately the man runs the place been billing acts like Ethel Waters and the Golden Gate Quartette, and kind of shoving me in the background. I was glad to get a chance to come on up here. I been wanting to play in this café for half a dozen years, and I was asked up at the best possible time. I always been lucky." Fats gave us a vast gold-and-ivory smile and continued, "I ain't been raggedy much, and I guess I stand good enough with the serious jazz boys. I play pretty for the people, but I can play musicians' music, too. Used to be I'd just break up a tune and bend it around a little into freakish chords. But you can't do that day in, day out. Fellow comes in a place wants to hear some melody once in a while. I improvise now, but it ain't often I bust a piece up so you'd hardly recognize it."

We interrupted Fats to get his case history. He is now forty-one, weighs two hundred and fifty, and was born in New Orleans, where his father worked as a shoemaker and his mother as a midwife. Neither of his parents was musical, and the only other child in the family, a girl, studied the piano five years without getting the hang of it. Fats, though, didn't have any trouble with music. "I don't rightly recollect," he said, "when I first put my hands on a piano, but when I was eleven, A. J. Piron persuaded my mother to let me play with his band at the Spanish Front, which is a New Orleans resort. Those days I could read music, but I couldn't do anything else. Put the paper in front of me, I was fine; take it away and I couldn't play anything." Fats nevertheless managed to join up with various bands around New Orleans and to merit the attention of such eminents as Sidney Bechet and Freddy Keppard. When he was seventeen, he played the piano in a show called "Talk of the Town," which got from New Orleans to Newark before it broke up. "That show did me good even if it didn't last," Fats told us. "Got me in a position so I could hang around New York for four months and meet Fats Waller and Jimmie Johnson—very big people in 1924. I left New York for New Orleans that year, but I was back again in 1926, playing at Strunsky's Atlantic Hotel in Belmar, New Jersey. That's where I met George and Ira Gershwin. George Gershwin took a fine interest in me and fixed things so I could go to the New England Conservatory of Music, in Boston, even though I hadn't got beyond the tenth grade in school. Outside of music, I never been much good for anything."

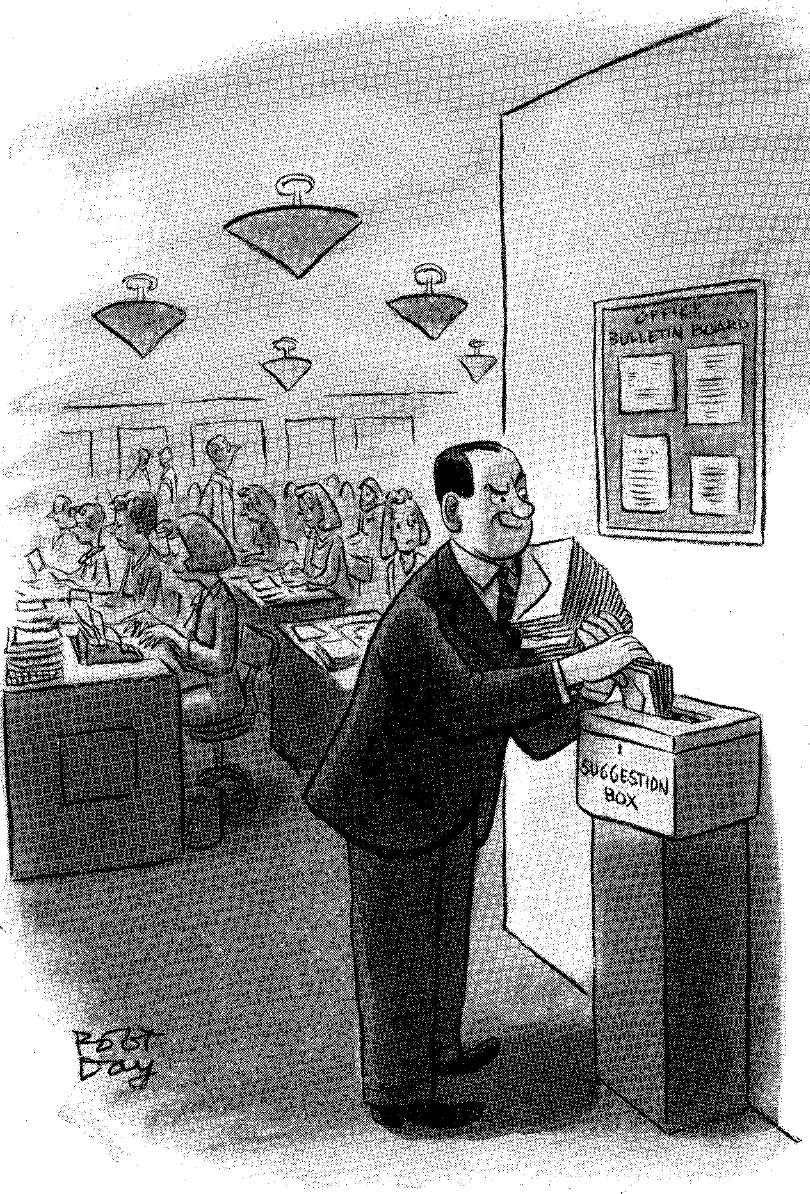
Fats attended the New England Conservatory of Music for eighteen months and had fourteen hours' more work to do to rate a diploma when a pal asked him to play with a band called the Dallas Eleven Aces, which was heading for Mexico City. "My itchy feet made me miss a diploma," Fats said, "but it got me three months in Mexico at sixty-five dollars a week with not a thing to do. Us Eleven Aces couldn't play a note down there because the Mexican government said the band had to be eighty per cent Mexican, and there wasn't no Mexican knew what we was up to. You know, we were playing boogie even in those days. Some people think boogie's right up to date, but George Thomas wrote the first boogie-woogie in 1913, which was called 'New Orleans Hopscop Blues.' " We asked Fats whether he has written any music himself. "I done some writing," he said, "but it never comes out the way I want it to. I want to write something like 'Ain't Misbehavin',' but it always works out sentimental. One of my things is 'My Dream of Heaven,' and it sure ain't good." Before Fats settled down at the Absinthe House, he spent almost a decade playing with bands on Mississippi River steamboats running between New Orleans and St. Paul. We were curious to know whether he preferred New York to New Orleans. "I can answer that easy," he said. "For a Creole like me, there's only one place, and that's the place where I was born. Down where I live, it's real neighborly. Next door to my house, there's an Italian family and a colored family, and just beyond them there's a policeman's family. We're all mixed up, but we get along just fine."

Circle

ECONOMICS being what they are these days, we weren't as surprised as we might have been to hear of a talk a friend of ours had last Wednesday with the owner of a modernized tropical-fish store on the upper West Side. It seems that in the course of their conversation the proprietor mentioned the number of fish that were sold there every week, and our friend expressed astonishment. The proprietor nodded emphatically. "You see that big neon sign out front?" he asked. "Well, I got to sell a lot of fish to keep it going."

The Sounds Are Words

THE facsimile newspaper, or "fax," as it is beginning to be called, travels through the air just like an FM



radio program; is received and printed in a facsimile recorder; comes rolling out of the recorder like paper out of a teletype machine; and may someday be a standard object in every well-appointed home. The *Times* last week inaugurated the most extensive public demonstration of this new wonder by broadcasting four-page editions of itself six times a day over the FM band of WQXR to facsimile recorders installed in fourteen department stores around town. We've seen the darned thing in operation, we can almost understand how it works, and we will essay an explanation. Stand by to crash.

The story begins back in 1944, when twenty-five newspapers and radio stations, the *Times* among them, banded together under the name of Broadcasters Faximile Analysis to finance the perfecting of facsimile techniques. General Electric was then licensed by John V. L. Hogan, the inventor of the Hogan Faximile System and president of WQXR, to turn out twenty facsimile transmitters and three hundred recorders. To date, each of the twenty-five participants has invested $10,500. In consideration of this, they get priority in the delivery of Hogan equipment as it is turned out. At present, a transmitter costs about thirteen thousand dollars and a recorder about seven hundred and fifty. It is thought that with mass production the cost of a receiver will be got down to a hundred dollars.

Any FM station now engaged in regular broadcasting can get authorization from the Federal Communications Commission to carry on experimental broadcasts of facsimile, but there's no likelihood of facsimile in the home until it's past the experimental stage. Facsimile advertising may come sooner than that. The F.C.C. doesn't permit facsimile advertising now, but it will hold a hearing on the matter on March 15th, and the backers of facsimile are expected to plead that they be permitted to go commercial fairly soon. The current demonstration of Hogan equipment by the *Times* follows earlier demonstrations by the Miami *Herald* and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. The *Herald* has ordered seventy-five recorders and the *Inquirer* forty, and both have been broadcasting facsimile editions twice daily since the first of the year, to hotels, stores, and the like. The *Times* has twenty-five recorders. It hasn't said what it plans to do with them when its demonstration ends next month.

The method of transmitting facsimile is roughly that of transmitting radio photos—*those* old things. In the transmitter is a scanning drum that revolves three hundred and sixty times a minute and on which is wrapped a printed page eight by eleven and a half inches. A photoelectric scanning head runs along the cylinder, translating the variations in light and shadow into electrical impulses, which are broadcast. The device scans a hundred and five lines to the inch and finishes a page in three and a half minutes. The four-page edition of the *Times* requires about fifteen minutes on the air. Anybody who happens to tune in at 45.9 megacycles can hear the signals—glumpety-glump, glumpety-glump, like a teletype machine.

G.E. has fitted the recorder into one of its standard console radio-phonograph cabinets. A four-hundred-foot roll of damp paper, known as electrolytic paper, which comes in hermetically sealed cans and is inserted into a humidor chamber to preserve its moisture, is threaded under a printer bar, and an electric current passes from the printer bar through the wet paper into a revolving helix, which acts as the negative electrode. The printer bar, which has a knife edge, deposits iron salt on the paper, and, for reasons that we don't follow, this is all that's needed. A warm metal bar dries the paper as it rolls out from under the printer bar. The paper is then cut into pages—nine and three-eighths by twelve and three-eighths inches—and stapled together. The print is slightly fuzzy but quite legible, and so are the photographs.

The *Times* facsimile edition consists of a woman's page, which runs through all editions unchanged, and three news pages, which are changed from one edition to the next. Vari-Typer machines are used to set up the stories and smaller headlines. Large headlines are made up of individual letters, on transparent paper, bound together with Scotch Tape. Printed matter and photographs are painstakingly pasted on sheets of white paper, and it's particularly advisable not to leave thumbprints on them, because they reproduce fine.

Philosopher's Quest

WELL, here's an honest-to-goodness, old-fashioned absent-minded-professor story. One of the philosophy profs at Columbia was searching unhappily through the coatroom of the Faculty Club after lunch when a colleague asked him if someone had made off with his topcoat. "I don't think so," he said. "It's just that I bought a new one yesterday and can't remember what it looks like."

Tie Fancier

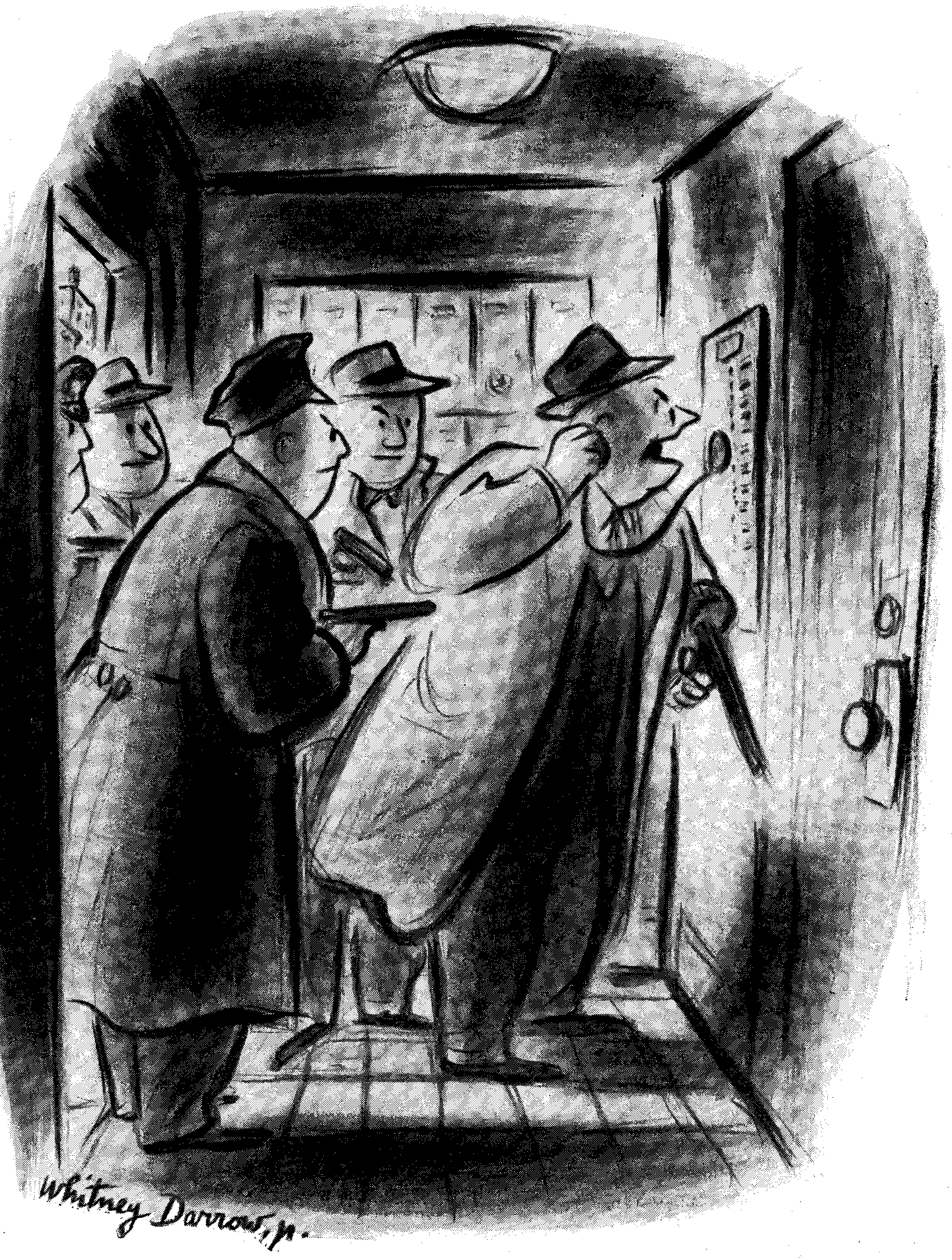
THE recent Mayors' Conference, at the Waldorf, found us deep in conversation with Charles W. Leeman, the Mayor of Omaha, and for an excellent reason. We had learned that he is the possessor of nineteen hundred neckties and that, except for four or five favorites, he almost never has worn the same one twice. "Got tie-conscious around eighteen," he told us, fingering a hand-painted number with red, yellow, and blue wiggly bands, which he was sporting at the moment. "I began to buy them from a store clerk in Omaha who would call me up whenever he got an especially colorful assortment. 'I've got some beauties I couldn't sell to anyone but you,' he'd say. 'Most men wouldn't dare take them home to their wives.' I generally bought them—you might say I was a pioneer." Mr. Leeman didn't think much about his collection until 1944, when he read in the Omaha *World Herald* that a certain actor had eight hundred ties. "The boys were talking about this actor—I forget his name—at a Good Fellowship Club lunch," he said, "and I said I knew an insurance man who had that many ties. They asked who, and I said me—I'm president of the Metropolitan Accident and Health Insurance Company, you know. Well, a reporter came to my house the next day and we counted my ties. There were one thousand and fifty-one."

Mayor Leeman has never thrown a tie away, and he has acquired nearly nine hundred since then. He keeps them on wooden hangers in a closet—a large closet, we gathered—and owns scores he hasn't worn yet. Possibly because of the business he's in, he has insured his collection for seventy-five hundred dollars. It cost him around twice that sum. He has a hundred solid reds and six hundred hand-painted babies, two of which bear his portrait. For his trip to New York, he brought along fourteen, and he bought a dozen here. He has special-event ties for special events—Jack Dempsey numbers for fights; others, appropriately illustrated, for hockey, tennis, basketball, baseball, football, track meets, and so on. "For ice shows," he told us, "I have a hand-painted one with a picture of Glora Nord, the star of 'Skating Vanities.' She gave it to me herself." Mr. Leeman showed us one of his portrait cravats. It depicted him broadcasting over Station WOW. "I wore it for the first television show in Omaha," he said. "I wouldn't take five hundred dollars for it." He usually pays from three and a half to thirty-five dollars for a tie. He thinks he may have to slow down from now on. "I have so many ties," he said, almost regretfully, "that in order to get one I don't have, I have to buy an exclusive tie, and they start at twelve-fifty." Sulka sent him twenty on approval last Christmas, and he kept seven.

Mayor Leeman, who has never been psychoanalyzed, travels quite a bit and has always added to his collection as he moved about. He got six honeys in Dallas last summer, and permitted us to examine a clipping from a Dallas paper describing two of them. One has "a blue background with Chinese-red bluebirds" and the other shows "a yellow mother canary feeding a green worm to her young against a bright-red backdrop." He hates bow ties. "They don't add a thing to your suit," he explained. "Not enough area. I like something colorful that will really fill up your shirt bosom." The Mayor thinks his hobby is a healthy one, and he often gives ties away as awards. In his home town, he presents a tie to every man who brings in ten new members to the Junior Chamber of Commerce; right after the war, he gave ties to men who joined the Air Force Reserve. He has silk ties, leather ties, doeskin ties, waterproof ties, embroidered ties, and one made of unborn calf. "Port Arthur, Texas, man gave it to me," he said. "Only unborn-calf tie in the world. People used to make critical remarks about my ties being too bright, but public taste has caught up with me. Now I just get quiet looks of admiration."

Contestant

A SOLID local physician who has long specialized in research attended a professional convention in Chicago and, to his surprise and gratification, was awarded a handsome mantel clock for the excellence of an exhibit he'd prepared for the occasion. When he checked out of his hotel the next morning, he declined to let the bellhop who was aiding him lay a hand on the clock, explaining that it was a prize he'd won the night before and that he'd carry it himself. The bellhop guided him thoughtfully to a cab, and got him and his luggage tucked away in it. As the bellhop was pocketing his tip, he suddenly spoke up. "Say, Mister," he asked, "how does it feel when the pie hits you?"


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Buzz the door in the name of the law."

LET ME STAY

PEOPLE were killing each other in the village of Rampuri, directly across the canal from the village of Rhua, and the sound of the killing came clearly through the moonlight and reached the villagers of Rhua, and penetrated to the room of the child Promeshi, where she lay on her string cot, burning with fever. The sounds of the killing were so clear that she could sometimes hear the heavy impact of blows and whole words. Then these were followed by a sudden intense silence, when it seemed as if every ear were straining to listen and to fathom not the meaning of the sounds but the meaning of the silence, and it occurred to Promeshi that to die in silence must be a terrible thing, more terrible than to die with a scream on your lips, because silence is bottomless and stranger things can happen in it. When the sounds from Rampuri faded away, something else took their place—the beating of her heart, and the murmur in her blood that was also the murmuring of the women of her own village as they waited beside their open doors, and the voices of the men who had posted themselves along the bank of the canal in order to drive back any who might attempt escape from Rampuri by crossing the canal into the peaceful village of Rhua, bringing pursuers and confusion in their wake. Promeshi's father was on the canal bank, and so was her small brother, Fateh. Every so often, Fateh would come running up the path, across the courtyard, and through the gaily painted doorway into Promeshi's room to tell her what was happening across the canal, and of how many fugitives he and his father had turned back by throwing stones at them as they sought to wade or to swim the narrow strip of water. And Fateh also told her what the villagers of Rhua said was going to happen to the villagers of Rampuri if the police and the military didn't come in time. Fateh told her all this in a voice breathless with excitement, and always ended with a few dutiful questions: "And you, Promeshi, how do you feel now? Is the fever better? Can I get you water? Does your head still ache?" He never waited for an answer but went speeding back to join his father, pausing only to pick up bits of broken brick and a stone or two as he ran.

With Fateh's disappearance, the sounds from across the canal would become louder, so Promeshi could sometimes pick out the voice of a man or a woman or the voice of a child; then these would subside, and once more all she could hear would be the familiar breathing of the silence, and she would wait for some echo, for anything that might dispel the terrible load that seemed about to crush the life in her body. But for the moon, there would have been no light in the room, a square place with mud walls and a mud floor, empty except for the bed in one corner and the quilts of her brother and father in another. They had given her the bed because of her fever, and were sleeping themselves on the floor until the time when she should be better.

To keep her mind off the silence and the sounds that followed the silence, Promeshi tried to think about how it was before she had the fever, but memory kept slipping through her brain like mercury, in a succession of bright fragments too small and too quick to make a picture. Everything—people, objects, events—was distant and particular and unrelated. Sometimes the painted arch of the door seemed to frame the face of her dead mother, and Promeshi stretched out her arms toward the face; then it vanished, and in its place stood the moonlit angle of the courtyard and, beyond that, the stretch of plumed grass and eroded land above her father's gram field. Leaning on her elbow, she could see the moonlight touching the tall grass, and she longed to break a stalk and draw it through her feverish hands, for the grass looked cool, as if it had been dipped in some precious substance that clung to every plume and frond, and it spread a luminous reflection upon the baked ground.

Then Mahesh, her father's white bullock, came wandering across her line of vision and obscured the grass and the white ground, and she could see his curved horns and hear him chewing the dry cornstalks in the trough beside the door. Promeshi shut her eyes, and immediately the other sounds began again. They came, this time, not from the open door, with its vistas, but from the small, dark window behind her bed. The sounds were shrill, with a harsh undertone, and she recognized them as men's voices intertwined with the frailer voices of women and children, and then she could hear not only single words but whole sentences, and these she threaded together in her mind, as sometimes when she was well she threaded beads on a string.

"*Hur hur, Mahadeo!*"

"*Allaho Akbar!*"

And then the Hindu and the Muslim cries became indistinguishable, one from the other, and above them, like birds hovering, she heard the crying of women, and then, again, all these sounds seemed to fall away inside her, to fall away and to become nonexistent, and once more there was that silence, weighing upon her chest and clutching at her throat, so that she gasped for breath and sat up, staring at the dim shape of Mahesh feeding at the trough beside the door. The moonlight sparkled on his horns and on the curved whiteness of his hump and in his great, liquid black eye.

PROMESHI put her hands over her ears to shut out the silence, and her head filled, instead, with all the sounds that were familiar to her from the very beginning of her memory: the sound of crows and kites, and the calling of the gray partridge on the edge of the fields, and the crying of peacocks, and the staccato bark of a fox when the sun went down—the last a sound that seemed always to herald her father's evening cough and the gurgle of his water pipe as he settled himself on the doorstep and watched Fateh lead the white bullock homeward from the village tank. And, finally, there would be Fateh's voice coming through the smoke and dust of the evening: "Promeshi! Hoi, Promeshi!," and her own voice answering, "Hoi!" Then she could no longer summon the good, familiar sounds of her childhood, and there was silence again. In panic, she cried, "Fateh! Fateh! Oh, Fateh!" Again the battle cries roared in her ears: "*Allaho Akbar!*" and "*Hur hur, Mahadeo!*" Then, once more, silence, black and soft and enveloping, shutting out the moonlit walls of her room, and the painted doorway, and the dusky shape of Mahesh feeding at the trough.

"Father!" she screamed, thinking she was blind now—blind, and deafened by the pressure of the silence. "Father! Fateh!"

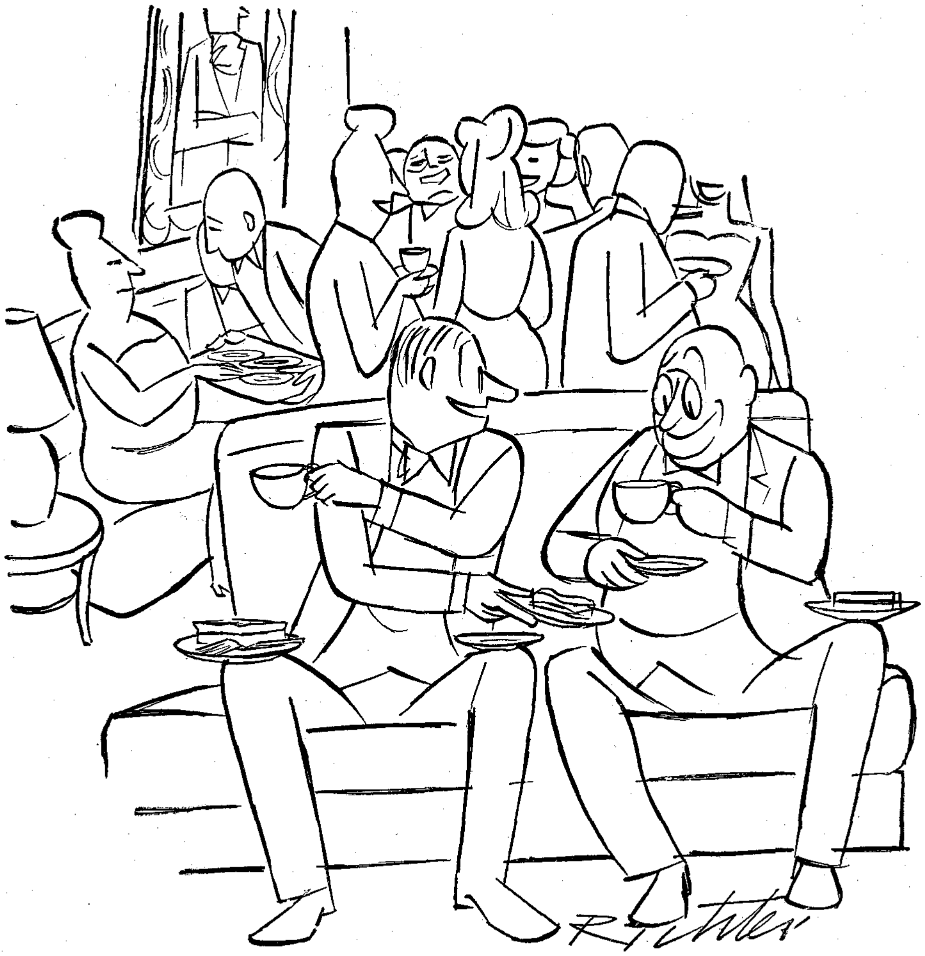
Fateh appeared, pushing past Mahesh, and came into the room and stood before her. "What is it, sister? Are you afraid? Does your head ache?"

He looked very small, standing there in the moonlight, with his shadow spilling across the floor like a stain. Fateh grew out of the stain, a tiny figure in his loincloth and with a silver charm around his neck.

"Promeshi," he said, "can you hear

them across the canal? They're shouting their battle prayers. '*Hur hur, Mahadeo!*'—that's our people. And '*Allaho Akbar!*'—that's the others. Father says we mustn't let either of them come across, because all the others would follow and we should be caught between them and they would kill us and burn down our houses and steal Mahesh. They'd kill you, Promeshi, and Father, and throw me into the well, because I am little. Father says that if you listen carefully, you can hear them throwing the children into the wells over there—you can hear the mothers screaming. Some of them tried to cross over just in front of Ganesha Lal's house, but we drove them back. Then some others went up the other bank and tried to come over the bridge, but we had it barricaded with thorns, and Ganesha and his sons are there guarding it to see they don't come."

Fateh turned and walked back to the door, clear now of Mahesh, who had wandered off. The silvery plain lay untouched by sound or by silence, a region uncharted, unchanging, where the plumed grass stretched away to the sky. Promeshi watched her brother recede, and her gaze followed him intently while he diminished and then vanished, as a bird vanishes in the sky, even though it is still there, somewhere, still flying on mortal wings. Fateh, she knew, had gone back to the canal, where the others were keeping vigil, her father among them, and Ganesha Lal and his sons, and Behari, and Rama, and Javan, and all the others, even the dogs—the dogs, for once, awed into silence by the sounds that knit village to village under the moon. Though she was not there, Promeshi could see them all lined up on the canal bank, and she knew how their bodies cast irregular shadows on the ground and how the water in the canal looked like mother-of-pearl turning to darker pearl as people from the other side tried to wade or to swim across, and she could see the bright explosions as stones fell about them and they were forced to turn and go back as they had come. Promeshi could see all this without being there, because the sounds she heard fitted every one of these things, and she knew there was no sound that did not come directly from the image in her mind, and she did not really need Fateh's description of what was happening in the village of Rampuri or along the bank of the canal. One thing she could not hear was the sound of the children drowning in the wells, from which, in a few days, the police and the military would fish them out with hooks on the ends of ropes—bodies, like her own and Fateh's, by then turned stiff and twisted, and other, smaller bodies, which would be the babies of Rampuri. But what, Promeshi wondered, could be happening now to the cattle of Rampuri and to the dogs, for in all the sounds that reached her ears there had been no sound of the cattle lowing or of the barking of Rampuri's dogs, which on ordinary nights pitted their howls against those of her own village. When the killing was over, the cattle of Rampuri would be driven away by the killers, and the dogs would be left to wander in the moonlight among the strewn bodies in rooms and courtyards, under the trees and in the *arrah* fields and on the edge of the plumed grass, and the dogs of Rampuri would tuck their tails under and lift their noses and mourn aloud, but they would be the only living things, and afterward, starving, they would slink into the shadows here and there and guiltily sate their hunger on the rotting flesh of their masters.



"Pardon me, are you using this knee?"

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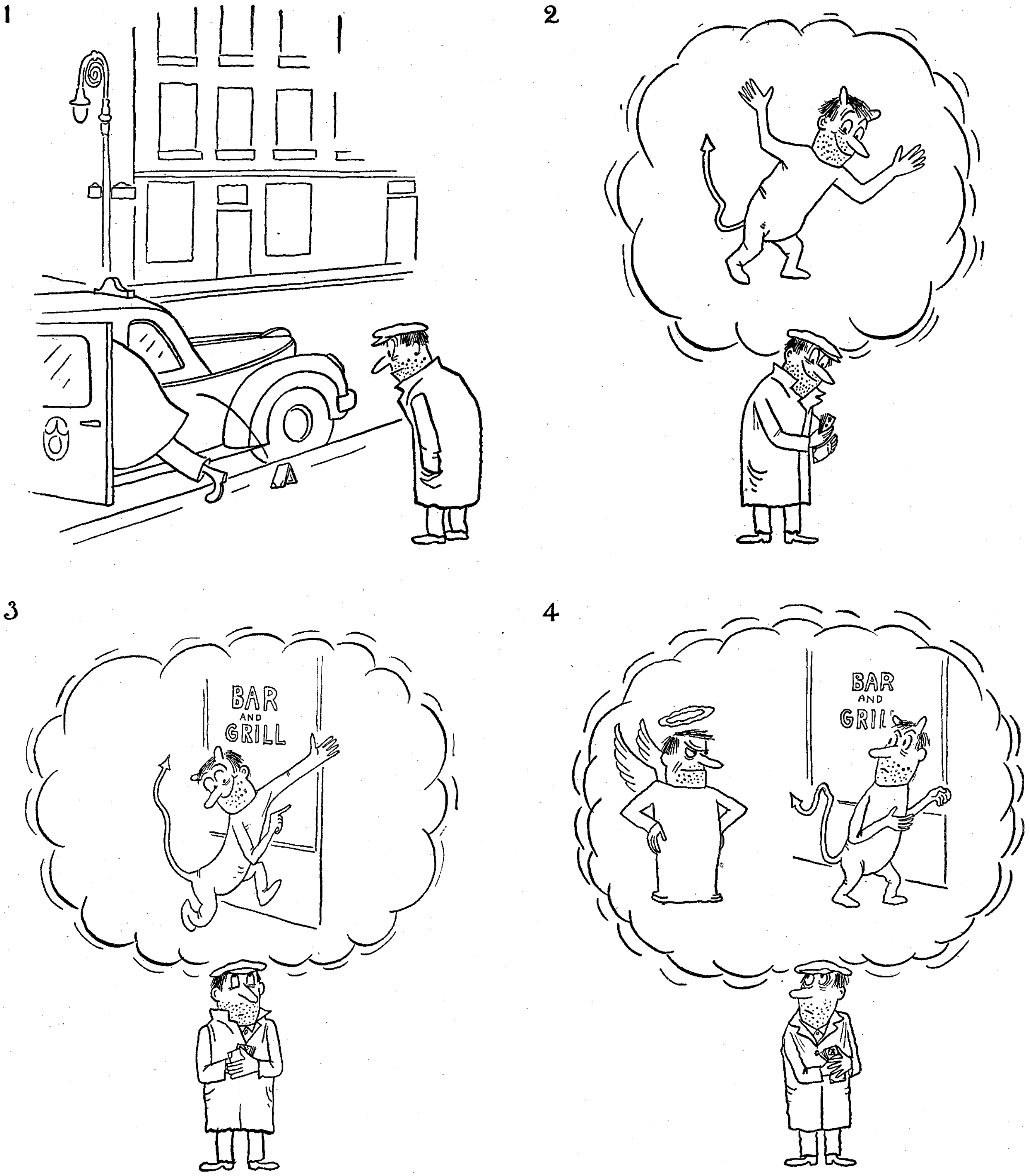
Promeshi covered her ears again but immediately dropped her hands when there came a great shouting from the nearer bank, where her father and Fateh, with the men of Rhua, were standing to repel the fugitives from across the canal. She heard her father's voice and the voice of Ganesha Lal raised above all the other voices, and first her father and then Ganesha repeated the words over and over, and as they were spoken, the words fell with bright explosions, like stones falling about the heads of those who were seeking to cross the canal. "Go back! We shall kill you if you bring your cursed misfortunes to us." "Leave us alone! Go back and fight for your lives or die in your own fields!" "If we take you in, we shall have to take your enemies." "We're at peace. Leave us so." "Go back . . . go back . . . go . . ."

PROMESHI sank down on her bed and closed her eyes. Her body was on fire and she longed for water. She tried again to distract her mind by thinking of other things, of other sounds and colors and textures than those of the present. She remembered a night when her father had taken her and Fateh to visit friends at Agra. They had slept on the roof of a strange house, and all night she had listened to the dogs of



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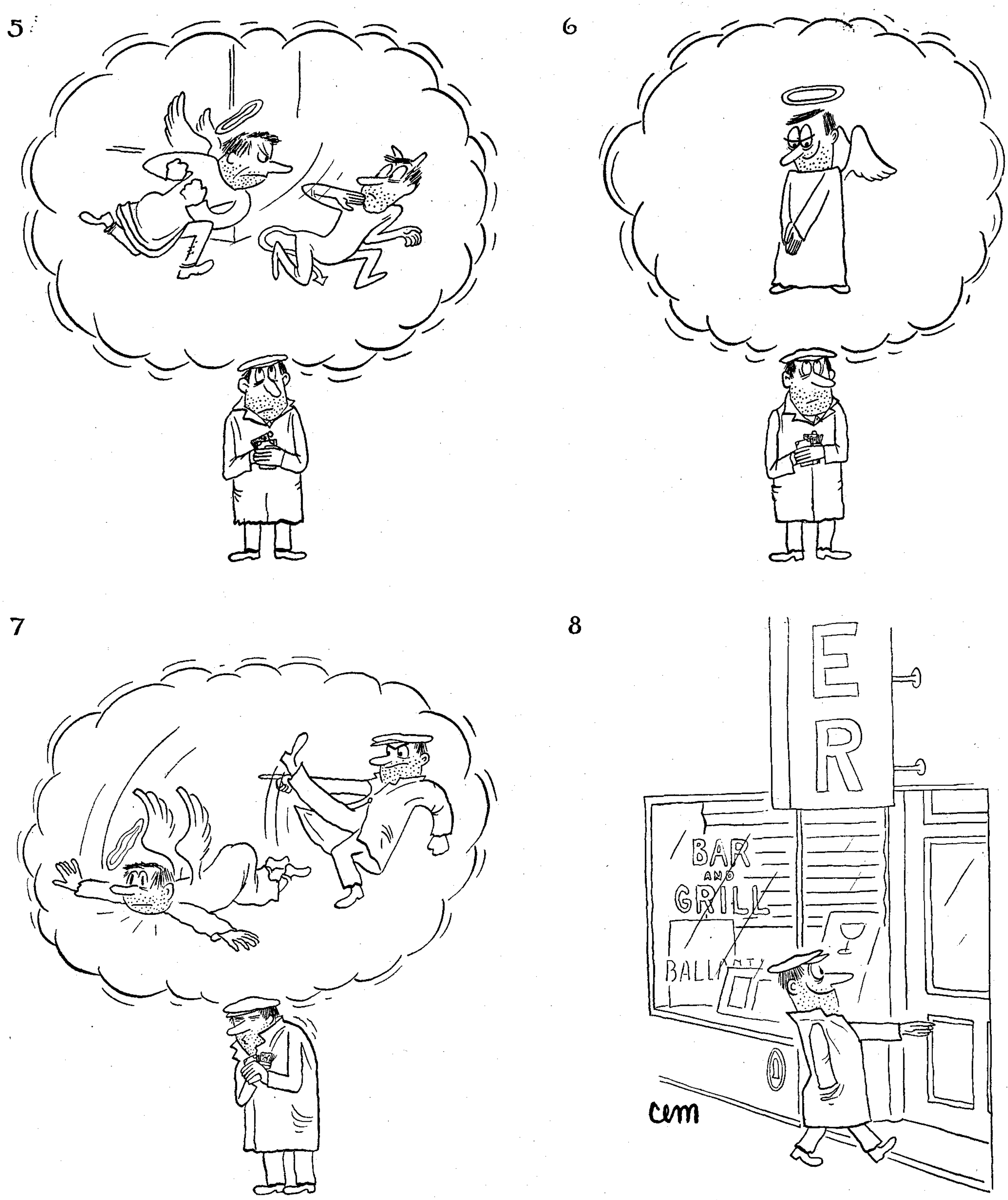
Agra barking, and to the sound of the trains from Delhi and the warning cries of the watchmen who guarded the shops and the houses of the rich. Toward morning, the voices of the muezzins, calling men to prayer, had joined all those other voices, and it had seemed to Promeshi as though a single throat shaped them at last to a long-drawn cry of desolation whose words were lost to her, though its meaning was not.

"Fateh!" She sat up suddenly, thinking she heard her brother coming into the room. Moonlight streamed across the floor and a figure stood between her and the entrance—a shadowy figure, not much bigger than Fateh, but she saw that it was not he. The shadow dripped water from the canal and its voice crept toward her: "Let me stay! I waded the canal above the bridge, and no one saw me. Then I hid in the long grass till I was sure your people were all down there by the canal, and then, as I came by your door, I saw you lying quietly and you did not tell me to go back . . ."

The figure dissolved, then reappeared beside Promeshi's bed. Hands no larger than her own grasped her arm. The voice said, "Let me stay! They will not look for me here. They do not know that I am here. Let me stay!"

Wet hair brushed Promeshi's face, and the silver bracelets on the clutching hands were like her own bracelets, but cold, whereas hers flamed on her wrists. She gazed into the face bent toward her, and heard her own voice whispering, "Under the bed. Get under



the bed. No one will find you there, no one."

Then the dogs were barking quite close, and the distance shrank, and she was lying on the strange roof at Agra and listening to all the dogs howling in the city, and the long-drawn voices of the trains and of the watchmen, and the muezzins crying the *azaan*, and she thought that this was another time, a time of the strangeness of faces and sounds, a time of words saying different things, but that they were all one in reality, for one came from another and returned to it in the silence of a time that was not yet come, but which she could see coming toward her, as she could always see the bird in the sky when a minute ago it had not been there.

"Here!" shouted Fateh suddenly, from the door. "Here! In here! I saw her go in—in our room. See the trail of water! Promeshi! Promeshi, did you see . . ."

The room filled with people, and Promeshi shut her eyes and ears and lay still as they dragged the child from under her bed and out through the arch of the door. And then the world screamed, and then silence, and in a little while, when she raised herself on her elbow, she saw the meaningless wet trail on the mud floor of her room, and Mahesh beyond the doorway in the waning moonlight. The sound of his feeding on the dry cornstalks was the only sound, and everywhere else silence, like the silence at the bottom of a well.

—Christine Weston

TENTH STREET IDYLL

THOUGH Herrick Lord and Irene Burnham had met at New York cocktail parties off and on for years, they had really seen very little of each other, and it wasn't until they happened to spend a vacation at the same hotel in the Adirondacks that they fell in love and decided to marry. Because they both were too busy with their work for the usual festivities, they agreed it would be simpler not to notify any of their friends or business associates of the wedding in advance, and they arranged to be married in a suburb, with no attendant publicity, on a Saturday in late autumn. The announcements would go out over the weekend, and on Monday morning Herrick and Irene would report at their jobs as usual. They planned to take a wedding trip later on—perhaps a couple of weeks at Mont Tremblant Lodge in January or February, since it was impossible for them to get away sooner than that. In a general way, their wedding plans followed a pattern that has appealed to a great many New York couples who have wished to marry without disturbing—for a year or two, at least—the course of their business careers.

It was easy enough for Herrick and Irene to solve the problem of where to live. In fact, they had no alternative. Herrick worked for an afternoon newspaper and, since the war, had been living in one midtown hotel after another, and Irene, whose job with a trade paper was exacting but lucrative, for several years had had an attractive apartment just off Fifth Avenue, on Tenth Street. Although Irene's work required her to make frequent and extensive trips around the country, she was in New York more than she was out of it, thanks to the airlines, and had always thought it amply worth while to maintain a permanent home. In addition to being an outlet for her flair for decorating, the apartment was a place in which she could concentrate on hard assignments. The nature of her work was such that she could do a substantial amount of it at the desk in her own living room, even when she was nominally on duty at the New York office.

During the weekend honeymoon in Irene's apartment, Herrick remarked that he kept veering back and forth between feeling like a bridegroom and feeling like Tarquin in Lucrece's bower. "We could still go to the Plaza or someplace," he suggested, but Irene sensibly pointed out that they both had resolved to embark on a program of building up their savings and that this was the perfect time to begin.

The thing that amazed and impressed Herrick was that the apartment was so neat and immaculate. He had been accustomed to disorder, although not to the usual bachelor squalor. Everything here seemed to belong in a certain place, and there was more *toile de Jouy* than he had realized at first. But he liked it. It was a charming and comfortable retreat, and apart from one or two vexing telephone calls from the outside world, the honeymoon was a great success.

Irene had to fly to St. Louis on Tuesday, and it fell to Herrick to open numerous letters of congratulation and quite a few wedding presents. Since his duties on the paper generally ended in the early afternoon, he found himself spending a good many daylight hours in Irene's apartment. Her by-the-hour cleaning woman, a Portuguese who spoke no English, sang robustly as she worked, and sometimes, when he wandered toward the icebox, she intercepted him and fixed a delicious impromptu snack involving cheese, garlic, and tomatoes. Herrick was certain that she hadn't the remotest idea that he and Irene were married. He couldn't have said just how he knew, but he knew, especially when his underclothes were being ironed to the accompaniment of musical "*O-hé*"s and boldly appreciative smiles. It occurred to him that if he could have got across to her the idea that the establishment was church-approved and on the level, she would have felt let down.

HERRICK was well content with his new home until the trouble began. It started that very first week, and lasted for about three months. To be exact, the trouble began on the Monday when Irene was still in New York. The telephone rang, and Herrick answered it.

"Is Irene there?" a man asked.

"No, I'm afraid she's out," Herrick said. "Would you like to leave a message?"

"Just tell her the Jewel is at the Commodore, as usual," the man said genially. "I tried to get her at the office, but she wasn't in. I'll call her at the apartment around six."

This was sufficiently cryptic to annoy Herrick. "Would you mind leaving your name?" he asked.

"Julius Leyendecker, from Galveston, but just tell her the Jewel. It's a sort of joke we have. Julius—Jewel, you know."

"I see," Herrick said, with a coolness that he regretted afterward, when he understood the situation better. "I'll tell her. This is Miss Burnham's husband, Herrick Lord."

"No!" Mr. Leyendecker gasped. "Congratulations! I hadn't heard about it. If this doesn't beat the band! When did you folks get married?"

"Saturday," Herrick said, blushing violently, although there was no one else in the apartment. "I've known Miss Burnham for years," he added, almost apologetically.

"Say, I've heard a lot about you," Mr. Leyendecker said cordially. "At conventions and places. You must be the one with curly brown hair and long brown eyelashes. What do you people want for a wedding present?"

For a moment, Herrick was dazed to hear his physical charms catalogued in this manner. Then he said, "Nothing, thank you. It's kind of you, but you mustn't think of giving us anything."

"Nonsense!" Mr. Leyendecker said handsomely, and explained, with a candor that

Happy Birthd-
ay
STEINBERG

Herrick couldn't help recognizing, "It isn't me. It's the *firm.*"

Herrick replaced the receiver after discouraging a congratulatory visit Mr. Leyendecker proposed to make that very evening, and after refusing an invitation to dinner.

When Herrick told Irene about it later, she said with interest, "Someone told me he'd been fired. But he hasn't been, apparently. He made an awful hash of the Southern-states convention last fall, and everybody said he wouldn't last another year with Findlay & King. Of course, he knows the Texas territory as well as anybody in the business. Maybe that was what saved him."

This summary, incomprehensible though it was, made Herrick feel better about Mr. Leyendecker.

It didn't make him feel better about Mr. Runyon and the Scotch, however. Mr. Runyon and the Scotch arrived toward the end of Wednesday afternoon, and Herrick noted with the pardonable distress of a bridegroom that the caller was youngish, good-looking, and breezy. Before he even got inside the door of the apartment, he said, "That apartment she had on Gramercy Park was a lot better, if you ask me. There was an elevator. Climbing all these stairs is hard work for an old man. I brought her a bottle of Scotch, but I need it so badly I'm going to open it right away and have some myself. Where is she, anyway? Dressing or something?" The visitor had gone to the kitchenette by this time and was yanking energetically at a tray of ice cubes. "She won't mind if you and I have a quick one together. Say, just for the sake of the record, are you taking her out to dinner? If so, I'll have to move fast and try to get hold of Agnes Sorley or somebody, although personally I think *Trade Trends* stinks. I'm Charlie Runyon, by the way. Sturtevant & Pratt, Seattle."

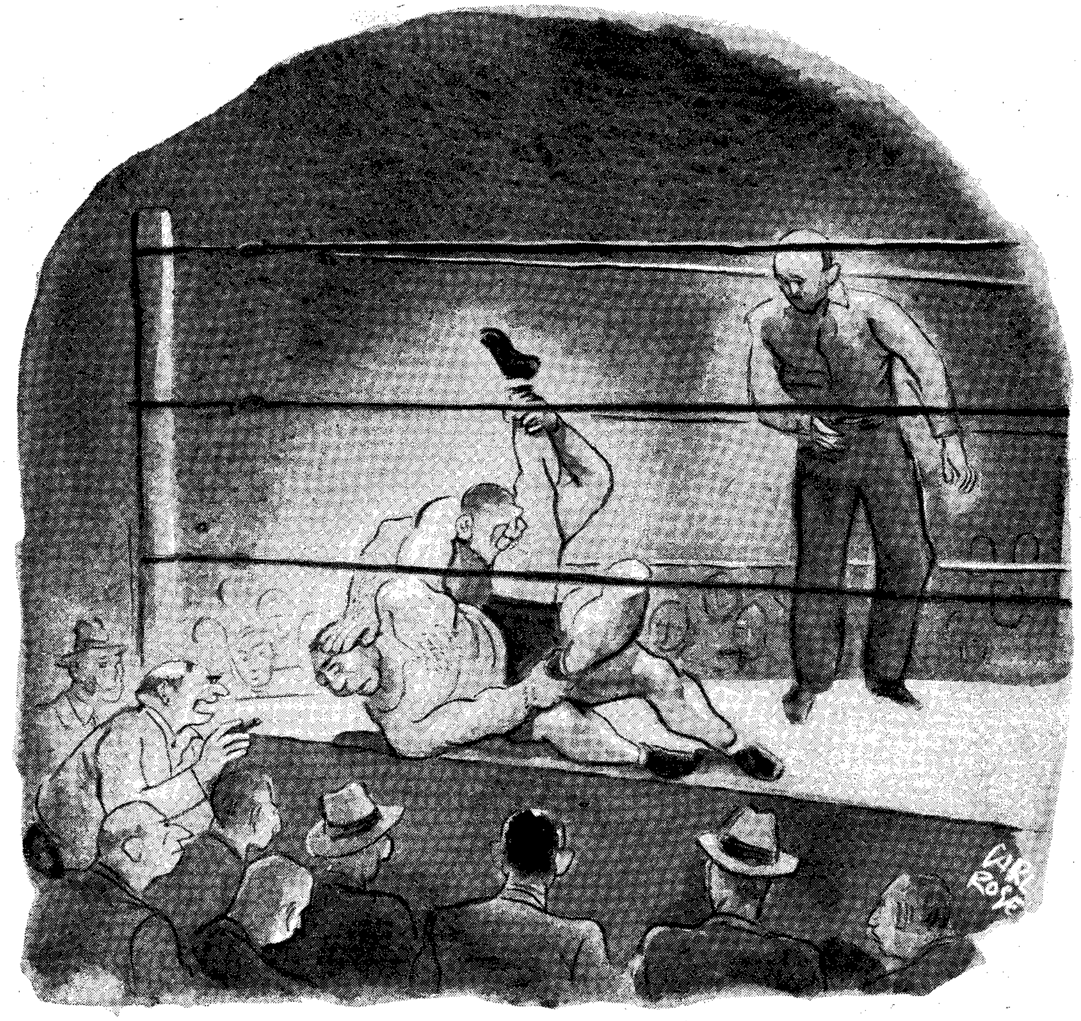
Herrick had been trying to think of something blistering to say, but nothing occurred to him, so he said merely, "I'm Herrick Lord, and I'm Miss Burnham's husband. Miss Burnham is in St. Louis."

Unadorned though this statement was, it registered effectively. Mr. Runyon, now much less at home in the kitchenette, stopped pouring whiskey and returned to the living room. He picked up his hat and coat. "I had no *idea,*" he said wretchedly. "When you met me at the door, I thought it was just sort of a gathering of the—er—clan. I thought it was simply *business.*"

Herrick decided that he might as well be gracious. It wasn't that he felt any happier about Mr. Runyon, but the visitor's embarrassment was plainly acute, and Herrick was not by nature vindictive. "Stay and have a drink anyway," he said politely.

"Why, thanks," Mr. Runyon said with gratitude. "Please use the Scotch, though. After all, it's really yours. I mean I brought it for Irene and you're Irene's husband, and so . . ." He became hopelessly mired and ended with a gesture and an uneasy smile. He followed Herrick back to the kitchenette. "Stupid of me not to have phoned in advance. I mean I usually do. I mean when I drop in to see people in the *business*—"

They had a drink together and talked, self-consciously, about the problem of soot in New York apartments.



"Bite him back."

• •

"I'm so glad Irene finally decided to get *married,*" Mr. Runyon said earnestly at one point, and then, apparently fearing that he hadn't struck the best possible social note, returned to soot.

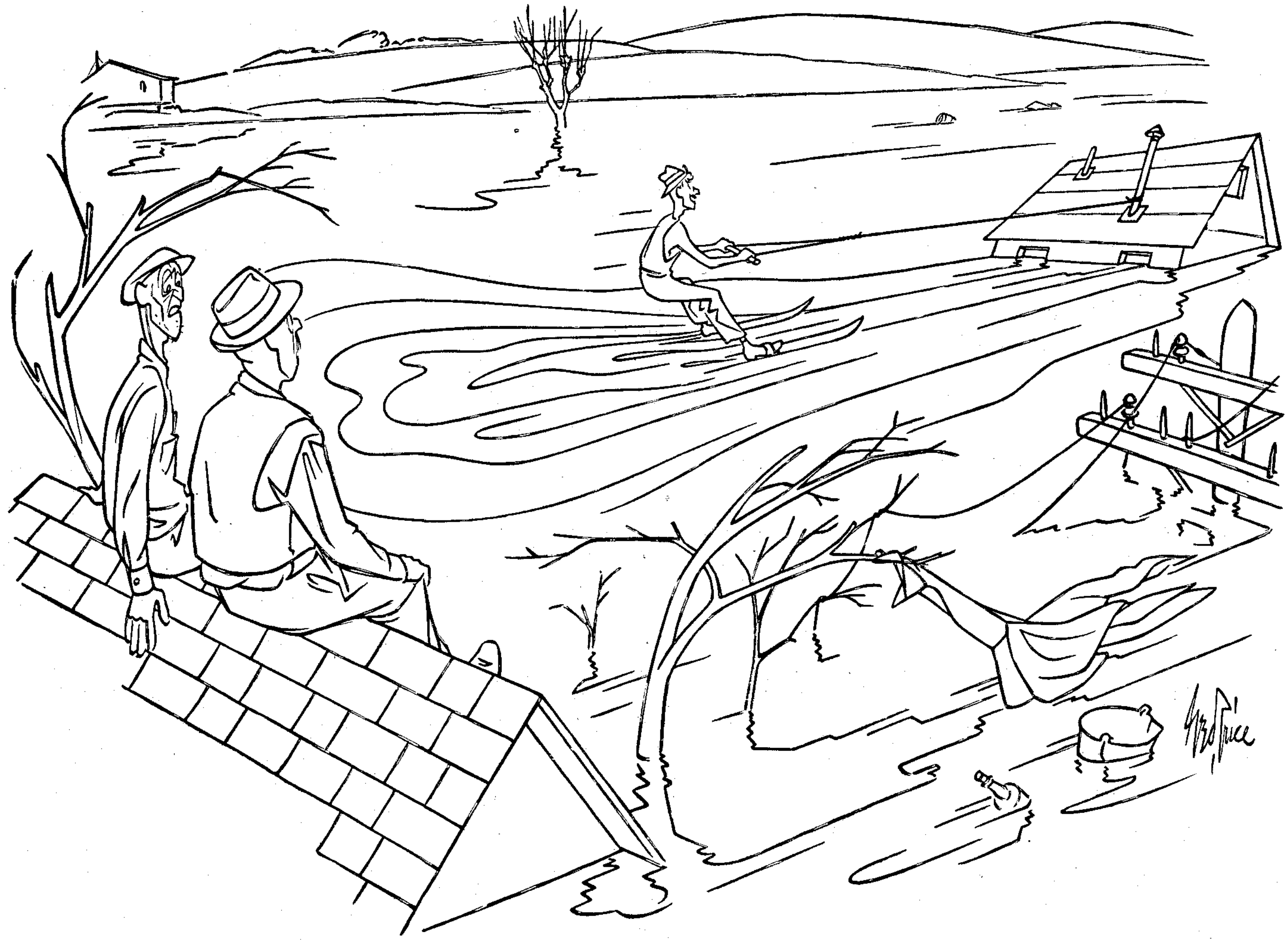
Mr. Runyon seemed extremely glad to get away, and Herrick was, if anything, gladder to see him go. It was appalling to realize that men like Mr. Runyon, who probably had a certain animal attraction, were sent to regional conferences and were encouraged to cultivate the society of businesswomen. For a moment or two, Herrick wondered whether it might not be a good idea to interest Irene in farming and move to New England. She knew, it seemed to him, far too many men. Even as he meditated, the telephone rang.

"Hello! *Reeny?*" a voice said, indistinctly.

"This is Herrick Lord," Herrick said curtly. "Mrs. Lord is out of town."

"I'm sorry, I've got the wrong number," the voice said, and of course the phone rang again, a moment later.

"Miss Burnham is in St. Louis," Herrick said, enunciating carefully, as if



"I must admit I envy his philosophy."

• •

for the benefit of a feeble-minded child. "She is expected back around the end of next week. Would you like to leave a message?"

"But the St. Louis meeting doesn't begin until Friday," the voice said with dismay. "I had no idea she'd be going out there ahead of time. Do you happen to know whether she's stopping over in Kansas City, by any chance?"

"No, she isn't," Herrick said.

"Say, you sound like Reeny's cousin Austin Burnham," the voice remarked. "If you're Austin Burnham, this is Bud Searles, and I want to tell you what a grand job I think you're doing with your new program."

"Austin is in Los Angeles," Herrick said. "You can reach him through the C.B.S. office out there. This is Miss Burnham's husband, Herrick Lord."

There followed the sort of conversation that now was becoming routine. "No! . . . When did it happen? . . . Haven't I met you somewhere? Aren't you with Canadian Broadcasting? . . . Well, I think it's *swell*. Congratulations!" And, in this case, anxiously: "Reeny isn't leaving her job, or anything, is she?"

An hour later, a huge basket of mimosa arrived for Mr. and Mrs. Lord from Goldfarb's, with Mr. Searles' card. Herrick was so annoyed that for a long time thereafter he alluded to Searles as "that man who calls you Reeny" or as "that man who sent me the mimosa." The last thing the fellow had said on the telephone had been the most irritating of all. "Tell her everybody at Travis & Warburton is sold on her parties, and that I, personally, love her to death!"

New England was almost too accessible, Herrick decided. Maybe Canada would be better.

WHILE Irene was still in St. Louis, a great parcel of jellies, pralines, and other sweets arrived from a shop in New Orleans. The card said "Mr. George Tessier Gurlay, Jr." A line had been drawn through most of this legend, leaving only a cozily intimate "George," and a joyous scrawl filled the white spaces: "Hello, there, dear and deadly female of the species! Clayton tells me Leyendecker is to be in N.Y. for a few days before St. Louis. Hope this reaches you in time to remind you that we all are still very much alive in these parts, and to warn you against the machinations of that Foul Fiend. Yrs, A Friend."

Irene's business acquaintances seemed, without exception, to be playful fellows. Much too playful, in Herrick's opinion. He went to Irene's desk and consulted the long list of people to whom wedding announcements had been sent. None of these businessmen appeared on it, although the name of Mr. Frederick Latham Sturtevant, of Sturtevant & Pratt, Seattle, was there with a check mark in front of it. On the whole, it was gratifying to know that an announcement had gone to Mr. Sturtevant himself rather than to his dashing emissary Mr. Charlie Runyon. Herrick hopefully visualized Mr. Sturtevant as a dignified old gentleman, but this picture was somewhat marred by a vague recollection that Irene had occasionally spoken of a Butch Sturtevant.

There were a few more telephone

calls from bouncing young men, and, judging from their voices, from bouncing middle-aged men as well, but these calls tapered off and almost stopped during the period in which the St. Louis conference was actually taking place.

When Irene returned, Herrick gave her a long and mildly aggrieved account of how sought after she had been. “Oh, those were just some of the boys,” she said soothingly. “It’s partly that they have to make a fuss for business reasons and partly that when they’re away from home, they like to be able to drop in and talk to somebody who knows what their work is all about.”

“Well, that Charlie Boy is too good-looking to be let loose in public,” Herrick said, “and I don’t like the one who calls you Reeny, and I don’t like getting about twenty-five-dollars’ worth of mimosa, even when it’s addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Lord.”

Herrick’s feelings were soon assuaged, however, and when he asked Irene why she hadn’t sent announcements to “the boys,” she replied with a grin that she had sent them to her leading men but that it would have cost a fortune to send them to all the gentlemen of the ensemble. “Anyway, the news will begin to seep around now, after St. Louis,” she said cheerfully, “and the boys will have to change over to sending useful household articles. Probably we’ll wind up with fifty pressure cookers before we’re through. They don’t pay for these things themselves, you know. It’s all charged to good will. Now, if you don’t mind, we’ll have a respite from the supersalesmen. I brought home some chops, and I feel like making béarnaise sauce.”

The supersalesmen gave Herrick less and less trouble, but, as has been said, there were recurrences every now and then for at least three months. The time Irene was in Denver, a man phoned to say that he had two tickets for the musical at the Shubert and wouldn’t she like to see it and go to Larue afterward. In explaining why he couldn’t give his wife the message in time for it to do any good, Herrick so prostrated the caller and got so involved in a mêlée of apologies and contrition and general forgiveness over the phone that the upshot was that Herrick and the man went to the Shubert together. (They omitted Larue.) Then, there was the time a man named Jack Bonbright phoned, against a background of conversational hubbub, to urge Irene to come over right away to Morris Niedlinger’s, where a wonderful party was going on. Herrick had the pleasure of being able to say gently, “My wife has just come in while we were talking. If you’ll hold the wire for just a moment, I’ll tell her about the party.” (Irene had a headache, it developed. “My Niedlinger headache,” she explained to Herrick afterward. “I get it on a moment’s notice.”) A man named McKeown sent Irene a wild goose, which the Portuguese songstress plucked and roasted, and Herrick and Irene ate. They had a bottle of good wine with it and toasted the absent Mr. McKeown, who had written, “Irene, child, this is from ole Marse Jock of Bay State United, who is having his first real vacation since God-knows-when, and who is looking forward to a long tête-à-tête, with no business mentioned, sometime during the forthcoming New England conference.”

A YOUNG Mr. Michaels was the last to appear on the scene. He arrived, in person, at the apartment toward the end of February, a few days before the Lords were to leave for their belated honeymoon at Mont Tremblant Lodge. He phoned one afternoon and asked for “Miss Burnham.” Herrick, rather more at ease than he had been a couple of months before, said casually that Miss Burnham wouldn’t be home until sometime between five and six. At a quarter past five, Mr. Michaels knocked on the door of the apartment.

He was a sensitive-looking young man, slightly built, and with an air of being very new at the somewhat commercial gallantry that, as Herrick by this time had realized, Irene had been encountering for years.

“Miss Burnham, please,” the young man said.

“I’m sorry, but Miss Burnham isn’t at home,” Herrick said.

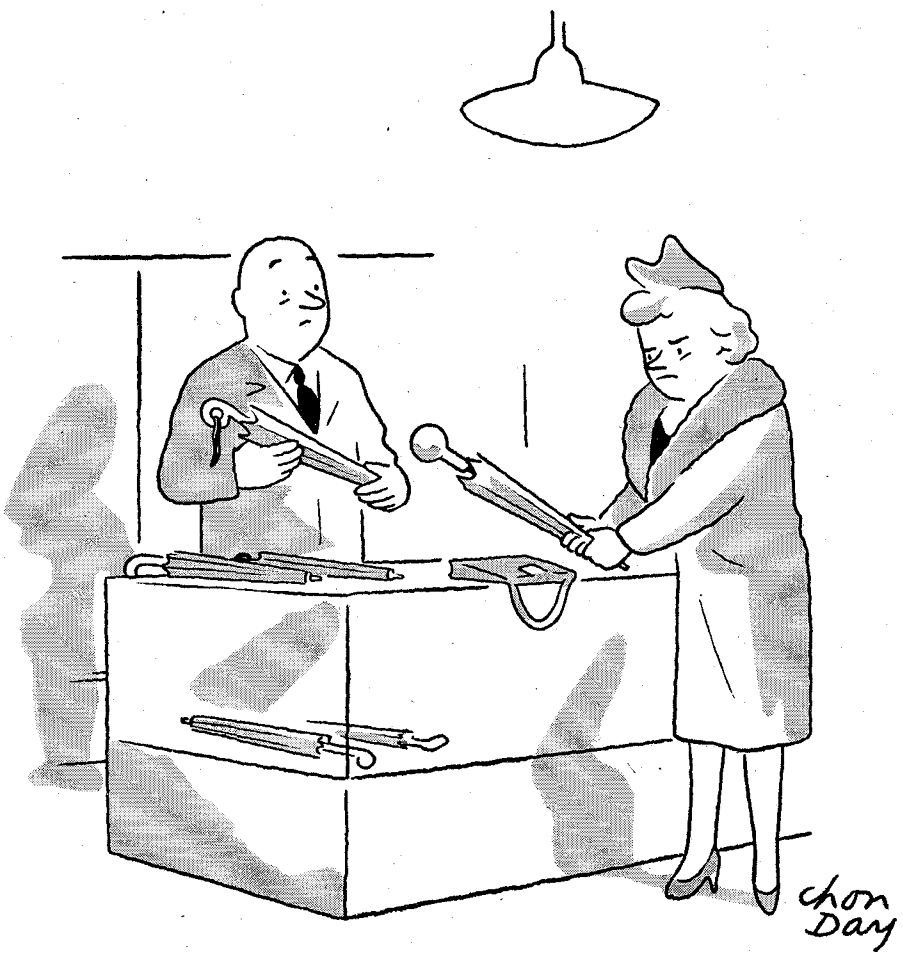
“I’m expected, I think,” the young man said, so Herrick invited him to come in and sit down. “I gave a message to someone on the telephone, and I was told that Miss Burnham would be home between five and six.”

“That’s right,” Herrick said affably. “I was the one you talked to. My wife will be here in fifteen or twenty minutes, I should think.”

The young man’s eyes brightened. “I had no idea she was married!” he exclaimed, with seeming satisfaction. “That’s wonderful! That’s *marvellous!* Did it happen recently?”

“Fairly recently,” Herrick said, puzzled by Mr. Michaels’ enthusiasm. It was almost as if Irene were a hulking, walleyed girl, whose chances of finding a husband had been deemed unlikely by her friends.

“Congratulations!” Mr. Michaels



DON'T SHAKE THE BOTTLE, SHAKE YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW

When I was young and full of rhymes
And all my days were salady,
Almost I could enjoy the times
I caught some current malady.
Then, cheerful, knocked upon my door
The jocular physician,
With tonics and with comfort for
My innocent condition.
Then friends would fetch me flowers
And nurses rub my back,
And I could talk for hours
Concerning my attack.
But now, when vapors dog me,
What solace do I find?
My cronies can't endure me.
The doctors scorn to cure me,
And, though I ail, assure me
It's all a state of mind.

It's psychosomatic, now, psychosomatic.
Whatever you suffer is psychosomatic.
Your liver's a-quiver? You're feeling infirm?
Dispose of the notion you harbor a germ.
Angina,
Arthritis,
Abdominal pain—
They're nothing but symptoms of marital strain.
They're nothing but proof that your love life is minus.
The ego is aching
Instead of the sinus.
So face up and brace up and stifle that sneeze.
It's psychosomatic. And ten dollars, please.

There was a time that I recall,
If one grew pale or thinnish,
The pundits loved to lay it all
On foods unvitaminish,
Or else, dogmatic, would maintain
Infection somewhere acted.
And when they'd shorn the tonsils twain,
They pulled the tooth impacted.
But now that orgies dental
Have made a modish halt,
Your ills today are mental
And likely all your fault.
Now specialists inform you,
While knitting of their brows,
Your pain, though sharp and shooting,
Is caused, beyond disputing,
Because you hate commuting
Or can't abide your spouse.

It's psychosomatic, now, psychosomatic.
You fell down the stairway? It's psychosomatic.
That sprain of the ankle while waxing the floors—
You did it on purpose to get out of chores.
Nephritis,
Neuritis,
A case of the ague?
You're just giving in to frustrations that plague you.
You long to be coddled, beloved, acclaimed,
So you caught the sniffles.
And aren't you ashamed!
And maybe they're right. But I sob through my wheezes,
"They've taken the fun out of having diseases."

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

• •

said. "I've only met Miss Burnham once or twice, I'm sorry to say. That is, Mrs.—er—"

"Lord," Herrick said helpfully. "Herrick Lord."

"Or, rather, Mrs. Lord. I'm *so* glad to hear about it!" Herrick was forced to conclude that Mr. Michaels was speaking with the utmost sincerity. "You see, I've only been married for a couple of months myself, and this is the first time my wife and I have ever been in New York together. We're at the Shelton. I had to leave her alone this evening, because one of the things my boss asked me to make a point of doing was . . ." He hesitated.

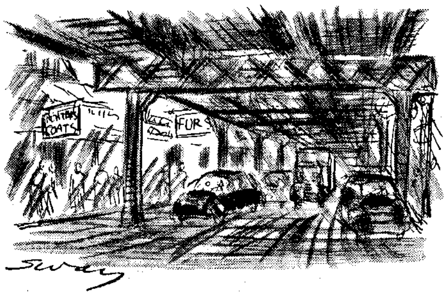
"To pay a little personal attention to Miss Burnham?" Herrick suggested.

Mr. Michaels blushed. "That's right," he said. "And Evelyn—I mean Mrs. Michaels—said she never heard of anything so horrible. She had a headache, and she said she was going to have some tea and toast sent up and then go to bed. I was going to ask Miss—er—Mrs. Lord to have dinner with me or something. Perhaps you'll *both* have dinner with me, and perhaps I can—er—persuade my wife to join us."

Herrick rather liked the way Mr. Michaels was trying to conceal his embarrassment and to handle the situation in as civilized a manner as possible. The young man was really very likable. Suddenly Herrick had a vivid mental picture of Mrs. Michaels brooding in her hotel room and probably thinking dark thoughts about her husband and a sleek New York adventuress.

"Does your wife like steak?" Herrick inquired.

"She loves it," Mr. Michaels said, manifestly relieved that the conversation was taking such a comfortable turn. "She likes it rare, and so do I. It's one of the things we have in common."



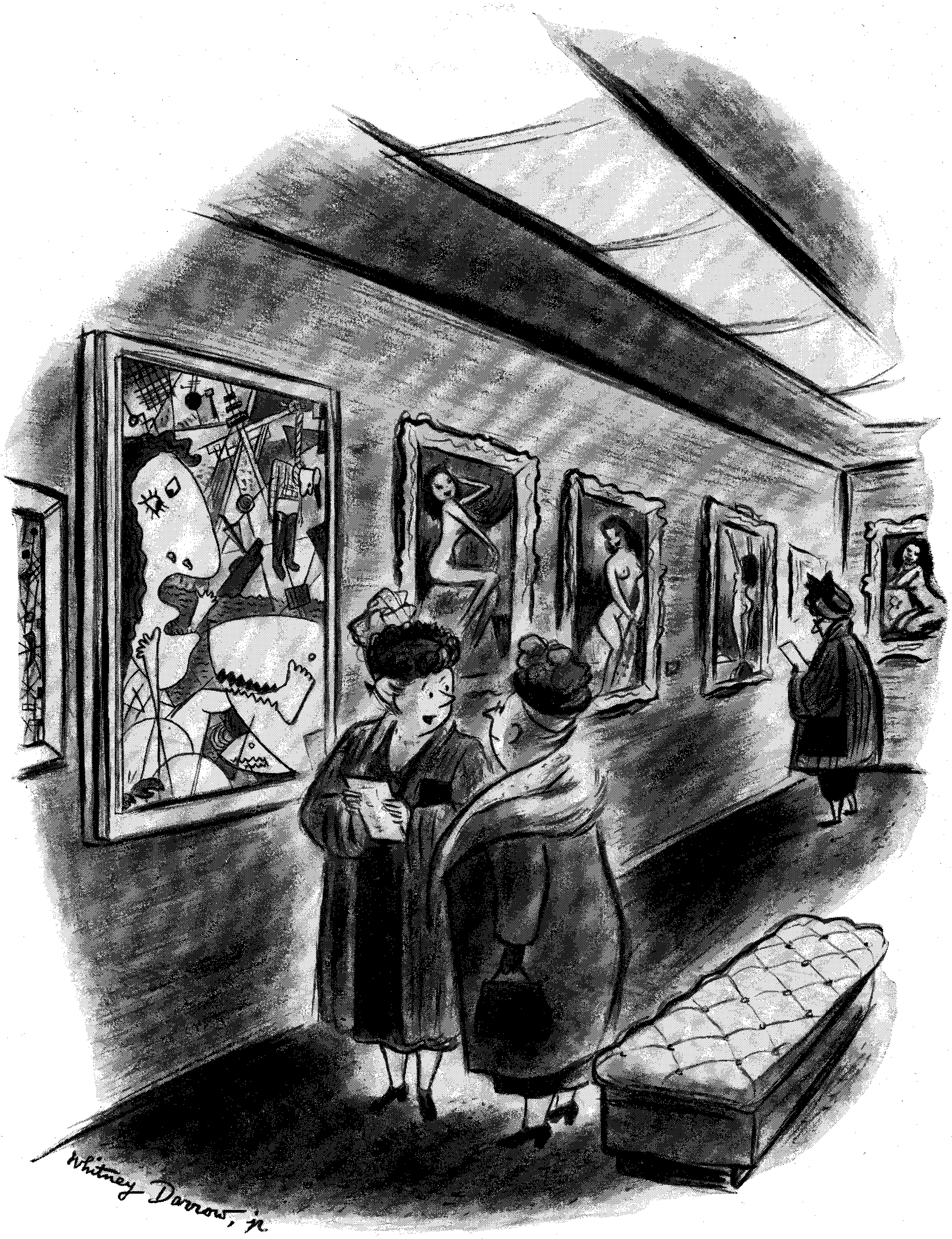
"We like it rare, too," Herrick said. "Why don't you phone your wife and see if she won't come down and have dinner with us? We have a hell of a big steak in the icebox. I picked it out myself this afternoon. And my wife's a pretty good cook."

"That would be simply swell!" Mr. Michaels said. "I'll call Evelyn right away, if you'll let me use your phone. The truth is, it would be wonderful to have a home-cooked dinner and just relax! Are you sure it will be all right? I mean are you sure your wife won't mind?"

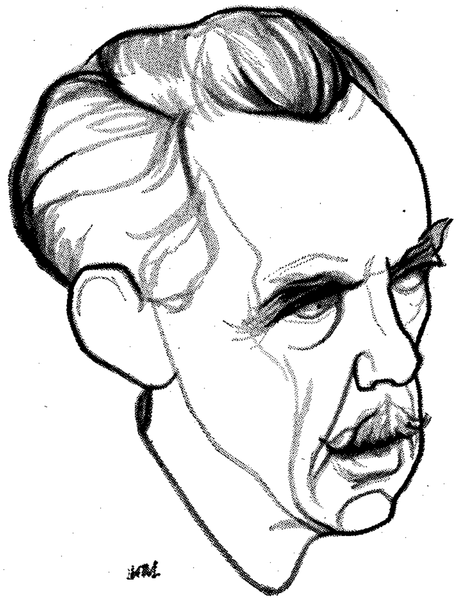
"Certainly she won't mind," Herrick said, rather grandly. "She *likes* to have me invite my friends to dinner."

"Gosh, I almost forgot something," Mr. Michaels said in a companionable tone. He went to a chair near the door and picked up a florist's box, which he handed to Herrick. "Something for the house," he explained as Herrick broke the string and lifted out two dozen long-stemmed Talisman roses.

—JAMES REID PARKER


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Then she left him and went to live with a Portuguese fisherman."



PROFILES

THE TRAGIC SENSE—I

Eugene Gladstone O'Neill, who is generally regarded as the foremost American playwright and who is one of the three Americans to win the Nobel Prize in literature, began life as the son of the Count of Monte Cristo—a distinction he prefers to forget. O'Neill's father, James O'Neill, was born in Ireland in 1847 and came to this country when he was a boy. He took up acting as his profession, making his début at the National Theatre in Cincinnati in 1867, and became one of the popular players of his time. After a good many years of Shakespeare, he scored a particularly spectacular success as Edmond Dantès in a dramatization of Dumas' novel about the triumph of patience over duplicity and dungeon walls, and before long, to millions of captivated playgoers from one end of the country to the other, he and the Count of Monte Cristo were as indissolubly joined in the same person as Joseph Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle. No actor of the era was more richly rewarded in fuss, fame, and fortune. His son, however, thinks of him as a perfect example of the tragedy of success. To anyone who knows Eugene O'Neill or his works, this is not surprising. "O'Neill has six senses," one of his acquaintances said recently. "Sight, smell, taste, touch, hearing, and tragedy. The last is by far the most highly developed."

O'Neill, who came back to live in New York in 1945 after residence in such widely separated places as Cape Cod, Bermuda, Sea Island, France, and California, was born here on October 16, 1888, in a third-floor room of the Barrett House, a quiet family hotel that used to stand at Forty-third Street and Broadway. The Barrett House was enlarged into the Hotel Cadillac, which, eight years ago, was razed to make way for a taxpayer. O'Neill has little affection for the old neighborhood. On the walls of the study in his penthouse apartment in the East Eighties are several reproductions of paintings of clipper ships, and an oil painting of Broadway at the height of the boiling frenzy that overwhelms it every theatre night between eight and nine. "There's the whole story of the decline of America," O'Neill said a short time ago, pointing to these pictures. "From the most beautiful thing America has ever made, the clipper ship, to the most tawdry street in the world."

O'Neill's mother, before her marriage, was Ellen Quinlan. She was of Irish extraction, and a devout Catholic. She was born in New Haven but grew up in the Middle West, where her family moved when she was a child, and was educated in a convent in South Bend, Indiana. Her marriage to James O'Neill, whom she happened to meet while he was playing South Bend, brought her into a world that her training and her temperament urged her to reject. She accompanied her husband on all his tours, nevertheless, and the first seven years of Eugene's life were spent trouping up and down the country. The erratic pattern of his earliest years, a series of one-night stands, hotel bedrooms, catch-as-catch-can meals, and long waits between trains, gave him a fondness for order, a dislike of railroads, and a deep, abiding hatred of hotels.

When O'Neill was travelling with his father and mother, the American theatre was the most gilded institution of the Gilded Age. It was also a profitable enterprise. Towns with populations as small as two thousand saw Shakespeare given by professionals, and no city was considered fit to live in unless it had its own stock companies. During the last quarter of the century, when improved rail transportation brought the vast population of the hinterland within easier reach, the stock companies began to lose ground to the travelling company and the star system. Billboards all around the country advertised Edwin Booth as Hamlet, Mary Anderson as Juliet, Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, and Clara Morris as Camille. The company headed by John Drew and Maurice and Georgiana Barrymore made the rounds in the season of 1878-79. Around the same time, Sarah Bernhardt came over for her first American appearance, as did other celebrated European performers, among them Tommaso Salvini, Henry Irving, Helena Modjeska, and Eleonora Duse. There were more touring companies in the United States between 1880 and 1900 than at any other time, and the number of actors increased from fewer than five thousand to nearly fifteen thousand. Some of them, however, seem to have been actors in name only. "Thompson's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company appeared at the opera house last night," wrote the critic for a Minnesota paper. "The dogs were poorly supported." Before James O'Neill became the Count of Monte Cristo, he was looked upon as the logical successor to Edwin Booth. The great Shakespearean thought so himself. In 1872, Booth and O'Neill appeared together in "Othello," at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, alternating in the leading male roles. O'Neill would play Iago to Booth's Othello one night, and Booth, as Iago, would undermine O'Neill's noble Moor the next. Watching O'Neill, as Othello, from the wings at one performance, Booth turned to another actor and said, "That young man is playing that part better than I ever did."

The elder O'Neill starred in such dramas as "A Celebrated Case," "Two Orphans," and "David Garrick," and portrayed the role of Christ in a San Francisco production of the Passion Play, but he spent most of his time in Shakespeare until, in 1883, he opened in "Monte Cristo." He was an immediate, crashing success, and for the next fifteen years he saw no reason to play anything else. He earned up to forty thousand dollars a year, and as he began to make various investments, including the purchase of large tracts of real estate in New London, where he built a summer home, he decided that he *had* to earn forty thousand dollars a year. Later on, he came to believe that he had been mistaken. He felt he had thrown away his chance for a distinguished career, and his son remembers that he was full of regret. "That's what caused me to make up my mind that they would never get me," O'Neill has said, looking over his shoulder at the dark, nameless forces that lurk in the background of so many of his plays. "I determined then that I would never sell out." Even his most hostile critics admit that he never has.

Eugene O'Neill's days as a theatrical camp follower ended at his eighth birthday, when he began his schooling. He attended a Catholic boarding school on the Hudson, and a military school, De La Salle Institute, in New York City, and in 1902, when he was thirteen, he entered Betts Academy, in Stamford—destroyed by fire in 1908—which was one of the leading boys' schools of New England. O'Neill graduated in 1906, went on to Princeton in the autumn of that year, and within ten months had laid the groundwork for the earliest of the many stories involving him and alcohol. According to legend, he was expelled for heaving a beer bottle through a window of the home of Woodrow Wilson, who was then Princeton's president. The facts are more prosaic. A window was broken, but it was not in Wilson's house, and the damage was done not with a beer bottle but with a piece of brick that O'Neill, out late with two other students, aimed at a belligerent dog belonging to the stationmaster at Princeton Junction. Through one of those miscalculations common to college students who have had a few beers, it went through a pane of glass in the stationmaster's house, a good three and a half miles from the house in which Wilson was presumably asleep. O'Neill doesn't mind admitting that he and alcohol were on extremely friendly terms for a number of years, but he feels that their long association has often been badly reported. "I *liked* Woodrow Wilson," he insists. "I wouldn't have done a thing like that if I had been swimming around in a lake of vodka."

O'Neill's formal education came to a close with the brick-throwing episode. He had already used up his quota of classroom cuts, and as a result of being given a short suspension for not having a better aim, he was automatically failed in all his courses. He did not especially enjoy college, so he didn't mind. He went to New York, where his parents were living in an apartment on the West Side, and got a job as secretary to the president of a business enterprise in which his father had an interest, the New York-Chicago Supply Company. The hours that O'Neill spent, during the next eighteen months, in the offices of this firm were important only as bridgeheads to his evenings. He calls this his "wise guy" period. With his only brother, James, who was ten years older and was O'Neill's closest companion until his death in 1923, he did the town. James, who wanted to be a newspaperman but ended up as an actor, was an old Broadway hand. O'Neill was making just twenty-five dollars a week, but it was pre-first-World War money, and, being the son of his father, he was able to get all the complimentary theatre tickets he could use. He had no idea that he wanted to be a dramatist—or anything in particular, for that matter—but he liked going to the theatre. He also liked going out with the chorus girls his brother knew. He has the theory that show girls were more fun in the old days. "I can't imagine anything worse," he says, "than having a date with one of the hard-working ballerinas they have nowadays instead of chorus girls."

More than anything else, O'Neill liked to dream of distant places. In his high-school days, his imagination had been excited by the romances of Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo, and when he was in college the works of Kipling, Conrad, and Jack London had stirred it further. The outlook of one of his friends, a young mining engineer named Stevens, had also been colored by these authors. Stevens was always thinking about all the gold that was still waiting to be discovered in various parts of the world and had convinced himself that huge quantities of it were lying around in Honduras. He suggested to O'Neill that they go there and hunt for some of it. O'Neill quit his job at the New York-Chicago Supply Company, got a grubstake from his father, and with his friend headed for the tropics. Just before leaving, he entered upon the first of his three marriages, with a New York girl, Kathleen Jenkins. She gave birth to a son, Eugene, Jr., while he was away. The marriage ended in divorce three years later.

Stevens and O'Neill sailed in October of 1909. A large part of Honduras was as yet unmapped. They didn't survey any of it, but they went into areas that few white men had visited before, pushing on muleback into the interior for a hundred miles, crossing rivers and mountains, and finally made camp on the banks of a deep, swift, narrow stream. The nearest town was six and a half days away. O'Neill and Stevens started pros-

YOUR TEETH
DR NOSE
EXPRESS
BROOKLYN
Garrett Price

pecting, on one occasion paddling downstream with the green, endless jungle walling them in on both sides, and lived on iguana, wild pig, monkey, and hope. O'Neill liked iguana and didn't mind wild pig, but he couldn't go for monkey. At the end of five months, suffering from a severe attack of malaria, he felt that he couldn't go for Honduras any longer, either. Stevens, who eventually was to put away his pickaxe and become a West Coast violinist, decided to stick it out. O'Neill, accompanied by a friendly Indian, rode muleback to Tegucigalpa, the capital. It took him ten days. There was to be a fiesta the next day and the only hotel was full. O'Neill went to the American consul for advice. The consul put him to bed in his own house and hurriedly called a doctor. O'Neill stayed in bed for three weeks. Tegucigalpa is thirty-two hundred feet high, and the nights there get very cold. The consul had to supplement the blankets on the shivering O'Neill's bed with several faded old American flags. "I looked just like George M. Cohan," O'Neill says.

O'Neill returned to the United States in the spring of 1910. He had not found any gold, but he had picked up something just as valuable—a first-hand knowledge of a tropical jungle that, ten years later, he drew upon in writing "The Emperor Jones." Its stage directions are full of his Honduran memories. "The forest," he wrote, "is a wall of darkness dividing the world. Only when the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom can the outlines of separate trunks of the nearest trees be made out, enormous pillars of deeper blackness. A sombre monotone of wind, lost in the leaves, moans in the air. Yet this sound serves but to intensify the impression of the forest's relentless immobility, to form a background throwing into relief its brooding, implacable silence."

WHEN O'Neill got back to New York from Honduras, he was twenty-one, but he still had no idea what he wanted to do. The easiest thing he could think of was to look up his father and ask for a job. James O'Neill, to give his customers a change of pace, was touring in an all-star production of "The White Sister," adapted from F. Marion Crawford's novel. It broke upon the world about the same time as Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," Robert Hichens' "Bella Donna," and Enrico Caruso in "The Girl of the Golden West." Viola Allen and William Farnum were also in the cast. O'Neill caught up with the company in St. Louis and was made its assistant manager, his principal duty being to stand watch over the man who took tickets for the gallery, to see that nobody was let in free. He handled this assignment between St. Louis and Boston, where, again succumbing to the lure of far-off places, he shipped as an ordinary seaman on a Norwegian square-rigger bound for Buenos Aires. O'Neill is glad that he was able to sail on her. He feels that if a man hasn't made a trip on a windjammer, he has never really been to sea.

The passage to Buenos Aires took over two months. O'Neill scrubbed decks, climbed rigging, spliced ropes, ate dried codfish and hardtack, and felt himself in mystical communion with the sea. Without being aware of it, he was beginning to acquire the set of impressions that were eventually to be the basis of the seven one-act plays published as "The Moon of the Caribbees and Six Other Plays of the Sea." Four of these—"The Moon of the Caribbees," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "In the Zone"—form a unit. They have the same cast of central characters and —with the exception of "The Long Voyage Home," the locale of which is a waterfront bar in London—they are laid aboard the tramp steamer Glencairn. This imaginary vessel had an actual counterpart—a dirty, broken-down British tramp on which O'Neill worked his way back from South America—and the Glencairn plays are in large part a thinly disguised record of his experience.

O'Neill was paid off in Buenos Aires. He loafed around until his money was gone and then got a job with the Buenos Aires branch of the Westinghouse Electric International Company by posing as a draftsman. The pretense lasted only until he reported for work. The manager of the place, an American, happened to be a person of uncommonly large tolerance. After remarking, "Well, well, so you're a draftsman," he set O'Neill to tracing plans. O'Neill found the work within his ability but rather on the tedious side. After six weeks, he decided that his future didn't lie in tracing and told the manager he'd better start looking around for another man. He loafed a while longer and then moved on to La Plata, the big meat-packing center of Argentina. He was broke again, so he talked himself into a job with Swift & Co., which had a plant there, by saying he was eager to learn the packing business and wanted to start at the bottom. He was taken at his word and put to work in a warehouse where raw hides were sorted. The stench was unforgettable. O'Neill still shudders when he recalls how the smell got into his clothes, his mouth, his eyes, his ears, his nose, and his hair. He thought of quitting the job, but he didn't have to. The warehouse burned down.

Returning to Buenos Aires, O'Neill went to work for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. The head of the office there was planning to retire and was looking for a bright and earnest young man to take his place. Perhaps in desperation, he grasped at O'Neill. "Do you know how many different models Singer makes?" he asked O'Neill, after hiring him. "Fifty?" guessed O'Neill. "Fifty!" The Singer man looked shocked. "Five hundred and fifty! You'll have to learn how to take each one apart and put it together again." O'Neill, who hates machinery and is convinced that machinery hates him, felt that the odds were hardly in his favor. His employer, after a few weeks of sending him out with one of the repairmen, came to the same conclusion. There followed a period of sleeping in parks, of hanging around the dives along the Buenos Aires waterfront, of living with outcasts (from whom he was indistinguishable), of taking on an occasional job as a laborer to buy food and drink. Finally, he went to sea again, making a round trip from Buenos Aires to Durban, South Africa, on a cattle boat, and then, in the summer of 1911, returned to the United States aboard the tramp steamer that became his model for the Glencairn.

Back in New York, O'Neill, who felt that he had already asked his father for enough help, lived over a waterfront saloon, at Fulton Street and North River, known as Jimmy the Priest's. O'Neill, who, like a novelist rather than like most dramatists, has drawn heavily on personal experience, made this saloon the stage set for the first act of "Anna Christie." In the script, he describes the proprietor, whom he calls Johnny the Priest, as a man with a pale, thin, clean-shaven face, mild blue eyes,

"This is the Metro Novelty Company again. Has Mr. Wallace made up his mind yet?"

* * *

and white hair. "A cassock," he continues, "would seem more suited to him than the apron he wears. . . . But beneath all his mildness one senses the man behind the mask—cynical, callous, hard as nails." A drink of whiskey cost a nickel at Jimmy the Priest's, and a room could be had for three dollars a week. The rooms were worse than the whiskey. Three dollars a week seemed high to O'Neill, since his only income was from odd jobs he picked up on coastwise mail boats. After a few months, he shipped to Southampton aboard an American liner, the New York, and returned on a sister ship, the Philadelphia, with the rating of able-bodied seaman. When he was paid off, he threw a big, noisy, expensive party for his shipmates and woke up twelve hours later on a train to New Orleans. He didn't know how he had got on the train, but New Orleans, by a coincidence, turned out to be a fortunate destination. His father, touring the Orpheum vaudeville circuit with a condensed version of "Monte Cristo," was just then declaiming that the world was his, against a background of canvas waves, in a New Orleans theatre. O'Neill looked him up and asked for a handout. His father, whose pleasure at seeing him was marred by a certain exasperation, offered him a job with the show. One of the troupe who had been sampling the fleshpots of New Orleans had disappeared into the French Quarter. Eugene took his place. He played a jailer and a gendarme, the difference between the two being indicated by the gendarme's sharp-pointed mustache, and stayed with the act until it reached Ogden, Utah.

The open spaces of the West made the walls of a theatre seem unbearably confining. O'Neill departed, leaving his father again minus one jailer and one gendarme, and turned up a short while later in New London, where, until he left Princeton, he had spent his vacations at his father's summer place. It was the one relatively fixed point in his geography, and O'Neill thinks of it today as his old home town. In August, 1912, when he was twenty-three, he went to work as a reporter on the New London *Telegraph*. He had been a secretary, a prospector, a draftsman, a hide sorter, a sewing-machine repairman, a seaman, an actor, and something closely resembling a bum in the space of five years. His newspaper career followed the pattern. It lasted four months.

O'NEILL was more interested in writing verse, swimming, and sun-bathing than in gathering news for the *Telegraph*. He got into the habit of lying naked in a skiff on the Thames and drifting down the river through New London, a habit that bothered some of the citizens, and he had a disregard for facts, which bothered his employers even more. His city editor, Malcolm Mollan, reminiscing in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* twenty-six years ago, wrote about one story that O'Neill turned in. " 'This is a lovely story,' I told him, 'but would you mind finding out the name of the gentleman who carved the lady and whether the dame is his wife or daughter or who? And phone the hospital for a hint as to whether she is dead or discharged or what? Then put the facts into a hundred and fifty words and send this literary batik to the picture framers.' "

O'Neill had less difficulty with his verse. The *Telegraph* ran a column called "Laconics," and he contributed to it frequently. He also contributed to the New York *Call*, the *Masses*, and F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower," in the *Tribune*. The "Conning Tower" poem is typical:

SPEAKING, TO THE SHADE OF DANTE, OF BEATRICE

"Lo, even I am Beatrice!"
That line keeps singing in my bean.
I feel the same ecstatic bliss
As did the fluent Florentine
Who heard the well-known hell-flame hiss.

Dante, your damozel was tall
And lean and sad—I've seen her face
On many a best-parlor wall—
I don't think she was such an ace.
She doesn't class with mine at all.

Her eyes were not so large or grey;
She had no such heart-teasing smile,
Or hair so beautiful; and, say
I hate to state it, but her style
Would never get her by today.

I'm not denying that your queen
In your eyes may have been a bear.
You couldn't pull the stuff I've seen
About her if she wasn't there—
The soft, poetic bull, I mean.

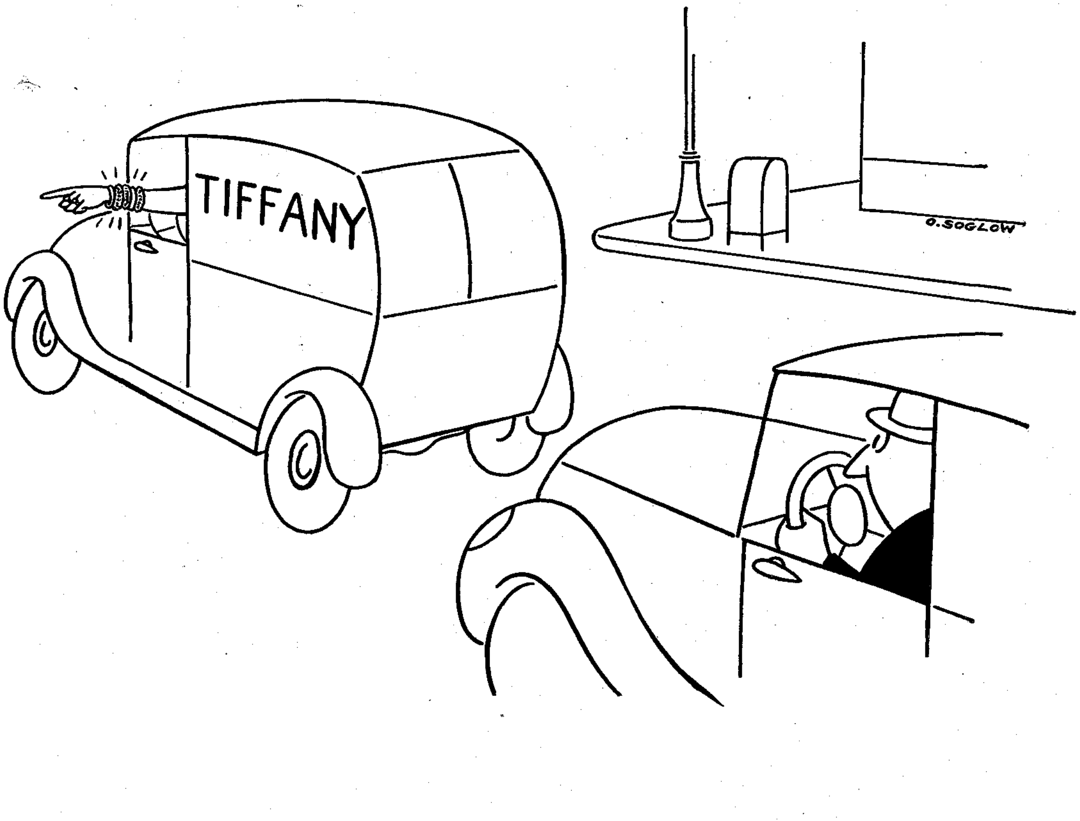
But just to call your rhythmic bluff
I'll say, before I ring the bell
And kill this roundelay of fluff,
Like Dante, I'd go plumtoel
For Beatrice—and that's enough!

The verses O'Neill wrote for the *Telegraph* were the beginning of his career as a writer. They were not composed with a writing career in mind, however. He liked his job as a reporter, but he still had no idea what he wanted to do with himself. Then, just before Christmas, in 1912, he developed a mild case of tuberculosis. His father, once more coming to his aid, sent him to the Gaylord Farm Sanatorium, at Wallingford, Connecticut, where he spent five months. "It was at Gaylord," he has written, "that my mind got the chance to establish itself, to digest and evaluate the impressions of many past years in which one experience had crowded on another with never a second's reflection. At Gaylord I really thought about my life for the first time, about past and future." It was at Gaylord, too, that O'Neill began to read Strindberg. He has not been, he says, the same man since. "It was reading his plays . . . that, above all else, first gave me the vision of what modern drama could be, and first inspired me with the urge to write for the theatre myself," he once wrote. "The influence of Strindberg runs clearly through more than a few of my plays and is plain for everyone to see."

Having made up his mind that he wanted to be a dramatist, O'Neill quickly got started. Discharged from the sanatorium in the spring of 1913 as an arrested case, and ordered to take a long rest, he boarded with a private family in New London for fifteen months and emerged with eleven one-act plays and two long ones. Of these, only six of the one-acters survive; he tore up everything else. His father put up the money to have five of the six short plays printed in a volume called "Thirst," which was published in 1914 and is now a collector's item. It contains, besides the play from which it takes its name, "The Web," "Warnings," "Fog," and "Recklessness." "The Web" was the first play he wrote. "Gawd! What a night!" it begins. The sixth one-acter is "Bound East for Cardiff." It begins, "Makin' love to me, she was! Greased all over with coconut oil, she was! . . . Bloody old cow, I says; and with that I fetched 'er a biff on the ear wot knocked 'er silly." So far, the American theatre had hardly been worsted, but it had been given fair warning of what to expect.

James O'Neill, whose patience appears to have been as large as his income, also staked his son to a year's study under Professor George Baker, who was then giving his classes in playwriting at Harvard. O'Neill was twenty-six. One of his classmates remembers that he was good-looking, nervous, friendly in a shy, reserved, uneasy way, and restless about his studies. Once, when he discovered that the day's work involved the diagramming of the construction of a play by Augustus Thomas, he left the room. John V. A. Weaver, who was in the class, later wrote, in some reminiscences, "He stuck out of that class like an oyster in a lunchroom stew. We others listened with scared respect to the professorial admonitions, urgings, and objurgations. Not so the fierce-browed, sardonic young man at whose left I sat. These theoretical vaporings were to him simply so much asafoetida. While we sat openmouthed and earnest, he would writhe and squirm in his chair, scowling and muttering in a *mezza voce* fearful imprecations and protests. . . . Of him, too, we were frightened. He kept so much to himself. He did not invite approach. For some weeks, we let him alone. Then one day Dr. Baker read aloud a scenario by an aspirant. It was lugubrious, it was flamboyant, it was very, very earnest. Several of us gave timid suggestions. It came O'Neill's turn. He waited some moments. Finally he said, without a smile, 'Cut it to twenty minutes, give it a couple of tunes, and it's sure-fire burlycue.' . . . We howled with laughter. Dr. Baker smiled. From that time until we all parted in June there was a new ease, a refreshing relaxation in the meetings."

HIS year with Baker over, O'Neill returned to New York and, accepting a small allowance from his father, settled down in a rooming house in Greenwich Village, where he proceeded to soak up more experience in two of the district's livelier hangouts. One was a bar called the Working Girls' Home, at Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue. It was the place where John Masefield, the present English poet laureate, was for a time a bartender. The second establishment, called the Golden Swan, but known to its patrons, more accurately, as the Hell Hole, was at Fourth Street and Sixth Avenue. Among the ideas O'Neill picked up in the Hell Hole were the locale and setting for "The Iceman Cometh." He also came to know several people who later turned up, in disguises of various depths, as characters in the play. O'Neill was not the only patron of the Hell Hole who had ambitions. It was the meeting place of the first, or founding, generation of Greenwich Villagers—a resourceful, determined, freedom-loving band that included Djuna Barnes, George Cram Cook, Saxe Commins, Susan Glaspell, Hutchins Hapgood, Harry Kemp, Edna St. Vincent Millay, John Reed, Wilbur Daniel Steele, and Mary Heaton Vorse. O'Neill, who was living in the Village because it was cheap and not because of the literary life, was acquainted with only a few of them. He was on much better terms with the old New York gang called the Hudson Dusters. They



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knew he liked to recite poetry when he was feeling good, but since there were a lot of men in places like the Hell Hole who got up and recited poetry when they were feeling good, the gang wasn't bothered much by it. The fact that O'Neill had no overcoat seemed more important to them. One of the Dusters informed O'Neill that if he'd tell him what size overcoat he wore, he'd be glad to lift one for him from some convenient men's store. O'Neill, though touched by the compliment, said he needn't bother.

O'Neill lived in the Village until the summer of 1916. Then, obeying the impulse that keeps drawing him to the sea, he moved his base of operations to Provincetown. By this time, the hardy colonizers who had settled Greenwich Village had pushed on to the Cape, then virgin country, and had established an outpost at Provincetown. Many years were to pass before Provincetown became the bustling center it is today, but even then the colonists felt secure enough to establish a theatre; it was in an old fishhouse, built on pilings over the water, that Mary Heaton Vorse had acquired from one of the friendlier natives. Miss Vorse, who bore roughly the same relation to early Provincetown as did Eliza Pinckney to early South Carolina, turned her fishhouse over to a group of amateur actors, writers, directors, and stage designers who wanted a playhouse, and falling to with hammers and nails, they made it into one. They called it the Wharf Theatre. It seated ninety people, if they didn't mind being crowded, and the company gave its first series of plays in 1915, the summer before O'Neill went to Provincetown. The leader of the group was George Cram Cook. "A really imaginative man," O'Neill says, "imaginative in every way. He was against everything that suggested the worn-out conventions and cheap artificialities of the commercial stage. It's hard to say how much we owe him."

Part of O'Neill's luggage was a sizable collection of unproduced, unpublished plays. Word of this got around, and he was invited to read one of them to the Wharf circle. He picked out "Bound East for Cardiff," but he was too shy to go through with the reading. Someone else had to do it for him. "Then," Susan Glaspell wrote in her memoirs, "The Road to the Temple," "we knew what we were for." O'Neill's one-acter was put into rehearsal immediately and was produced a few weeks later. It was his first showing on any stage. "The sea has been good to Eugene O'Neill," Susan Glaspell recalled. "It was there for his opening. There was a fog, just as the script demanded, and a fog bell in the harbor. The tide was in, and it washed under us and around, spraying through the holes in the floor, giving us the rhythm and flavor of the sea while the big dying sailor talked to his friend Drisc of the life he had always wanted deep in the land, where you'd never see a ship or smell the sea. It is not merely figurative language to say the old wharf shook with applause." Among those who appeared in the first performance of "Bound East for Cardiff," in addition to Cook, who played the dying sailor, and John Reed, who played a seaman, was O'Neill himself, as the Mate. He spoke one line.

O'Neill's "Thirst" was also produced at the Wharf Theatre that summer. It has to do with a white man, a white woman dancer, and a West Indian mulatto sailor adrift on a raft while a school of sharks cuts capers all around. It begins with the dancer saying, "My God! My God! This silence is driving me mad," and progresses, somewhat melodramatically, to her death, the threat of cannibalism ("'We shall eat. We shall drink,' the sailor says, sharpening his knife"), and its frustration by the white man, who pushes the body of the dancer into the sea. The climax is a murderous struggle between the two men, who finally tumble off the raft amid the waiting sharks. It wasn't ever presented again anywhere.

The Wharf Theatre, that same summer, also produced a number of other one-act plays. Among them were "Freedom" and "The Eternal Quadrangle," by John Reed; "Not Smart," by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "Trifles," by Susan Glaspell; and "Suppressed Desires," by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook. The season was a success, and the group decided to go into business in New York. Calling themselves the Provincetown Players, they rented a brownstone house at 139 Macdougal Street and turned its ground floor into the Playwrights' Theatre, the tiny playhouse—fifteen feet wide and forty-four feet deep, and seating only a hundred and fifty persons—that is now

Freshest darn kid I ever saw...

Been fired from four prep schools. Mother's a widow, owns a chunk of stock in the company. She asked the old man to give Chester a job. The old man give him to Buzz, the office manager. Buzz makes him the office boy. Worst we ever had. Even made those College Joes look good!

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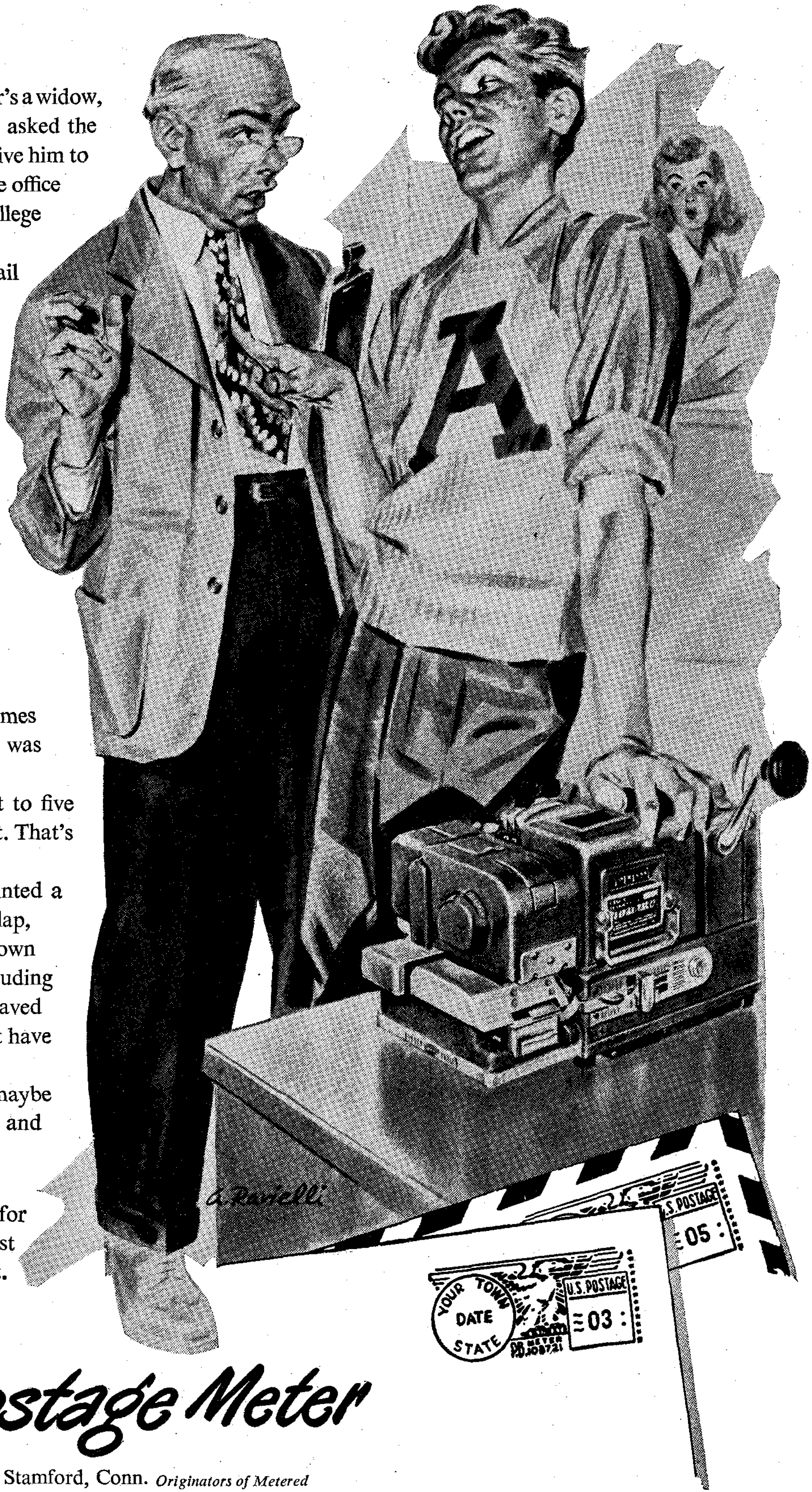

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only slightly less famous than Shakespeare's Globe. O'Neill thought up the name. He also talked down a proposition to present Chekhov and other such dramatists. Just new American playwrights, he said. "Bound East for Cardiff" was part of the first bill, in November, 1916. A month later, O'Neill was represented by another one-acter, "Before Breakfast," a sustained, querulous monologue delivered by a nagging woman and finally interrupted when her offstage husband cuts his throat. O'Neill played the husband. Just before the curtain went down, he gave a long, gurgling moan. On that note, he retired forever from the stage.

Two more O'Neill one-acters—"Fog" and "The Sniper," both in the same vein—were put on by the Provincetown Players during their first season. Their second season opened in November, 1917, with O'Neill's "The Long Voyage Home," Susan Glaspell's "Close the Book," and James Oppenheim's "Night." By the end of 1918, four more O'Neill one-acters had been produced, and three one-acters—"The Long Voyage Home," "Ile," and "The Moon of the Caribbees"—had been published in *Smart Set*. *Seven Arts*, an avant-garde literary magazine, had published his only venture into fiction, a short story called "Tomorrow," whose principal character is a shattered, alcoholic English journalist whom O'Neill had known at Jimmy the Priest's. The Englishman was always promising to turn over a new leaf. He also turns up in "The Iceman Cometh." O'Neill got fifty dollars for his story. Since he had not received any royalties on his plays, this was the first big money he had ever made out of writing. He got seventy-five dollars apiece from *Smart Set* for each of the one-act plays it published, but he didn't actually make any money as a playwright until "In the Zone" was taken into vaudeville, as a "dramatic sketch," in 1918. He got a royalty of thirty-five dollars a week out of it for nearly a year.

BY 1920, O'Neill was looked upon in advanced circles as the hope of the American theatre and had become a great man in the Village. The Village saw little of him, however. He liked Cape Cod so much that he had gone there, in 1918, to live, with his second wife, Agnes Boulton, a short-story writer, by whom he had two children—Shane, a boy, born a year and a half after his marriage, and Oona, a girl, born five years later. The marriage ended in divorce in 1929. On the Cape, O'Neill lived in a former Coast Guard station on the dunes of a lonely, isolated spot known as Peaked Hill Bar, three miles from Provincetown. It had been built to house a detachment of Coast Guardsmen on patrol and lifesaving duty at the end of the Cape. O'Neill bought it, turned it into a residence, and started working on longer plays. His big year was 1920. When it began, he was known as the promising, talented author of some rather interesting one-act plays; when it was over, he had won the first of his three Pulitzer Prizes—for "Beyond the Horizon" (the other prize-winners were "Anna Christie," in 1922, and "Strange Interlude," in 1928)—and had acquired international fame as the author of "The Emperor Jones."

"Beyond the Horizon" was the first long play by O'Neill to be produced and the first of any of his plays to be seen on Broadway. By then he had torn up five earlier long plays. "Beyond the Horizon" was presented rather timidly at the Morosco Theatre by John D. Williams, in a series of special matinées, beginning on February 2, 1920, to see how it would do on Broadway. It did so well that it was given a regular run and became a hit. It ran for a hundred and eleven performances, grossed $117,071, and made its author known across the country as the winner of the Pulitzer Prize. All O'Neill knew about the Pulitzer Prize was that it was an extremely nice compliment; a friend had to tell him that a thousand dollars went with it. He used the money to pay off some debts. He was never greatly pressed for cash thereafter, but, contrary to gossip and speculation, which have put his income in the millions, his lifetime earnings are only a little over seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His financial successes in the theatre are not much more numerous than his failures. Against the impressive records made by "The Emperor Jones," "Anna Christie," "The Hairy Ape," "The Great God Brown," "Desire Under the Elms," "Strange Interlude," "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Ah, Wilderness!," and "The Iceman Cometh," there stand the records of "Different," "Gold," "The Straw," "The First Man," "Welded," "The Fountain," "Marco Millions," "Dynamo," and "Days Without End." O'Neill wishes that he could obliterate all memory of "Gold," "The First Man," "Welded," and "The Fountain," and he doesn't especially care for "Anna Christie." His favorite is "The Great God

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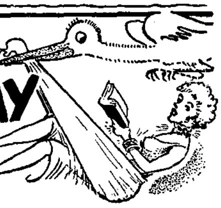

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Brown." After that, in the order of his affection, come "The Hairy Ape" and "Strange Interlude." His favorite one-acter is "The Moon of the Caribbees," and he thinks that he did his best writing in "Lazarus Laughed," which had its only showing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse in 1928.

James O'Neill had a box at the Morosco Theatre for the opening of "Beyond the Horizon," only a few months before he died. "It's all right, if that's what you want to do," he said to his son, after the final curtain, "but people come to the theatre to forget their troubles, not to be reminded of them. What are you trying to do—send them home to commit suicide?" O'Neill, who has heard that question many times since, didn't try to answer. "My father and I hadn't got along so well," he recently said. "We had had a running battle for a good many years, and I know there were times when he'd just about given me up. Not that I can blame him. If anything, he was too patient with me. What I wonder now is why he didn't kick me out. I gave him every chance to. And yet, as sometimes happens, we were close to each other—we were a very close family. My father, somehow or other, managed to believe in me. When he read the plays in 'Thirst,' which he hadn't seen before they were published, he threw up his hands. 'My God!' he said. 'Where did you get such thoughts?' But he encouraged me to go ahead. I didn't expect him to like 'Beyond the Horizon,' which wasn't the sort of thing he *could* like, so I wasn't surprised by what he said. All the same, I think he was pleased."

—HAMILTON BASSO

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a review, by Struthers Burt, of "The Meaning of Treason," in the Saturday Review of Literature*]

Unobserved by most, two most important matters have been happening in the past ten years. The first is this emergence of the unspoiled feminine mind into direct bearing and impact upon events and theories and behavior. I do not mean the behind-the-arras, bedroom "influence of women." That has always been with us and is immensely powerful, but for the most part it is sporadic, individual, sexual, and, more often than not, anarchic. I mean the release of the undistorted feminine mind, which, as I have tried to point out, is in many ways the best mind there is, unfiltered by any masculine go-between and divorced from all sex save the fundamental and beneficent fact that men are men and women are women.

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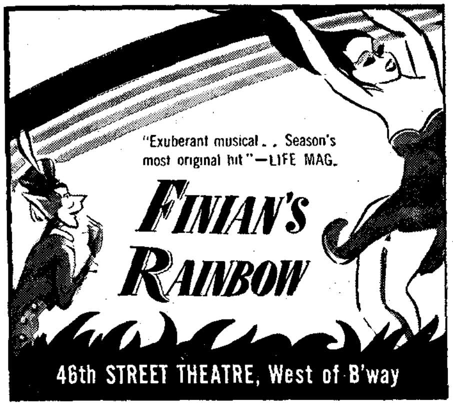

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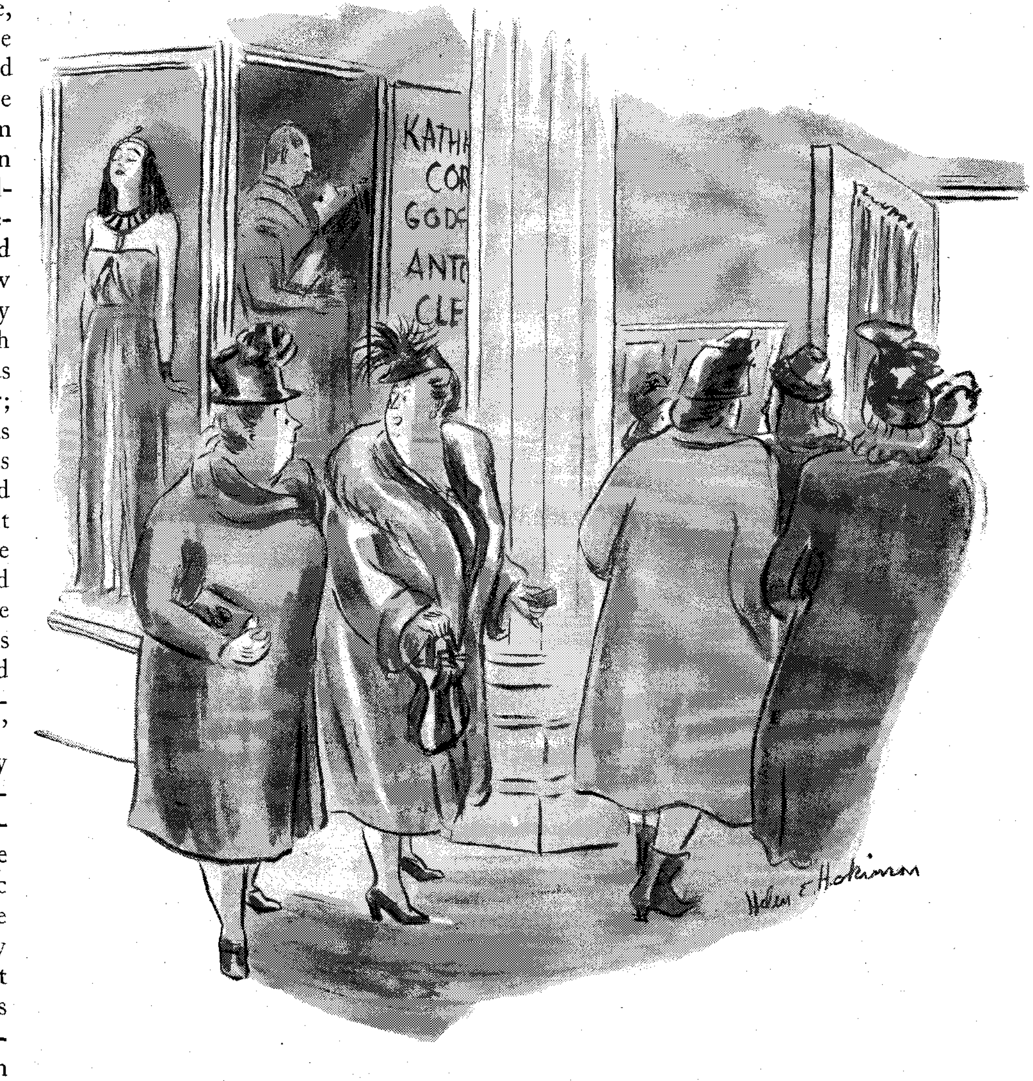
THE THEATRE

ROBERTS FOR PRESIDENT

A PLAY called "Mister Roberts," based on the book of the same name by Thomas Heggen, appeared at the Alvin last Wednesday and turned out to be just what out-of-town audiences and reviewers have been saying it is, at the top of their voices, for weeks: pretty wonderful. The time seems to be past when a hit of the dimensions of "Mister Roberts" could steal up on Broadway and startle it. I am not a student of *Variety* or *Billboard* myself, but even I saw this one coming—in a piece in *PM*, it was, in which Mr. Heggen was quoted as saying that the play, written by Joshua Logan and himself, was better than the book, which he wrote unassisted. Perhaps Mr. Heggen did not consider that he was paying the play a high tribute with that statement, but I did. The book was a fine, ironic piece of work, one of the best the war has produced so far—funny and complete and consistent. Now that I've seen "Mister Roberts" on the stage, I'm not sure that I agree with Mr. Heggen that the play is better. But the play is almost as good as it could possibly be. It retains, with only a few compromises and only a slight addition of marshmallow flavoring, the sardonic tone of the story and the story's point: that a backwash war, funny and tragic as hell, was fought parallel with the shooting war; that the distance between the parallels could be five thousand miles in spirit as well as in space; and that the one kind of war damaged men who were caught in it as much as the other. There have now been two plays about the second World War this season. Both have their merits, but "Mister Roberts" is considerably superior to "Command Decision." This is partly, I think, because the people in "Mister Roberts" have been more closely and thoroughly studied and understood, and partly because they lived at a level at which expression was simpler, clearer, and more vigorous than it was among the romantic brass of "Command Decision." The acting in "Mister Roberts" could hardly be improved on. The same is true, it seems to go without saying, of the sets by Jo Mielziner, representing the outside and inside of AK 601, known in the book as the Navy cargo ship Reluctant, and to the characters in both versions as "this bucket."

The ship, moving supplies from island to island in the South Pacific, never goes near the shooting war. The men aboard her know nothing of that war and care as little. V-E Day, when they hear of it, means far less to them than the operations of the crew's own true enemy, the captain of the ship. The exception is Lieutenant (j.g.) Roberts, the first lieutenant and cargo officer of the vessel, worshipped by the men and hated by the captain. Roberts is steadily idealistic about the shooting war and desperate to get into it, to sacrifice himself to it somehow. In both the book and the play, he is a sweet and shadowy figure, much less satisfying, to me, at least, than his shipmates. There were men like him to be found in the war, it's true, but they were a little pallid, too, a little unreal; they represented abstractions, and they could not compete for interest with the overwhelming reality of the life around them. Henry Fonda plays Roberts exactly as the story demands he should; he gives a competent representation of a sweet and shadowy young man. It is a long part and a tough one, and I can think of no one who could play it better. Like Roberts in the book, he is to some extent outshone by the crew that adores him, a loud, primitive, and wholly human set of men. The actors who play these parts are all fine, especially Joe Marr, Harvey Lembeck, Steven Hill, Ralph Meeker, and Casey Walters. The authors have given them some notable opportunities—the scene in which they set up an observation post commanding the nurses' bathroom in a hospital ashore; their return from one of the most successful liberty parties ever granted by the U.S. Navy; the identification of an Army nurse, who comes aboard, by a birthmark in a stra-



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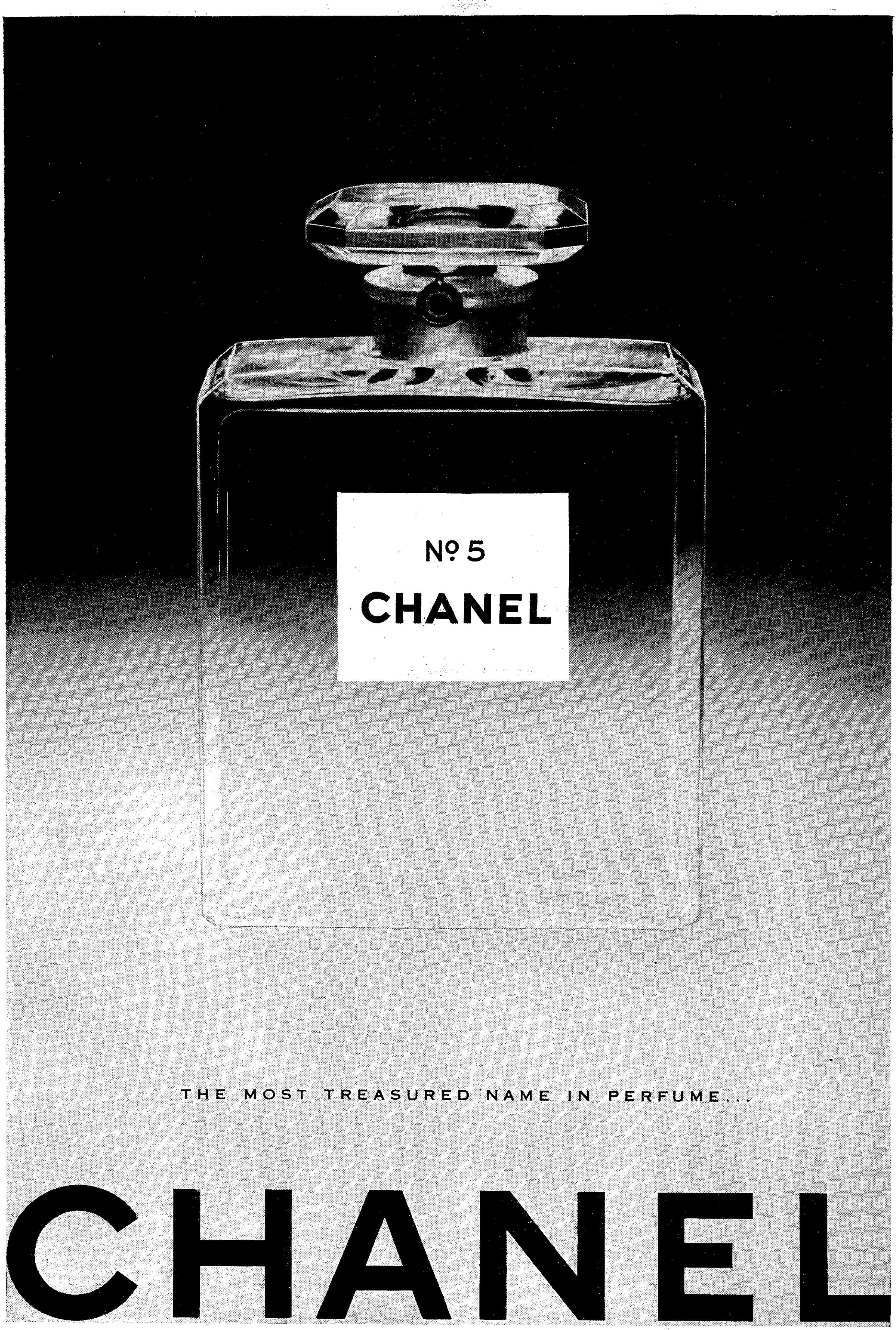
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CHANEL
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...
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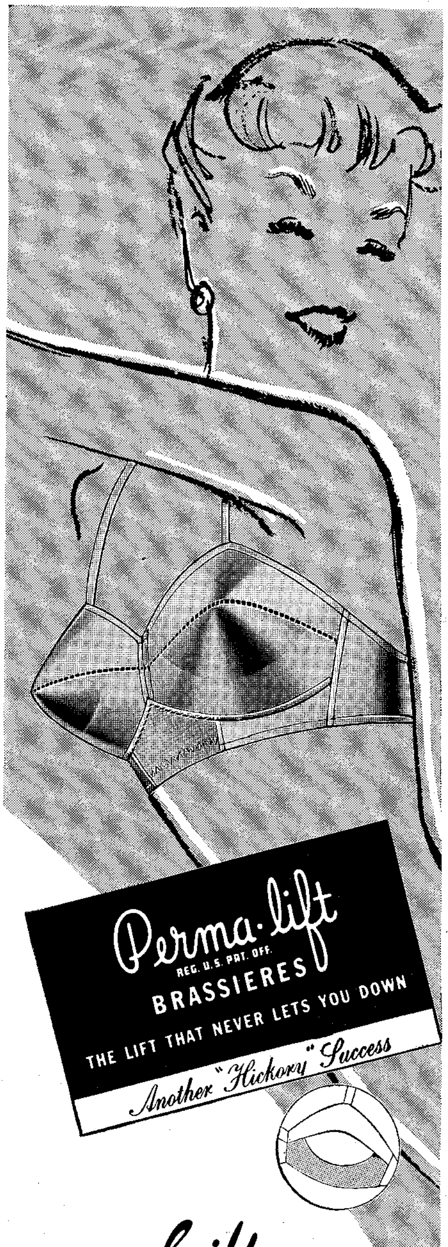

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tegic area; and the call to general quarters, the rush to the ship's unused guns, when the captain discovers that a potted palm tree outside his cabin door has been ravished. In the book, the ship's officers, apart from Roberts and the captain, were almost as remarkable a group as the men. In the play, for purposes of form and economy, this group has been compressed into the person of one officer (not counting the ship's doctor, a Greek-chorus kind of character, played smoothly by Robert Keith). The result is an ensign in charge of the ship's laundry and morale. David Wayne, who was last seen impersonating a leprechaun with light feet and a dirty mind in "Finian's Rainbow," is comical as the ensign, but comical in an orthodox way that does not completely jibe with the freshness of most of the rest of the production. In his case, and in the case of William Harrigan, who plays the captain, certain sacrifices have been made to dramatic efficiency that are beyond the powers of the actors to retrieve. The captain in Mr. Heggen's book was seldom seen. He was a symbol of stupid, childish, malicious villainy sitting in the wings, steering a course that was wayward and wrong and delightfully incomprehensible. The captain of the play is a little too much with you. He is constantly visible and perfectly comprehensible. He is part of the plot, which calls for an active villain.

The plot is the principal difference between the book and the play, and the only fault in the play worth mentioning. The book got along fine without a plot. In fact, it was better for not having one. In the play, the authors appear to have felt it necessary to invent a situation to tie up loose ends. So Roberts makes a deal with the captain to give up, for the sake of the crew, his heart's desire for active war duty, and he arrives, not unnaturally, at a point where he is disliked and mistrusted because he is misunderstood, like a musical-comedy juvenile at the first-act curtain. All comes out right by accident when the crew overhears the captain revealing his turpitude. Possibly this was necessary to make the play as neat and concise as it is. Mr. Logan and Mr. Heggen show themselves in every other way to know their business. They have written the best comedy, the best war play—to come right down to it, the best new play of any kind—that has been seen this season.

THE Dublin Gate Theatre, the repertory troupe that began its visit here with a production of "John Bull's Other Island," by Shaw, last week offered the second number in its catalogue, "The Old Lady Says 'No!,' " by Denis Johnston. A reviewer on a daily newspaper who knows something about Ireland and Irish history admitted freely and handsomely that there were things taking place on the stage of the Mansfield while the piece was in progress that he did not understand. That goes for me, a non-initiate, in spades. I can only say that I thought the play had much eloquence, great, sterile patches of words without movement, and some satirical notions that would probably seem much more droll to someone with a first-hand knowledge of the city of Dublin as it was in 1929. In its playbill, the Gate Theatre supplies several clues to the action, if action is the word I want, and it certainly isn't. "The Old Lady Says 'No!' " is expressionistic. Its pattern is "based on the principles of musical composition rather than on the conventional rules of the well-made play." It looks rather nastily at Dublin life "through the refracted vision of a stunned actor," who happens to get knocked cold with a prop musket at the start of the evening. It was written by a man of talent whose head start on the audience last week was too big. Micheál MacLiammóir played the leading role. To the best of my judgment, he played it well.

IBSEN'S "Ghosts," translated by Eva Le Gallienne and doggedly performed by Miss Le Gallienne and four other agents of the American Repertory Theater, opened and closed at the Cort in the course of the week. It elicited sixty-three jokes about ectoplasm from the critics. If Miss Le Gallienne tries it again, it will probably turn out that the boys have got a million of them.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

Confronted equally with difficult situations, Reed *relaxed* beyond relaxation and Lowell *tightened* beyond tightening.—*John Berryman, on poets, in the Partisan Review.*

Poets are always in some kind of a jam, damned if they're not.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Proper Bostonians," by Cleveland Amory*]

All Boston knew her as "Mrs. Jack" but nobody called her anything but Mrs. Gardner. —*Page 132.*

A deep voice boomed inside, "Don't be afraid, Mrs. Jack, I'll see you through all right." —*Page 135.*

OF ALL THINGS

THE argument between Russia and the Western powers about which made the worse mess of the Hitler problem seems somewhat futile. The records already show that the game consisted entirely of errors.

•

The Administration seems pretty well satisfied with the E.R.P. bill as reported out by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. It may not be the best possible measure, but it apparently is the best passable one.

•

The victory of Henry Wallace's man in the Bronx Congressional election is hailed by Republicans as indicating a Truman defeat next November. The only flaw in their happiness is the gruesome fact that the G.O.P. candidate ran a bad fourth.

•

The Southern Democrats are engaged in a rebellion against the President's civil-rights program, but the effect upon literature will probably be slight. We have reason to suppose that American novelists will stick to the older and better Civil War.

•

After a week of jitters, the members of the Congressional farm bloc are breathing easier. The danger that the American people will again be able to buy food at reasonable prices appears to have passed.

•

Senator Glen H. Taylor points out that the operations of the Truman Doctrine in Greece represent an acute form of inflation. The Idahoan figures that we are putting down guerrillas there at the record price of $8,600 per guerrilla.

•

The best sign that the backbone of the winter is broken is the arrival of our income-tax blanks. Everybody is getting little messages from the Bureau of Internal Revenue these days, including Major General Bennett E. Meyers.

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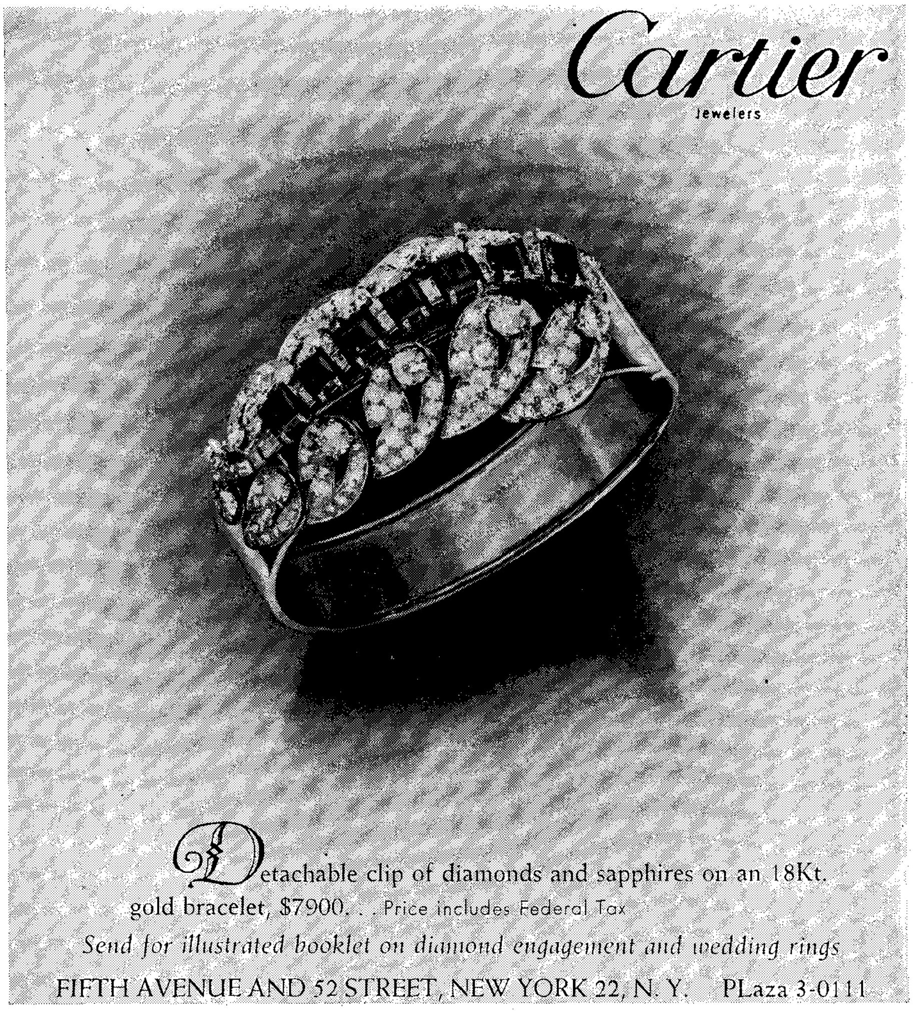
New York is grateful to the United States Navy, which lent heating oil to avert disaster during the cold spell. The city hopes to be able to pay back the loan next July, weather permitting.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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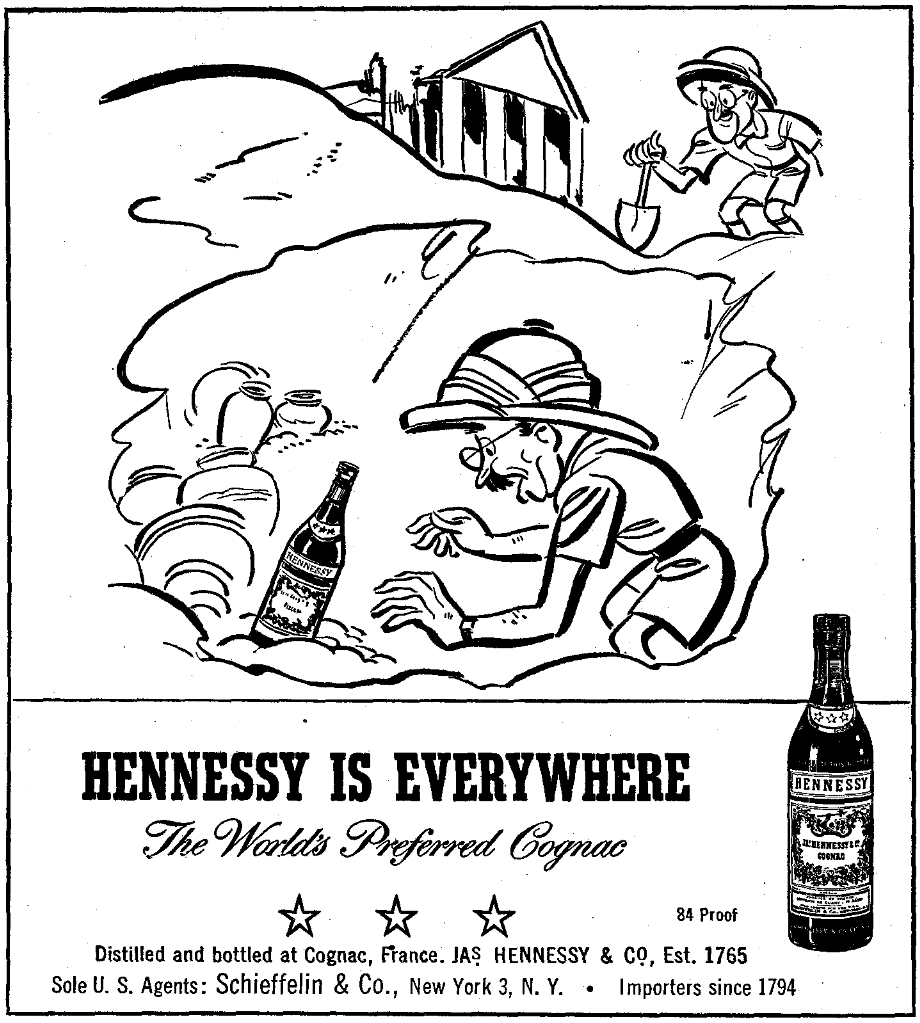

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

GIANT SLALOM

THERE are four kinds of competitive skiing, and the majority of skiers consider slalom the most interesting of all. Of the others, jumping is the most spectacular, but it is also the most highly specialized; there is a touch of the superhuman about it, and one watches it with no idea of possible participation but only a sense of awe and amazement that man can venture so dangerously. Cross-country skiing, prosaic by contrast, is an up-hill-and-down-dale marathon, a test of endurance and, as such, a little wearing on both contestants and spectators. And, finally, there is downhill racing, in which each contestant tries to get from the top of a mountain to the bottom as quickly as he can, making the run in any way he chooses; at present-day speeds, it is almost too close to the suicidal for comfort.

Slalom, to my mind, at least, has everything. (The name, by the way, comes from an old Norwegian dialect word meaning slow, or careful, running, which suggests that racing has changed a good deal through the years.) In slalom, as in downhill, the racer is required to get from the top to the bottom of a mountain as rapidly as he can. But, contrary to the way it is in downhill, his course is fixed for him by a series of flagged stakes, set in pairs, or "gates," about six feet apart, in an irregular, zigzag pattern, all the way from the start to the finish line. Since each contestant must ski through every gate, the race is as much a test of his adroitness at making sharp, accurate turns as it is of sheer speed. As in all forms of ski racing, skill, judgment, and daring are combined, but the spectator, if he skis at all, can watch slalom with a certain wistful hope of emulation, for the precision displayed is exactly the kind he himself aspires to and may, perhaps, achieve someday.

In past seasons, I have seen slalom races from time to time, but only out of the corner of an eye, for they are usually put on rather unostentatiously on precipitous trails at some distance from the gentler slopes where most people do their weekend skiing. My few glimpses of the sport, however, were enough to make me want to see more, which is why I made a point of being present when the annual Gibson Trophy Giant Slalom was run off, at North Conway, New Hampshire, one Sunday not long ago.

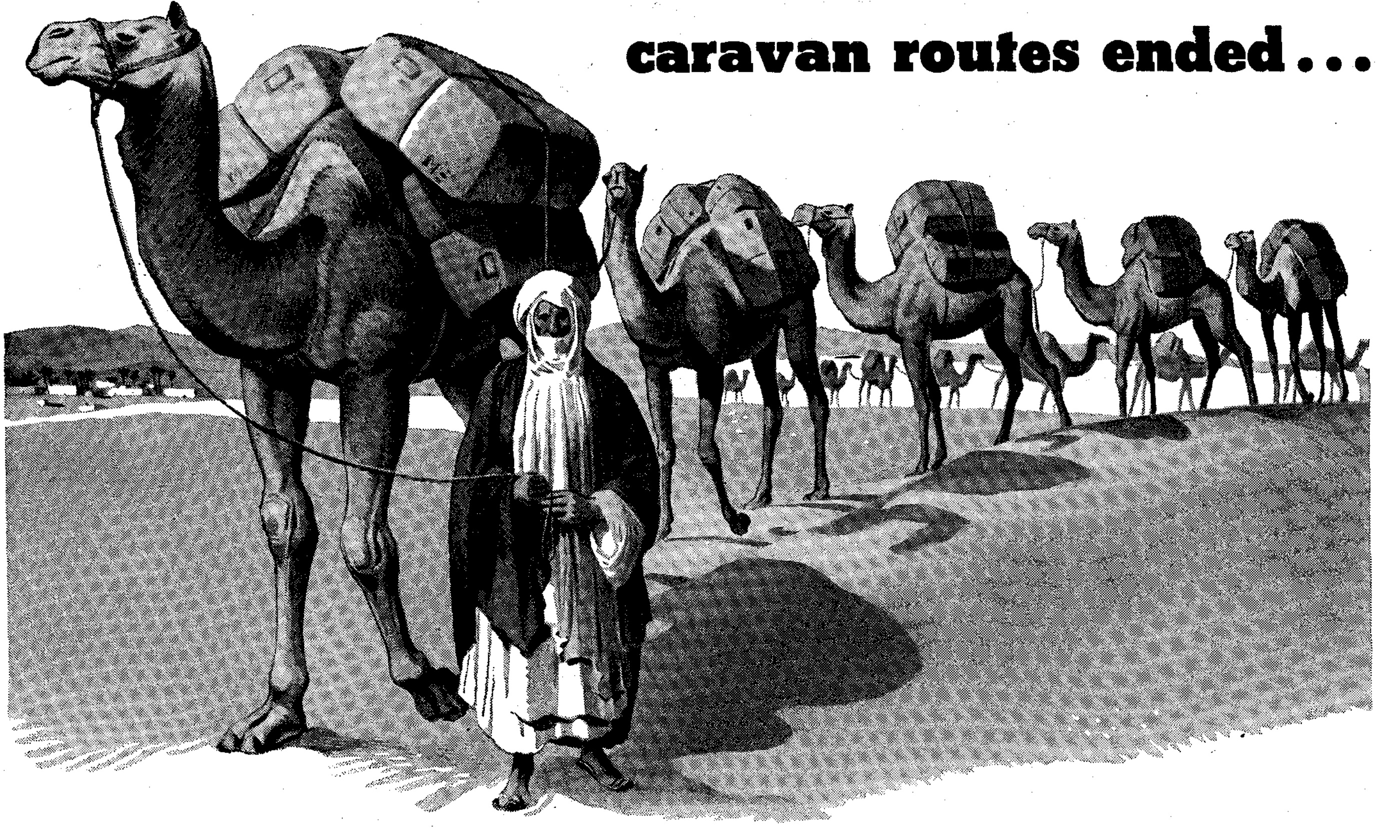
THE scene of the giant slalom was the Arlberg Trail on Mount Cranmore, whose slopes have been carefully arranged for skiers of all degrees of ability. I arrived in the village of North Conway on the day before the race and looked up Phil Robertson, a stocky, dark-haired, agreeable New Englander, who is in charge of operating the skiing facilities on Mount Cranmore. I found him sitting in his office at the foot of the Skimobile—an endless chain of little cars that, like an inclined railway, take passengers up the mountain—and he told me about the preparations he had been making for the slalom. These were, it appeared, almost completed. "They've already set out the course—or Hannes has," he said. He was speaking, I knew, of Hannes Schneider, who runs a ski school at North Conway and is celebrated among skiers as the inventor of the skiing style known as the Arlberg. "He was up there this afternoon, with Kay Reed and Joe Clapp and some others of the race committee helping, and from what they tell me, the course ought to be fairly fast."

Setting out the course, Robertson explained, means the placing of the paired flags, and just how they are placed has a good deal to do with the kind of race that results. If the gates are set too close together, in too tricky a sequence, the racing will be slowed down, because the racers must constantly be braking, or checking, to make the turns required to get through them. If, on the other hand, the gates are set too far apart, the emphasis on accurate turning is diminished, the race comes closer to straight downhill running, and the precision of slalom is sacrificed. "Hannes likes to mix them up," Mr. Robertson told me. "He sets the gates wide for a while, so the racers can get up speed. Then he'll bring folks up short with a series of close ones, right after. Hannes likes to make them ski."

The trail, Robertson went on, was almost exactly a mile long, and the vertical drop from start to finish was around fourteen hundred feet, which meant an average pitch of about twenty degrees. "That may not sound like much," he said, "and there are steeper trails other places, but it's pretty steep, just the same. The record for the trail in downhill racing is fifty-six seconds, or something better than a mile a minute, so, you see, you can travel on it if you've a mind to. They won't make any such time as that tomorrow, of course. Racing downhill, they'd have to make only one or two turns at most, while in slalom they're constantly turning and checking, and that slows them. We look for under two minutes, at that, tomorrow."

A hundred and one skiers were entered in the race, Robertson told me—seventy-two men and twenty-nine women. The two groups would race separately, men against men and wom-

Where the ancient caravan routes ended...



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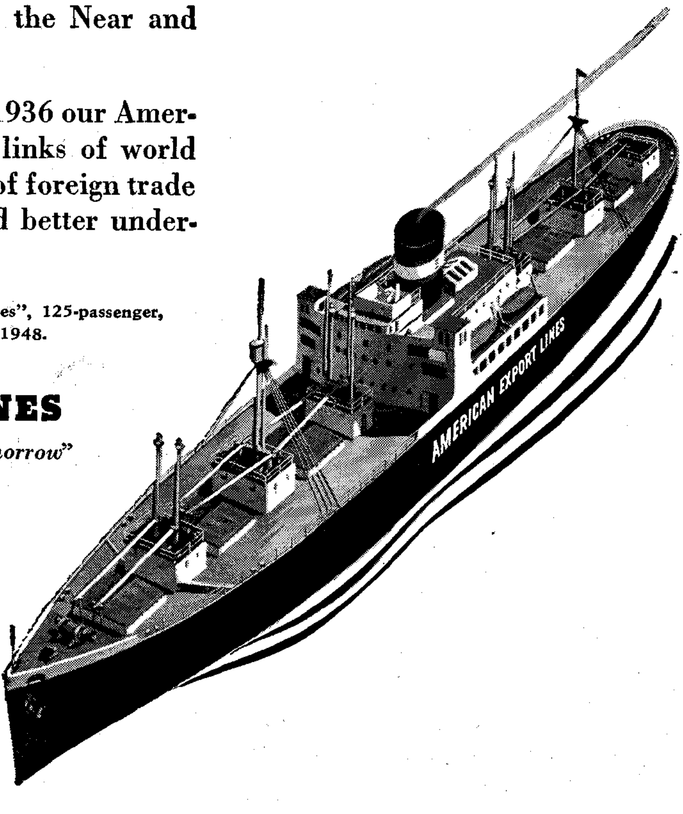

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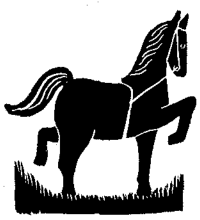
en against women, over the same course, and the women would make their runs first. There would be two heats—one, an elimination affair, in the morning, and the finals, for the top half of each group, in the afternoon. The contestants would race against time, which is the custom in slalom; they would be sent off one by one at intervals of a minute, and the man and woman who made the best total time would be the winners.



Gail Macomber, Sue Neidlinger, and Ann Dodge, all important Eastern racers, were the ones to keep an eye on among the women, Robertson said. "Men or women, they're all mostly kids, you know," he continued. "A good many of them are college students, and the others are about the same age. Among the men, there's Ann's brother, Brooks Dodge, from up in Pinkham Notch. He's at Dartmouth now. And then there's Don Henderson, from Middlebury. We've got four Norwegians entered, too—exchange students from various colleges. They'd have been racing in the Olympics, from what I hear, only they didn't want to give up their fellowships. They'll bear watching, too."

I asked Mr. Robertson how conditions on the trail were. "It's in good shape," he replied. "Or anyway, it's as good as we could make it. It's been cold, and because of that the snow hasn't settled as it should have. But we've had the trail closed the last week and men out there on snowshoes every day packing it." He paused a moment. "I don't know if you know it or not, but there's a good deal of work behind getting up a race of this sort. For one thing, we have to have men posted all along the course—gatekeepers, they're called—to watch the gates and make sure the racers go through them properly. If one bypasses a gate, he is disqualified, and there is a complicated system of time penalties for going through a gate improperly—as, for example, on one ski. Then, too, each gatekeeper has to have an assistant, to help rake and pack the snow after each racer passes, to make it smooth for the next one. The gatekeepers also yell to one another when a racer comes in sight, as a warning to clear the course. 'Track!' they yell. Well, as I was saying, it all adds up to a lot of jobs. I was just counting up today. What with the gatekeepers and helpers, and the timers and starters, and the girls who sell programs, and the people who serve tea to the racers—we've a cup of hot tea and a doughnut ready for each one as he crosses the finish line—as I say, counting everyone, we'll have close to a hundred people directly concerned with running the race out there on the trail tomorrow. Almost one to each racer, if you want to think of it that way. They're mostly townsfolk, of course, but still it takes some doing to get them all organized." Mr. Robertson looked out a window on a scene filled with skiers—clusters of them scattered about the mountainside on their way down the slope, and a long line of people waiting for their turn to ride the Skimobile back up.

"Good turnout today," Mr. Robertson said. "And it'll be a bigger one tomorrow. Yet I'll wager that not one in a hundred of them will even know there's a race going on, let alone go over to the trail to look at it. They'll be so busy getting in their own skiing." He leaned back in his chair and looked at me. "Well," he said, "I guess I've told you enough to show you there's more to a race than just the running in it. The first heat starts tomorrow at ten, and if you know Hannes at all, you must know he's punctual. You be around here at nine-thirty, if convenient, and we'll see that you get a good view of it."

AT North Conway, as elsewhere, the ski tow usually goes into operation at ten in the morning, and until it has been under way for some time and the crowd has begun to gather, the ski slope is pretty barren and bleak. When I arrived at the base of Mount Cranmore, about nine-thirty the next morning, the mountainside was still in shadow. The main slopes and the huddle of buildings around their base were deserted. The Skimobile was already in operation, however, and a trickle of passengers was using its cars—racers and officials going to their stations. I rode to the top, where I put on my skis and crossed over to the point, a little way off through the woods, where the Arlberg Trail begins.

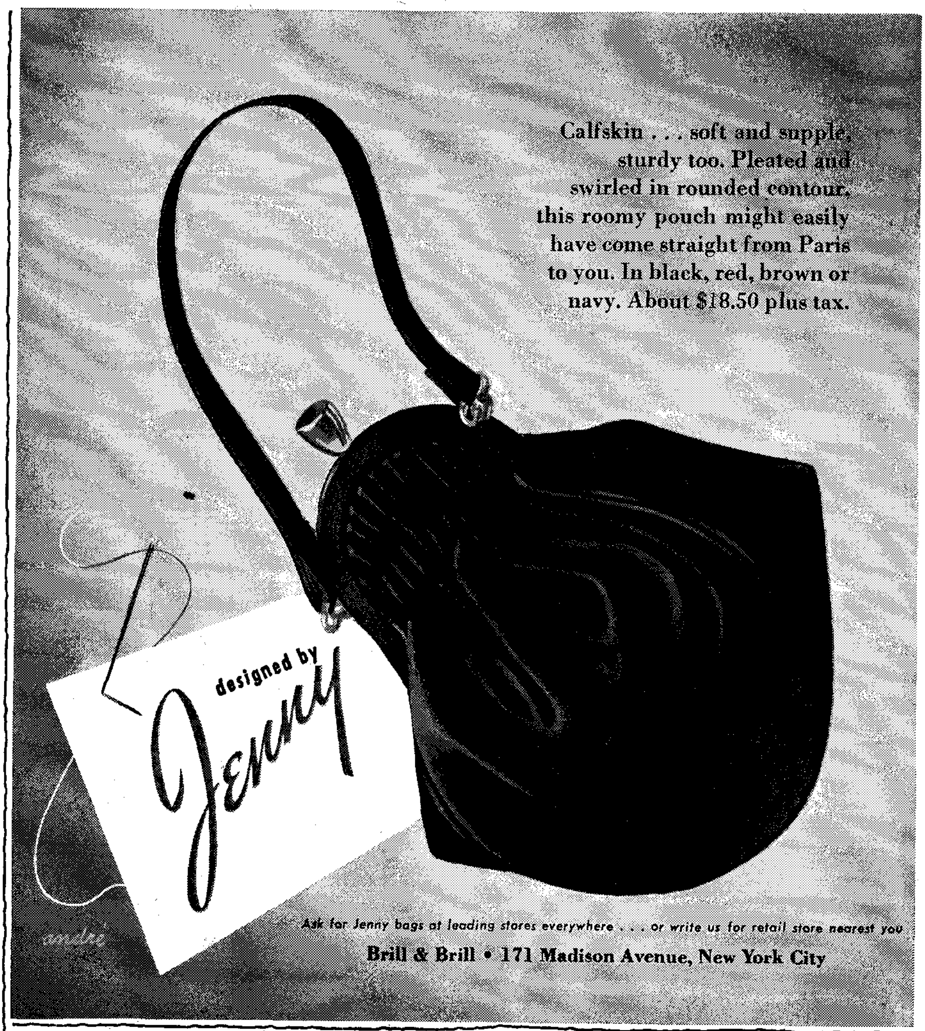
There was a cleared space and, at one side, a shed with a telephone to the base. Close by it, at the top of the trail, two tall bamboo stakes had been placed, about two yards apart, to mark the starting line. Nearby, a huge, jovial blond man in a sheepskin-lined coat and enormous boots was stamping his feet in the snow, for the day, though sunny, was very cold. The trail, showing almost no signs of passage and at its outset no more than a narrow, nearly level path through the woods, led down gently to the edge of a knoll and then vanished.

I went over to the blond man and introduced myself. His name was Kolln, he told me, and he was the assistant starter. "Or, rather, the starter from the top, they call me," he said. "The official starter, Joe Clapp, and Joe Dodge, the timer, are down at the base, and they telephone up when to send them off. We just take the orders up here. My partner's in the shed there now, trying to get a decent connection." As I turned to glance toward the shed, I noticed a number of girls along the edge of the clearing. All of them were very young and taut-looking in their tucked-in parkas and ski pants, all were on skis, and each had a canvas placard bearing a number tied across her chest. While Kolln and I talked, I looked at the girls with the covert interest one is likely to devote to those who are about to embark on a test of extreme skill. It is in downhill racing and jumping that the really bad skiing accidents occur. People rarely get killed on a slalom course, but they can and do get damaged. Yet apart from a certain nervousness on the part of the girls—they kept twisting, turning on their skis, bending down to inspect a binding—and a tendency to talk a little too much and too loudly, they seemed pretty much like any other group one might see on a ski slope of a Sunday.

Two men, also on skis, and with large "F"s on their chests instead of numbers, approached us from the direction of the Skimobile, and I asked Kolln about them. "They're the forerunners," he said. "They ski down the course first, and the tracks they make help the first contestants. Serve to mark out the way from one gate to another for them; otherwise, in the unmarked snow, the first ones might be at a disadvantage. They are timed just as if they were contestants—to give the timers a chance to warm up, and also for their own satisfaction."

Kolln seemed preoccupied, and after a moment or two he left me and walked over to the shed. The girls stood motionless, watching him. There was an open window in the shed, looking out on the starting line, and he leaned in it to speak to the man inside. "Are you getting them all right, Tom?" he said.

"Not too bad," said Tom, in a pronounced New Hampshire accent. He spoke into the phone and listened. "It's



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five minutes to racetime," he said to Kolln. "Better notify 'em." Kolln turned to face the group of girls. "Five minutes to racetime," he announced, and for an instant a hush settled on the crowd. Then they all began talking at once. I couldn't catch all their conversation, but there was some discussion of tea, I recall—quite a to-do about who wanted lemon, and who cream, and how many lumps of sugar, and the first girl slated to go down said she'd order tea for No. 2, and No. 2 said she'd order for No. 3, and so on. In the midst of it, Kolln broke in with, "First forerunner on the line," and again a hush descended.

The taller of the two "F"s slid forward until the toes of his boots were on a line with the starting posts, braced his poles for the shoveoff, and waited. Kolln placed his hand on the forerunner's shoulder. Tom, inside the shed, began reeling off the time as the starter below relayed it up to him. "Forty-five seconds," he intoned. "Thirty seconds. Twenty. Ten." Then, and Kolln's grip tightened a little, "Five—four—three—two—one—*go!*" At "*go*," Kolln released his hand, the skier dug his poles into the snow, and, half poling, half skating on his skis, slid away down the trail, and dipped out of sight over the edge of the knoll. The second forerunner followed him a minute later, and then, almost as soon as he had gone, the first racer—Sue Neidlinger—was on the line.

"Forty-five seconds," called Tom. Miss Neidlinger was a blond girl of about eighteen, very pretty, in gray parka and pants. "Thirty seconds," called Tom, and she set her poles in the snow. The forerunners had been sent down merely to mark the path, but this was racing, and one could tell the difference by the way the girl braced herself for the start. "Five—four—three—two—one—*go!*" She was hardly away before the second girl—shorter, stockier, dark-haired—had taken her place, and the chant began again. "Five—four—three—two—one—*go!*" Then the third, and the fourth, and the fifth—each one poling vigorously to gain speed at the start and then dropping into a slight crouch, the better to maneuver, as she approached the knoll and the beginning of the swift descent.

After two or three more starts, I skied cautiously along the side of the course down to the knoll to get a better view of things. A skiing trail is a pathway cut more or less straight down a mountain. In the days before skiing was taken as seriously in this country as it is now, racers used lumbermen's "slashes," down which felled trees were slid, and though the modern trails are wider and better groomed, they are still, in essence, slashes. At the point where I stood, the Arlberg Trail was little wider than it was at the start, but it was far, far steeper. White and smooth and vertiginous, it dipped down precipitously for two or three hundred feet and then, flattening a little, curved off to the right and was hidden by trees.

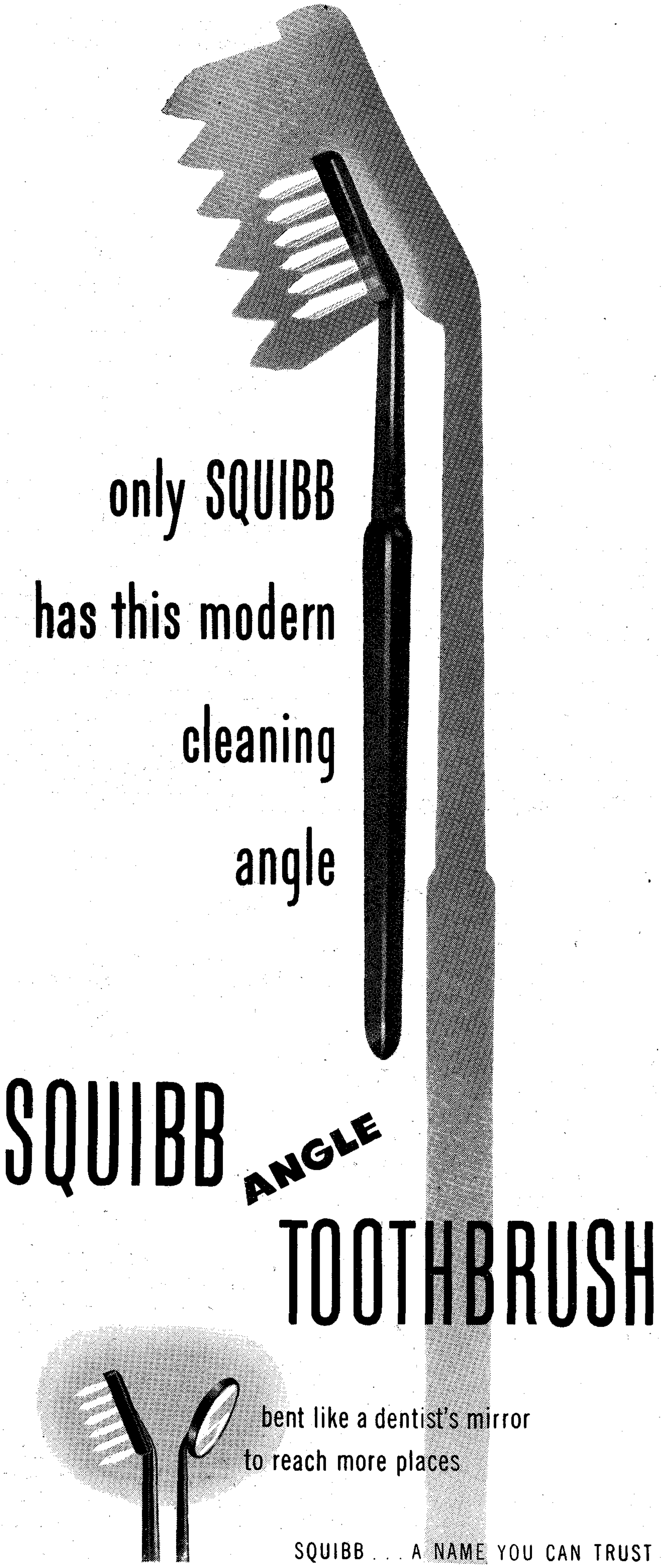
The first gate, its two blue flags fluttering prettily against the cold brilliance of the snow, had been placed just below the knoll. It was at the left side of the trail, and perhaps fifteen yards below it, at the right, there was another. Farther beyond was a third one, again at the left, and just beyond it two more, arranged close together in a formation that racers call an "elbow," because a sharply angled turn, shaped like a bent elbow, is required to get through it.

The girls, I saw, ran the first three gates fairly fast, in a long, S-like swoop, but the elbow called for greater precision. Met each time by a cry of "Track" from the first gatekeeper, they went down, one after another, swerving right and then left and then right; next their knees would bend and their backs would hunch a little, their skis would bite, and the snow would fly in a long, plumed furrow as they checked their speed to swing through the difficult elbow. The instant they were out of it, they would be poling again to regain speed as they slanted away, smaller now and swiftly growing smaller still.

I climbed back to watch some more starts; there was something hypnotic about the steady time chant and the minute-by-minute departures. The few girls who were left had become plainly nervous; before there had been constant movement among them, but now they stood huddled in chilled, silent groups, and except for Tom's voice, tolling off the seconds, the one persistent sound was the squeaky crunching of skis against snow as the girls stamped their feet to make them warm. One girl's name had been scratched, I noticed, but to keep the timer's records straight, Tom and Kolln went through the starting ritual as if she were there. "Thirty seconds," Tom called, and then "Twenty—ten—five," and at "five" Kolln put his hand on the nonexistent girl's shoulder. He held it there through the "Four—three—two—one—*go!*" and then, raising it, stared down the trail in mock amazement. "Why, she's out of sight already!" he cried, and though it really wasn't much of a joke, it helped relieve the tension, and the girls shrieked with merriment.

THERE was a five-minute break after the last of the girls had been sent off, and then it was the men's turn. The men—Robertson had been right; they were youths, really, in their late teens or early twenties, like the girls—had been gathering behind the starting line for some time. They were heartier than the girls, and noisier. Instead of the slightly fevered small talk affected by the girls, the boys went in for a certain rusticity, and there was a great show of devil-may-care casualness. "Ed, how be ya?" was a typical greeting. "Oh, I'm fine," would be the reply. "Got to bed about three, and up this morning at six. I'm in fine condition." "Well, condition wins is my way of looking at things," the other would say, and then bindings would be adjusted and thongs tightened. The men were as nervous as the girls had been, and as racetime came and the first few contestants were started down the trail, the men's talk died away too, and again there was the steady stamping of skis on snow.

I watched about half the men start, and then skied down, by another trail, to the finish line. Here, in a clearing in dense woods, a long canvas streamer, with "Finish" printed on it in large red letters, had been mounted on two poles across the end of the slalom trail; there was a booth for the timer and starter just beside it, and beyond, where the trail levelled off in an easy outrun, another booth, with a long pine counter behind which two women were serving tea to the racers. Above us, the trail rose steeply among the trees. There was a fair crowd of spectators on hand. Some of them were grouped about the finish line and the others were strung out in two long, straggling lines up both sides of the last steep pitch before the end, and the spottings of color in their costumes—a red parka here, a green sweater or a yellow one there—sometimes dappled with sunlight and sometimes in shadow, made a sparkling contrast to the white snow and the sombre forest. The last few of the men were coming in, spent now, both from the physical strain and the mental concentration of the racing. One youth, upon crossing the line, simply let himself fall and slither to a stop, instead of bothering to make one last turn. Soon



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after that, the first heat was over, and the crowd wandered off toward lunch.

I PASSED most of the afternoon at a point about halfway up the trail, standing at one side of it with a gatekeeper named Davis and his helper, and there, I think, I learned more about the actual mechanics of the race than I did at any other time during the day. From the knoll at the top, despite the obvious steepness of that first pitch, the assurance with which the racers started out had made it seem easy. At the bottom, to be sure, the racers were exhausted, but there was no way then of knowing what they had been through in the mile they had covered before the finish. Midway down, however, the trail was at about its steepest, the racers were at their peak of endeavor, and the series of gates—an elbow at the right and another at the left, then a set of three gates in close succession, called a "flush" and requiring three quick, sharp turns—was one of the trickiest in the course.

The gatekeeper and his helper were out on the trail, smoothing it with rakes when I arrived. The girls, I knew by consulting my wristwatch, had all come through, and the first few men had also gone on down. From where I stood, the trail towered up, seemingly almost vertical. It was dotted with gates and series of gates, and there were other teams of gatekeepers and helpers. I think I counted four or five pairs before the trail veered to the right and was obliterated by the woods. The first racer I saw wore a crimson jersey, and as he swung suddenly into view around the turn from the woods, he brought, somehow, an immediate feeling of urgency. "Track!" the farthest gatekeeper visible up the trail called out, echoing some gatekeeper above him, and he backed quickly off the course as he did so. Then the cry, just preceding the skier, came down along the line to us and past us. "Track!" cried Mr. Davis, sliding back to the side of the trail, and at that moment the racer was upon us.

He had no eyes for us, of course. ("There's an old rule of slalom racing," Mr. Davis told me during the next lull. "And that is you don't watch the gate that you're skiing. You ski that, but you watch the next one.") All I recall of the scene was the fierce, slanting drive of the racer as he swung out of the first elbow above us, the quick check before he entered the next one, and then the series of lunges—right, left, right, and then left again—as he ran the flush we were watching.

As each racer passed, he left in his wake a scurry of gatekeepers and helpers across the snow. Hastily, with their rakes, they tried to level out the choppier markings that the disappearing racer's skis had made in the snow. Then, abruptly, another racer would be bearing down upon us. Snow would fly; there would be the bite, bite, bite, and bite again of the skis, a glimpse of knees flexing, clamping for the turn, and then flexing again, a shoulder reaching. We would catch an instant's glimpse of a face, always in profile, fixed and stern, the eyes pinched, the mouth harried; then the man would be past and, a wisp of snow flying behind him, he would be dropping, diminishing, down the trail below us. "Track!" the gatekeeper beyond us would be calling. Mr. Davis, by then, would be out raking again, glancing up the trail warily to be ready for the next man before he was upon him.

One of the Norwegians came through. He was Fred Moller, a short, stocky blond fellow, who skied in a deep crouch, and my companions watched him with interest. "No style, really," said the helper, and Mr. Davis gave him a quizzical glance. "Does he need it?" he asked. Then he turned to me. "Moller and Nergaard—Nergaard placed first in the eliminations this morning—they're the ones to bet on," he said. "There's one thing about those Norwegian boys, they really work."

Don Henderson, the Middlebury expert, came next, and then Nergaard, who was taller and slenderer than Moller and skied with a good deal more polish. It was Nergaard, it turned out later, who won the race, while Moller and a fellow named Dave Lawrence, from Dartmouth, placed second and third, respectively. I saw one racer fall. He fell coming through the last gate in the elbow, and we watched in breathless silence as he brought his skis under him, got to his feet, and then, frantically sidestepping up the trail, climbed to a point where he could go through the gate as required.

PRESENTLY, the slalom began to peter out a little, as this kind of racing invariably must do, for the best men are always sent down the course first. This is a precaution against the mishap of a fast racer's overtaking a slow one, but it inevitably leads to a sense of anticlimax. As the race wore on, and the cold cut in, bystanders from farther up the course, knowing that the best men had gone past, began coming down in ever greater numbers along the edges of the trail. They skied carefully, pausing

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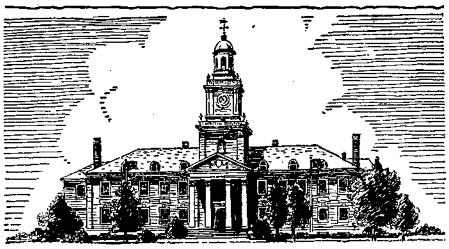

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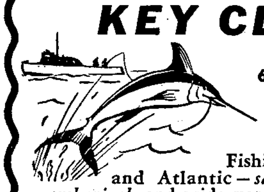

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now and then to stand motionless as yet another racer and another went through. It was a slow exodus, gradually clearing off the mountain, and in the end I followed along down to the bottom. There were still racers up at the starting point, but the crowd's interest was now in the scoreboard, close beside the finish line, where the times for the racers' runs were being posted. Ann Dodge, of Pinkham Notch, was the winner among the women, with a combined time for her two runs of four minutes twenty-eight and two-tenths seconds. Her brother, Brooks, hadn't quite placed; he had come in fourth, but he had made one of the fastest runs, 1:52:2. This, together with his sister's victory, was obviously considered a local triumph; there was a quiet, New Hampshirelike jubilation over it.

I was surprised, though, to discover how limited in extent that triumph was. Skiing is, by all odds, my favorite sport, and that day I had seen some of the finest skiing under pressure that I had ever witnessed. But when, a few minutes later, I went over to the tow to take a run down the mountain myself, I was reminded of something that Mr. Robertson had told me the day before. It was almost four o'clock then, and the winter sun was close to setting. There was still sunlight on the slopes, however, and skiers—good and bad—were darting down them, and the line at the base, waiting for the tow, was squirming in its eagerness to get at least one more ride up and run down before the tow closed for the day. The man in front of me when I joined the line was a tall, spare fellow in gray pants and a green-and-white sweater. On a chance, I spoke to him.

"Seen the races?" I asked. He looked at me blankly.

"What races?" he said, and from then on we moved along the line to the tow in silence. —ROBERT M. COATES

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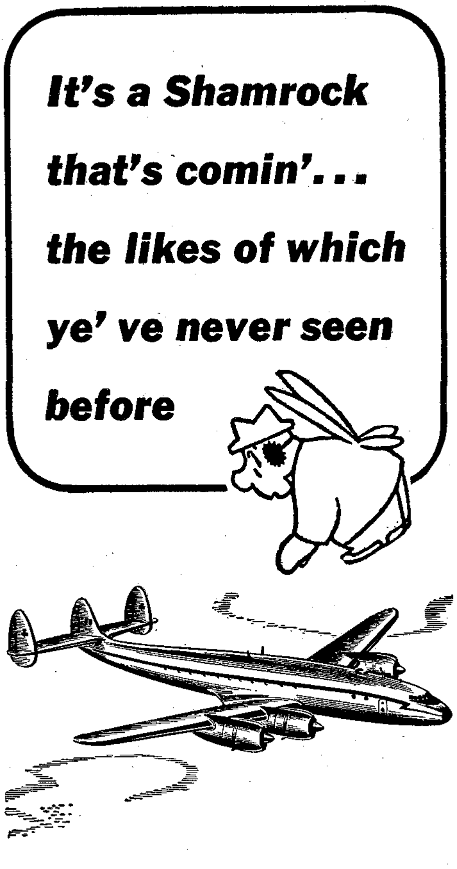
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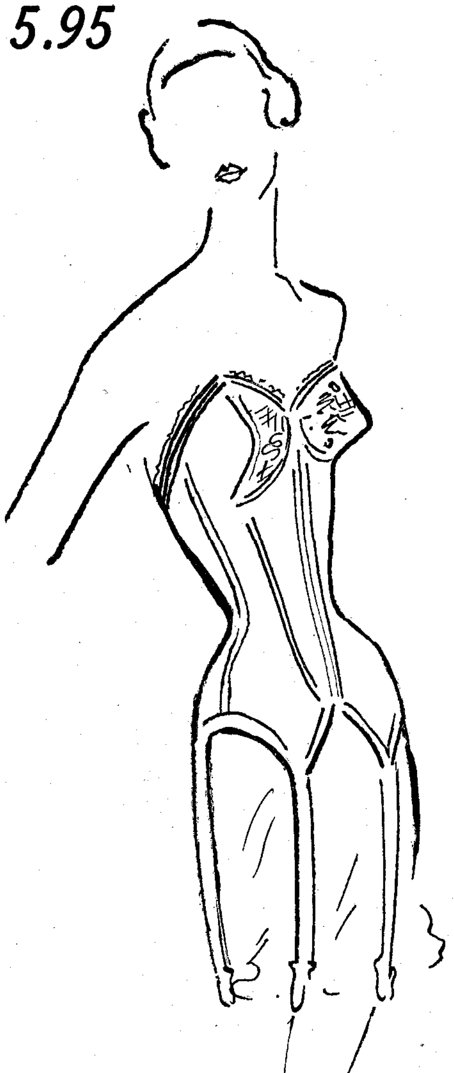

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Steinbeck and a Pseudo-Documentary

"THE PEARL," which is based on John Steinbeck's similarly titled parable, is a handsome thing. The film, put together in Mexico, makes good photographic use of a point on the Pacific Coast where the land, sea, and sky combine to form scenes as enchanting as any in the world. It also makes good pictorial use of the Mexicans who compose its cast, arranging them in the arresting patterns that are characteristic of Orozco murals. Except for its visual virtues, though, "The Pearl" is not exactly a top-flight movie. To begin with, the idea behind the script is never altogether clear. Mr. Steinbeck's story, you may remember, deals with the legend of Kino, a pearl fisherman, who plucks from an oyster the biggest pearl ever seen, only to find that instead of bringing him happiness it causes him to lose his home, his child, and almost his life. But since all this happens to Kino through no fault of his own, he is a victim not so much of a malign, predetermined fate as of a series of sad accidents. The picture devoutly follows Mr. Steinbeck's tale—as well it might, since he helped to write the screen play—and it consequently suffers from the same weakness. There are, however, some good dramatic scenes and a number of shots of Mexican dancers that are well worth seeing, no matter how oppressive Mr. Steinbeck's philosophic murkiness may become. I might add that the violent death of Kino's baby had the ladies alongside me in the theatre weeping noisily and, for that matter, had me gulping, too. The Mexican peasants in the piece are treated with dignity, and the featured players, headed by Pedro Armendariz, lately seen in John Ford's "The Fugitive," are impressive in their sincerity. All the characters, incidentally, speak English, though with a Mexican accent.

ATTRACTION
CINEMA

UNLIKE "The Pearl," the film named "Call Northside 777" has nothing to recommend it visually, since most of it takes place in areas of Chicago that range from drab to horrible. Produced by Henry Hathaway, who made "The House on 92nd Street," "13 Rue Madeleine," and "Kiss of Death," this picture, like them, is a pseudo-documentary, and, I'm afraid, not an entirely successful one, although it does have exciting moments. It deals with the struggle of a poor scrubwoman to get her son, unjustly convicted of the murder of a policeman, out of a state penitentiary, where he has served twelve years of a long sentence. By advertising a reward for the capture of the real killers, the lady arouses the interest of the Chicago *Times*, and from there on the film becomes a description of how a reporter, at first reluctant to believe in the innocence of the scrubwoman's son, tracks down the facts that eventually set him free. The reporter, played by James Stewart, didn't seem quite convincing to me. His interviewing technique, for instance, consists largely of pushing people around, and some of the leads he starts pursuing late in the picture are so obvious that even a journalism student ought to spot them in the first few reels. Besides that, Mr. Stewart puts his own headlines on his copy, which is something reporters are not encouraged to do on any well-run newspaper. This may sound like quibbling, but the impact of a documentary film, pseudo or real, depends on its illusion of accuracy. On the other hand, the workings of a lie detector are at one point gone into so conscientiously that there's a danger the spectator will forget the central plot while he tries to understand the contraption. I thought most of the other characters were entirely persuasive. The cast includes Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb, Helen Walker, and Betty Garde. The last is especially fine as a frowzy frump determined to stick to her courtroom testimony even though it has sent a pair of innocent men to jail. (There's another victim of judicial miscarriage in the picture, but nobody pays much attention to him.) "Call Northside 777" is based on an actual occurrence in Chicago, I understand.

"A DOUBLE LIFE" is the result of the amalgamation of the talents of Ruth Gordon, Garson Kanin, and William Shakespeare. Shakespeare contributed bits of "Othello," and Miss Gordon and Mr. Kanin contributed a lunatic story of an actor who gets so worked up playing the Moor that he starts living the part offstage as well as on. This emotional mixup presently inspires him to strangle a blond waitress and to attempt to strangle a press agent whom he suspects of having designs on his wife. (He's not so wacky about that, it develops.) The way this chap goes off his rocker struck me as pretty comical—first, bells in his ears, then loud keening noises and eerie voices reciting passages from "Othello," and finally an inability to stop talking in the language of the Bard. There are some isolated spots, in which Miss Gordon and Mr. Kanin are being funny on purpose, that are very well done, particularly a scene of reporters, cops, and photographers discussing their peculiar personal problems while waiting around indifferently for the medical examiner to finish with the corpse of a lady. Ronald Colman plays the central figure in this tumult, and is assisted by Signe Hasso, Edmond O'Brien, and Shelley Winters. Mr. Colman, I thought, gave a nice reading of "Othello," but Miss Hasso's Desdemona was somewhat blurred by her Scandinavian accent.

"SLEEP, MY LOVE," like many a melodrama before it, deals with the efforts of a man to get rid of his wife. This time, the husband tries to do it with sleeping potions and hypnotism. The film is competently constructed and generates a fair amount of nervous tension along the way, but it is handicapped by the acting of Don Ameche, who plays the husband without any expression whatever. Claudette Colbert is cast as his wife, and George Coulouris enters the proceedings as a fake psychiatrist.

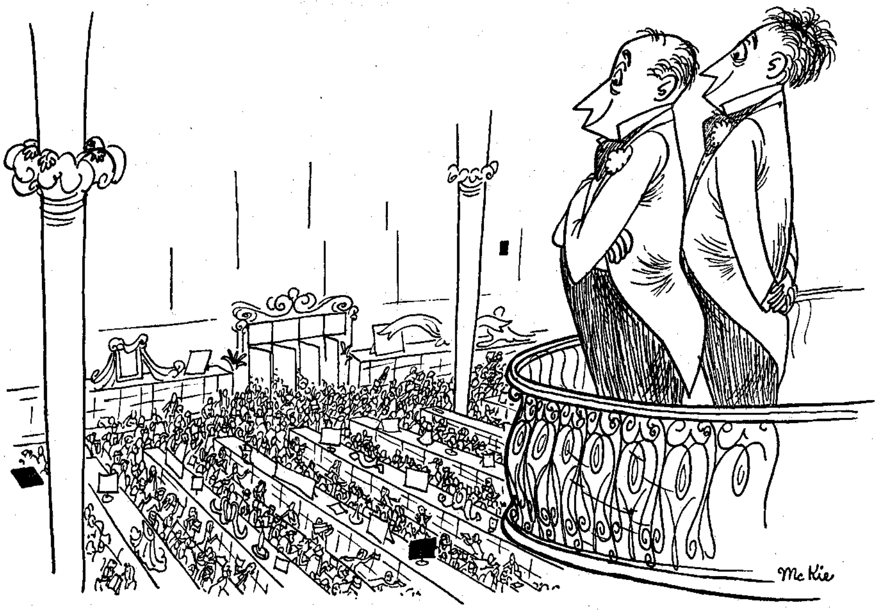
THOSE indefatigable cutups, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, are back at their old tricks in "Road to Rio." Maybe "old" isn't the word; "decrepit," possibly. Dorothy Lamour, of course, assists the boys. . . . In "Jassy," the English present us with a confection that would give even Hollywood the shudders. It involves a gypsy girl who loves a boy whose father has lost his homestead to a drunken gentleman while gaming. For the sake of the boy, the gypsy girl marries the gentleman—oh, let's drop the whole matter and step out for a drink ourselves.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

ANYONE, anywhere, who saw a man become invisible eight years ago, on May 3, 1940, please write immediately to Virginia Davenport Hunt, 74 T St., NW., Washington, D. C., as an invisible man has been with me for almost eight years.—*Adv. in the Washington Times-Herald.*

Give him some invisible ink and let him keep your accounts.



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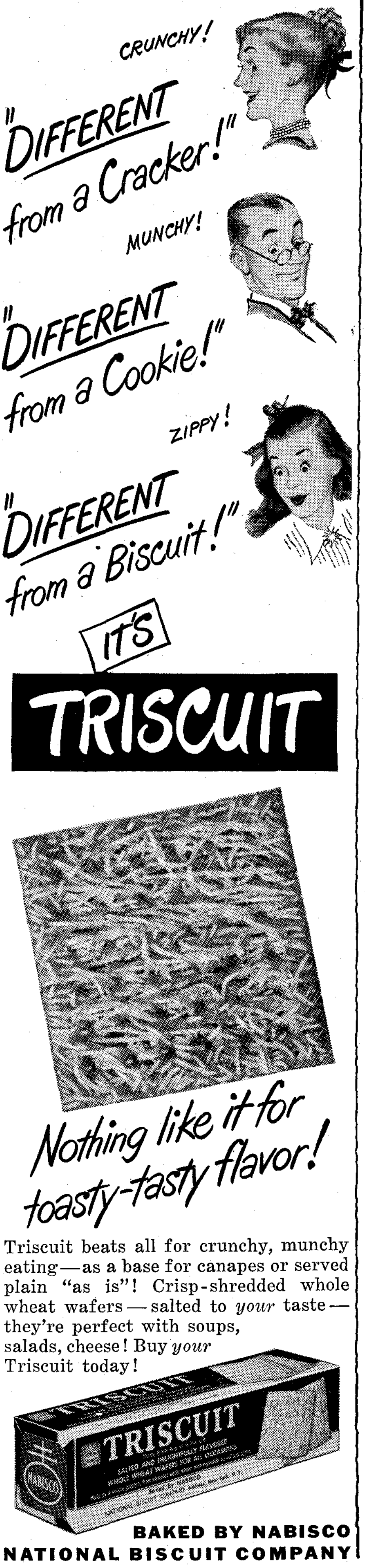
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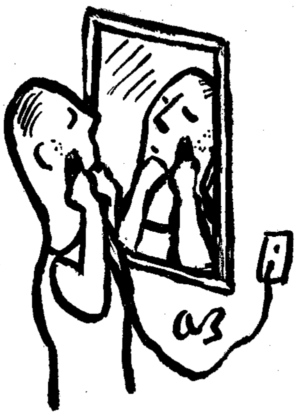
SUMMER WAR

A STRANGER walking down our street in Cincinnati during the early twenties would immediately have noticed the lawn in front of the Taylors' house. The other residents mowed their grass only once a week and then usually neglected the tufts around the bushes, but Mr. Taylor mowed his at least three times a week, kept the edges of the turf along his sidewalk and driveway cut geometrically straight, and trimmed the grass around his bushes and privet hedge so neatly that his yard looked like an illustration in a seed catalogue. He was the only man on the street who fertilized his lawn each spring, raked it gently after each cutting, and watered it nightly through the long, dry Ohio summer.

To judge by the way the windows of the Taylors' brick and white shingle bungalow glistened, and by the frequency with which Mrs. Taylor scrubbed the porch, hung curtains out to dry, and beat carpets in the back yard, the interior of the house must have had the same intense treatment as the lawn. Mrs. Taylor was a tall, wiry woman of about forty-five who went at her work as though it were a grim mission. However, her neighbors never saw the results of her labor, for the iceman and the boy who delivered groceries were the only outsiders allowed to enter the Taylor home, and all they reported was that Mrs. Taylor was businesslike in her transactions and that she paid her bills promptly. The Taylors, in fact, managed to achieve almost total isolation on a fenced-in, 60-by-125-foot lot, and as a consequence their neighbors were somewhat in awe of them.



The Taylors, of course, were the subject of the sort of stories that are always told about unsocial people. One legend was that a son had become insane and another that a daughter had become a prostitute, but nobody really believed either of them. As far as anyone knew, the Taylors were childless. Occasionally during the day, Mrs. Taylor could be heard playing the piano, and one time word went up and down the street that she had been a concert pianist, and her career had been ended by some tragedy. Since she rarely played anything but Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," and that rather badly, the rumor enjoyed only brief popularity.

Mrs. Taylor seldom left the house except on Sunday afternoons, when her husband backed their ancient but shiny Chevrolet out of the garage and they went for a ride. That was the only time the car was used. Mr. Taylor left the house at exactly a quarter to eight every weekday morning, took a streetcar to work, and returned at a quarter after five in the afternoon. He was a bookkeeper for an insurance company—a thin, sallow man in his early fifties with dusty-gray hair, a left shoulder several inches higher than his right, and a habit of walking rapidly without moving his arms. His clothes were always somewhat shabby, and hung loosely on his spare frame. People had become so accustomed to his ignoring them or giving them a curt nod that even those who rode the same car with him every day seldom greeted him.

The only time I ever spoke to Mrs. Taylor was a few weeks after we'd moved into the neighborhood, in the fall of 1922. I was ten at the time. Each of the pupils at my school had been given a book of raffle tickets to sell, and one afternoon several of the boys dared me to solicit Mrs. Taylor. Since I was new and had a reputation to establish, I had no choice but to accept the challenge.

The boys waited on the sidewalk while I opened the Taylors' white picket gate and went up the cement walk to their house. My throat was dry when I reached the door, but I was somewhat reassured by the cheerful draperies in the window and the bright wallpaper I could see in the living room. When I summoned courage and rang the bell, the door opened immediately, as though Mrs. Taylor had been waiting just inside. She looked at me impersonally, with neither hostility nor welcome. She did not speak. After several moments, I asked in a quavering voice, "Do you want to take a nickel chance on a twenty-five-pound bag of sugar?"

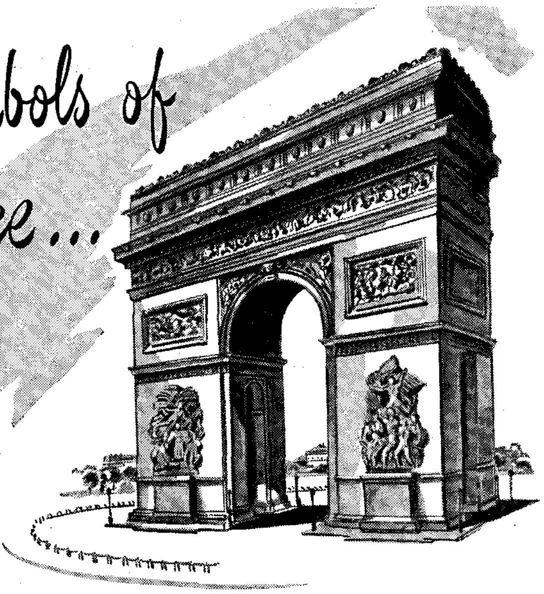
"No," she said. She closed the door firmly but without slamming it, and I rejoined my companions, who were disappointed that she hadn't at least chased me out of the yard with a broom.

When Halloween drew near, I suggested to the other boys on the street that special attention be given to the Taylor house. They vetoed the idea, regretfully. Paul Mahoney, who was the son of the district alderman and a next-door neighbor of the Taylors, explained that I had selected an impossible objective. The Taylors, it seemed, arranged extensive defenses for the occasion. Each night during the Halloween period, they turned out all the lights in the house and put on the ones on the front and back porches. Mrs. Taylor stood watch in the rear and Mr. Taylor sat in the front room with a window open and an air rifle in his hands. "The old bastard shoots like Tom Mix," Paul said with rueful admiration. I agreed that it would be foolhardy to attack the Taylors.

IN the spring of 1924, open warfare began between the Taylors and the boys in the neighborhood. Early one June afternoon, a half dozen of us were sitting on the Mahoneys' front porch waiting for Paul to finish lunch. Our baseball team was about to play its most important game of the season—against the Clifton Tigers, in Burnet Woods—and each member had contributed a dime toward the purchase of a new Spalding baseball. It was the only game of the year for which we indulged in this luxury. At other times, we played with worn balls given to us by teams of older boys. Almost always the covers were off those balls and we made them serviceable by wrapping them with friction tape.

It was getting close to game time, and Dave Martin, our pitcher, asked me to go across the street and let him throw a few practice pitches to me. Over the protests of our teammates, he took the new ball out of its cardboard box, claiming he had to get used to its slippery cover. We had been tossing the ball back and forth for about five minutes when I noticed that someone was watching us through the parted curtains of the Taylors' front door. I thought nothing of this display of interest until I threw Dave a ball high and to his left. It touched the fingers of his glove and then bounded over the Taylors' fence into their yard.

Dave walked to the gate, but before he had even unlatched it, Mrs. Taylor hurried out of the house, picked up the new ball, stuck it into her apron pocket, and went back indoors, ignoring Dave's and my screams of rage. The other boys rushed from the Mahoneys' porch, berating Dave, Mrs. Taylor, and me equally. No one had quite enough courage to go to Mrs. Taylor's door, so we



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set up a loud chant, demanding the return of our ball.

Mr. Mahoney, a fat, florid, cheerful man, heard the commotion, came out on his porch, and asked what the trouble was. When he heard our story, he shook his head and said, "You boys oughtn't to be playing out here, but I'll call her on the phone and see what I can do." He went into the house, and when he came back, his face was even redder than usual. "The damned old harridan!" he said. "I asked her to give the ball back and promised you wouldn't play out here again, but she just hung up on me."

We looked at one another bleakly. Hatred against the Taylors welled up within us, and for a while we stood about making dark threats against them and their property. Then a policeman whom we all knew came up the sidewalk and turned in to the Taylor yard. He held a short conversation at the door with Mrs. Taylor, and when he left, he had our ball in his hand. As he started up the street, Mr. Mahoney, who was still watching the proceedings, took me aside. "She won't get far calling the police," he said. "Wait till he gets to the corner and then go after him and tell him I'd like him to give you back your ball. Then go over to Burnet Woods the other way."

I caught up with the policeman just around the corner, and he grinned and handed me the ball without my asking for it. "Don't go talkin' about this all over the neighborhood," he said, "or that old bitch'll be raisin' hell with the lieutenant."

We lost the game that afternoon and blamed our defeat upon the disquieting effect of our brush with Mrs. Taylor, but no one had any practical ideas for revenge.

A FEW days later, several of us were again sitting on the Mahoney porch, and I suggested we toss a ball just to see if Mrs. Taylor would stand guard over her yard. We used an ancient, tape-covered ball this time. Only a few minutes passed before I saw the curtains part discreetly.

The possibilities of this form of annoyance were immediately apparent to us. For the next two weeks, we neglected Burnet Woods almost completely and spent hours each day tossing a ball in front of the Mahoneys' house. As long as we played, Mrs. Taylor never deserted her post, and we, of course, were delighted. We introduced refinements into the game, such as deliberately missing the ball and then recovering it just before it rolled under the gate of the Taylors' driveway. When this trick worked right, Mrs. Taylor would open the door and start out onto the porch. Three times during this period, the ball went into her yard, and each time she picked it up. Each time, a policeman came and was given the ball, and each time we retrieved it. Our success bred carelessness. After a while, we began to use our new Spalding ball, by then well scuffed but still the best we had, and one day it came into her possession. By this time, she must have guessed at the connivance of the police, because she didn't call an officer. When we realized that we would not get our ball back, we were in a rage at what we considered her failure to abide by the rules.

We held several meetings in the next few days to plan retaliation, but the majority of us were too apprehensive of family and civil law to do anything more aggressive than yell "Ball snatcher" whenever we passed the Taylors' house. Some of the older boys, however, said they'd really get even.

One windy, rainy night about a week after Mrs. Taylor had taken our ball, someone threw a huge bundle of loose newspapers into the Taylors' yard, and the next morning the place was covered with soggy newsprint. It took Mrs. Taylor an hour to gather up the sodden paper. A few nights later, two of the boys crept into the Taylor garage and let all the air out of the Chevrolet's tires. The rest of us heard about the exploit the next day, and that evening most of the team was in the Mahoneys' back yard, pretending to play but really watching Mr. Taylor.

He discovered the flat tires when he went into the garage for his gardening tools. He must have known who was responsible, but he never once looked our way. He took the hand pump from the trunk of the car, and for nearly an hour his bony back bent and straightened, bent and straightened, as he worked the plunger. After he had finished, he went into the house, returned with a padlock, and snapped it on the garage doors.

Then Paul Mahoney got the idea for the last foray we ever made against the Taylors. He called me into his father's garage early one Wednesday evening, showed me a large bag of ice-cream salt, and told me what he planned to do with it. He'd got the idea, he said, when he was helping his father kill some grass in the cracks of their driveway. We filled four buckets with water, added a generous quantity of salt, and stood the

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buckets behind the garage, where his father wouldn't find them. Then we made a rendezvous for eleven that night.

I met Paul at the appointed time, after making my escape through the window of my bedroom. He and I, each with two buckets, went through the Mahoneys' back yard and I waited alongside the house while Paul scouted ahead to see whether anyone was coming. He signalled to me and we crept out with our buckets and threw the salt water on the Taylors' lawn near the privet hedge. Paul took the buckets back to his garage, and I hurried home and climbed into my bedroom window.

WE were disappointed the next morning to find that the Taylors' grass was as beautifully green as ever. We had planned to tell the other team members of our exploit, but instead we kept quiet about it. By Friday afternoon, however, four large, irregular patches of lawn near the hedge had begun to turn slightly yellow. Paul and I grinned at each other delightedly but decided to say nothing to the others until matters had progressed further.

The next morning I went over to Paul's and was startled and frightened when I saw the Taylors' lawn. The spots that had been only faintly yellow the night before were now burned a sickening, lifeless brown. I waited on the porch for Paul, and when he came out we avoided each other's eyes and didn't discuss our handiwork. We watched passersby stop and look at the blotches, and I suppose that Paul must have wanted to run away from the scene as much as I did, but the spots held us there. Also, since it was Saturday, we knew Mr. Taylor would come home from work at noon, and we were morbidly curious to see what he would do.

Other boys gathered on the porch, but there was no jubilation over the Taylors' misfortune. Paul and I didn't tell them what we had done. Most of them whistled softly when they saw the patches and afterward talked about them in low voices, like people who have witnessed an accident. None of them guessed what had happened, but I felt as though my name were spelled out in charred grass.

Soon after twelve, Mr. Taylor came hurrying down the street almost at a trot. He must, of course, have seen the damaged lawn on his way to work in the morning. The coat of his cheap gray suit was open and flapped about

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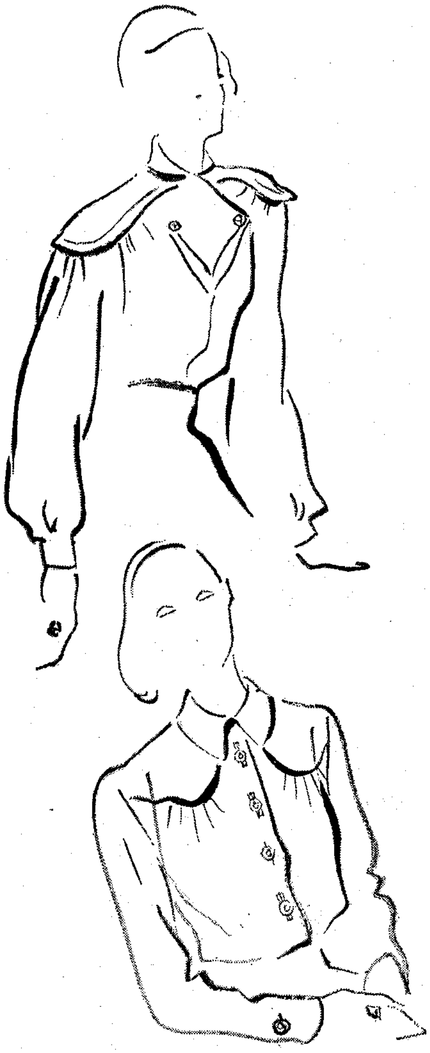

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Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
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him, showing his drab-green suspenders. He turned rapidly into his yard, leaving the gate open, and then stopped abruptly before the patches of dead grass.

Mrs. Taylor, who had apparently been watching for him, came out of the house and stood beside him. They didn't say a word to each other. They just stood there for several moments staring at the ground. Mr. Taylor shook his head in stunned wonder. Then he dropped to his knees and began picking something out of the grass. I knew that he must have found a few undissolved salt crystals, and I thought I could even see them glisten as he held them between his thumb and finger to examine them.

He got up slowly and turned to where we were sitting on the Mahoneys' porch. He didn't say anything. He just looked at us with a kind of sick despair. I had once seen the same expression on the face of a man whose dog had been killed by a truck. Mrs. Taylor didn't look at us. She let her hand rest lightly on her husband's arm for a moment, and then she carefully closed the gate and walked toward the house. He trudged after her, his uneven shoulders giving him the appearance of a man on a listing ship.

Someone suggested we go to Burnet Woods for a scrub ball game. We went, relieved to get away from the sight of the Taylors' yard, but with little enthusiasm for baseball. Within fifteen minutes, Paul Mahoney and I had a violent fist fight over some trivial matter—whose turn at bat it was, or something like that—and after we were pulled apart, everyone went home.

—JAMES A. MAXWELL

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

(FELT IN BELOIT, WIS.)

[*From a document distributed by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary*]

Address by THE HONORABLE ALEXANDER WILEY United States Senator from Wisconsin at the Rock County Republican Dinner, Beloit, Wisconsin, Marking Publication of Senator Wiley's Book, "Laughing With Congress"

I am grateful for this opportunity to appear before this fine group in the good City of Beloit. I want you to know how much I appreciate your courtesy and your kind reception to my book.

I will keep my remarks very brief. As was once said about a speech: "The longer the *spoke*, the more the *tire*." Or, as another fellow put it: "Be bright, be brief, be gone," or, "If you can't strike oil in 20 minutes, stop *boring*."

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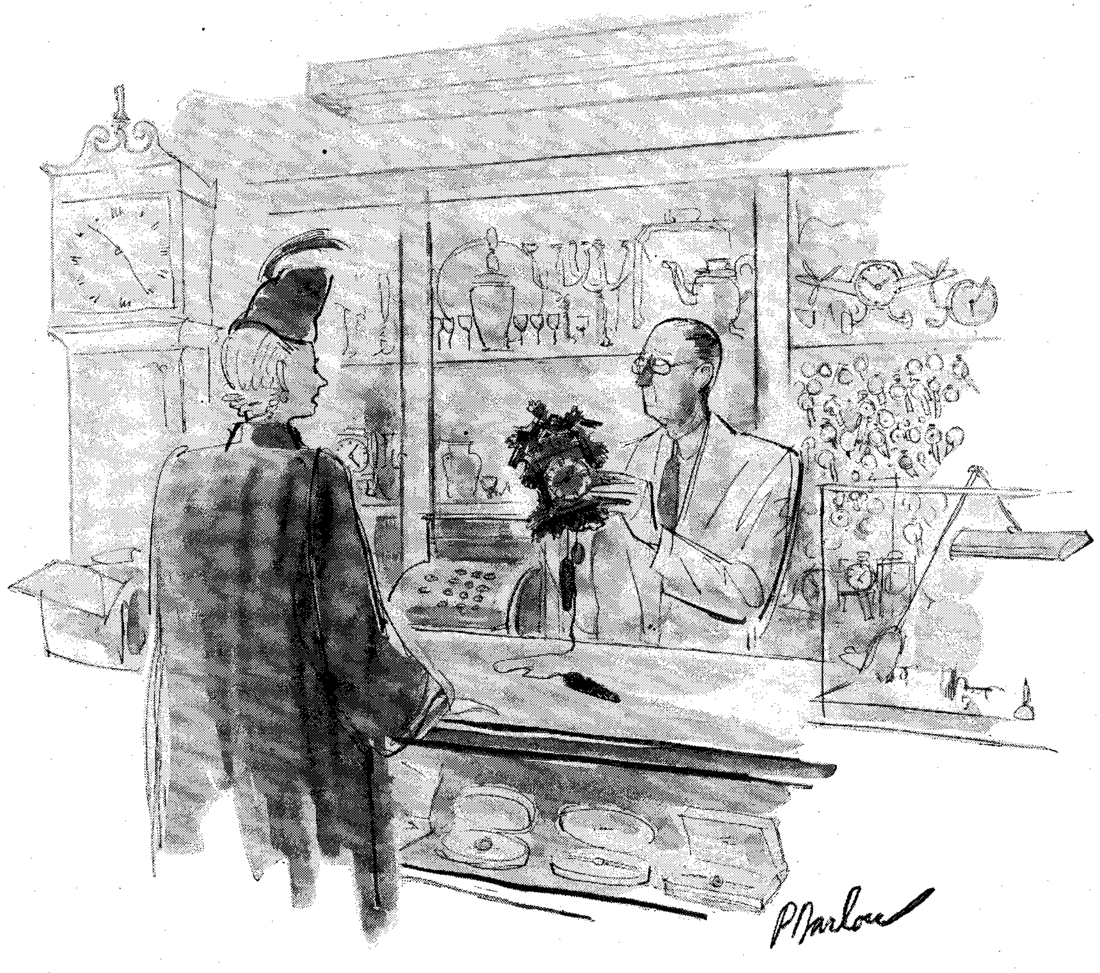
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE prevalent idea that modern lighting in the home can be achieved only by hiring an architect (a misapprehension, by the way, that I have never heard refuted by architects) should be blown sky-high by an inspection of the good-looking and functional electrical fixtures at the Lightolier Company, 11 East 36th Street. People stuck in an apartment with an overhead light of the nineteen-twenties and a flock of those meaningless little wall brackets will probably be especially interested to learn that Lightolier has done much to solve the problem of central illumination by producing ceiling lights that give the effect of built-in lighting at little expense. There are half a dozen models of these overhead lights, the distinguishing features of which are a glass diffusing bowl that is set very close to the ceiling, and a metal reflector that is invisible from the outside. The bowls (shields might be a better name for them, since they are so shallow) are square or round, and decorated with restrained ceramic-glaze designs. The effect is more modern than I had thought possible in any middle-of-the-ceiling light. A particularly pleasing one, at $23.50, is an extremely shallow bowl, twenty-two inches in diameter, on which short, irregular lines appear to have been etched. Prices for this type of fixture begin at $17.50, and there is a slightly smaller ceiling light, suitable for a nursery, of frosted glass marked with a design of circus animals against a stylized blue-and-red tent—gay and rather charming and not just arch—for $10.50. Not modern at all, but meant to give elegance to a formal, traditionally furnished bedroom, is a circle of cut glass set in a silver rim that is flush with the ceiling and hung with graceful, shallow festoons of prisms; $39.50. There are also some conventional, dignified lights for nearly every kind of hallway. One of these, at $12.50, is a cut-glass cylinder, bound top and bottom with a band of delicately worked brass, that is of the right proportions for a large entrance; another, at $5.75, is a small, frosted globe, ornamented with a cut pattern of grape leaves and set in a narrow brass base, that would go nicely in an unpretentious apartment foyer.

It is in wholly functional illumination that the Lightolier people are, I think, particularly successful. For instance, they have dealt most intelligently with the necessity for good general illumination in the kitchen as well as for extra brightness at the most important work spaces. To take care of the general lighting, there is a fluorescent overhead fixture (twenty-five inches long and twelve inches wide) the tubes of which are hidden behind a shallow, etched-glass shield, and which is trim to look at and gives an even, glareless light; $35.50. For sink, stove, and other special spots, there are slimmer fixtures, either incandescent or fluorescent, of more or less the same design, as well as a very workmanlike one, resembling a porthole, of frosted glass set flush with the ceiling in a rim of chromium; $12.50. A reproduction of an old-fashioned glass kerosene hanging lamp with a red-enamelled tin shade would be nice for a country kitchen; $16.50. It lights as effectively as it decorates. For the bathroom, there is a pair of stylish and practical fluorescent fixtures to go on either side of a washstand mirror. The tubes are shielded by panels of ridged, translucent glass banded at the ends with narrow strips of chromium. There are other fixtures, of somewhat the same appearance, but Lightolier says that this pair gives more light on the face and under the chin than any others the firm has produced. The side lights are $13.95 apiece. A similar single fixture for above the mirror should satisfy anyone who doesn't care what goes on under his chin.

I hardly know what to tell you about the innovation in bed lights that this company has recently brought out, under the name Decoralites. These are basically large, rectangular glass pictures, etched and painted with figures, flowers, or such, surrounded by a metal



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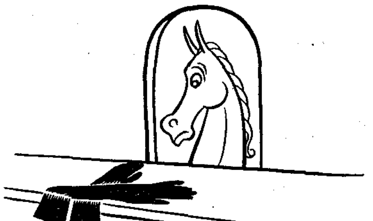

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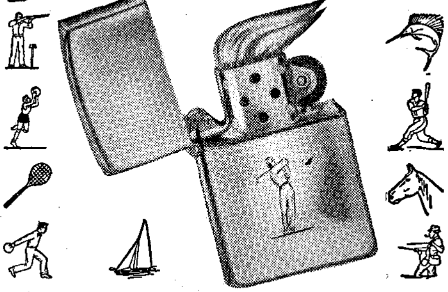

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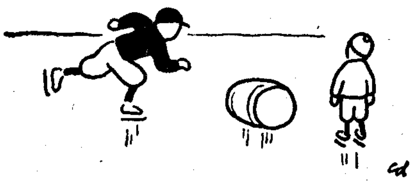
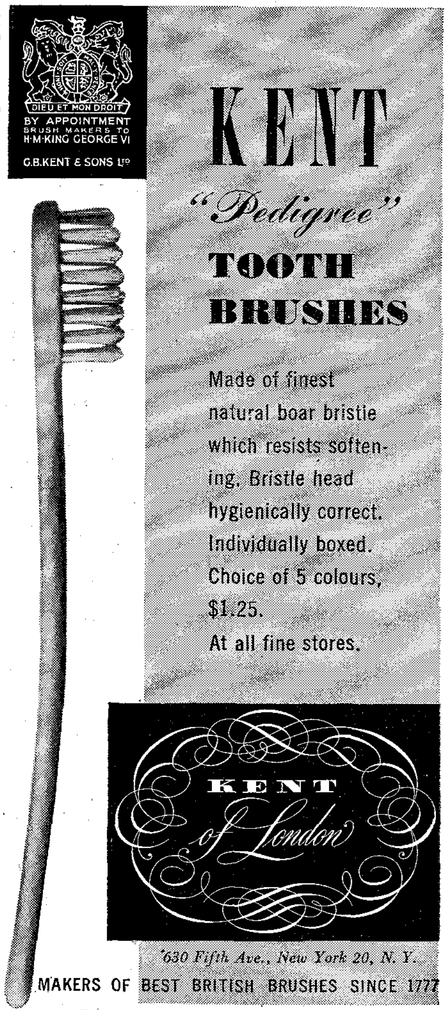
frame and meant to be hung above and behind a bed. Set into the top and bottom of the frame are two incandescent tubes. A four-way switch in the light cord enables you to get a direct light from the bottom of the frame or an indirect one from above, or to illuminate the picture. Or you can do all three things at once. This is one of the most efficient lamps for reading in bed that have come my way; the light from the bottom of the frame is brilliant and glareless, the indirect lighting from the top is soft and becoming to bedroom decorations, and the thing can be worked from the switch without reaching around in back of you. Some of the pictures aren't at all bad. However, the fact remains that they *are* pictures, visible by day as well as by night, and on the whole I think I would prefer that Lightolier looked after lighting my home and let art alone.

UNDOUBTEDLY, you know all about those remarkable Thermopane windows, which consist of two large panes of plate glass, separated by a quarter of an inch or more of dehydrated air. Up to now, installing them has been a costly business requiring an architect, but recent experiments have resulted in the appearance of a ready-built aluminum window frame in sixty standard sizes (non-opening), into which the double panes are sealed by a special glazing process. The windows bring the outdoor scene into a room to an uncommon degree, but if this outlandish winter is still freezing your marrow, you will probably like them just as well for their effective performance in insulating against cold—and next summer's heat, too, for that matter. You needn't worry about the double glass's creating any extra cleaning problem, because the seal around the edges of the two panes is forever proof against infiltration of dirt. If you are building or doing extensive remodelling, your architect can, of course, attend to your tailor-made, aluminum-framed picture windows, but if you merely want to replace an old-fashioned, inadequate window with one of these Thermopane ones, the Hussey-Williams Company, 90-15 95th Avenue, Ozone Park, Long Island, will be able to supply your contractor until the units get into the hands

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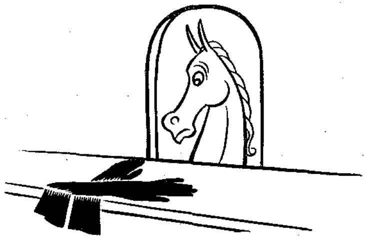
LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: My holiday spirit and one pair of cute **dawnelle** gloves outside the Hialeah pari-mutuel window. How about having a drink with me Cinderella? BOX 118



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back for more. You'll be back,
beef stock, with croutons and

of Manhattan glass jobbers, which is expected to happen shortly.

HAVING brought the whole outdoors into your room, you now will probably want to know how to shut it out, and to that end you might investigate the new Zeph-Aire cordless metal Venetian blinds at W. & J. Sloane. "Cordless" seems to be used in a Pickwickian sense, since it means only that there are no cords running through the slats; for raising and lowering the blinds there is the same old cord we are used to. The slats are of flexible metal and can be easily flicked out, one at a time or all together, for washing, and there is a device that keeps the blind rigid and prevents rattling when the window is open. Zeph-Aires are custom made in twenty-three colors, and cost one dollar a square foot. They are convenient, but the thin metal slats that are so easy to manipulate and clean lack, I think, the handsome solidity of wooden blinds. —S. H.

•

NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE ENGLAND'S SEEN

[*From a report of a cricket match in the Nassau* (*Bahamas*) *Daily Tribune*]

If runs were hard to get this afternoon it certainly was not because of the wicket which behaved as though it was repentant of its earlier impishness. All credit to the bowlers who had England on the defensive from the start.

Goddard, bluff and fastish—not unlike Maurice Tate—soon had Place caught at silly mid-on. The crowd in the grandstand registered their approval in a manner that threatened the safety of the stand, I counted 9 confident appeals for l.b.w. from that quarter in the next 4 overs. In one of these Goddard joined. Jones, giant coloured bowler, quick but not sensationally so, found one that was too good for Brookes. That was 67 for 2, and not so good for England.

Friday, Jany. 23:—

It was Joe Hardstaff versus the Rest out there in the middle today. He was the only England batsman at all confident against the West Indies attack in the third day of the Test though the wicket had curbed its exuberance of the first two days.

Williams again bowled with fire and a stiffish cross breeze helped the inswinger.

Ikin who is prone to hang out a tentative bat paid for it by snicking one to the wicket-keeper. Smithson was guilty of the same fault. A nervous Test debut was ended by a stroke—rather not a stroke—into Gomez hands at slip.

As Cranston came out Hardstaff was prodding the wicket in a precautionary way for which he could not be blamed. The chief business now was to keep together until lunch. All the more tragic was a run attempted from a pat towards deep third man by Hardstaff. Gomez was on the ball like a panther and Cranston was palpably run out. That was 176 for 6 and England deep in trouble.

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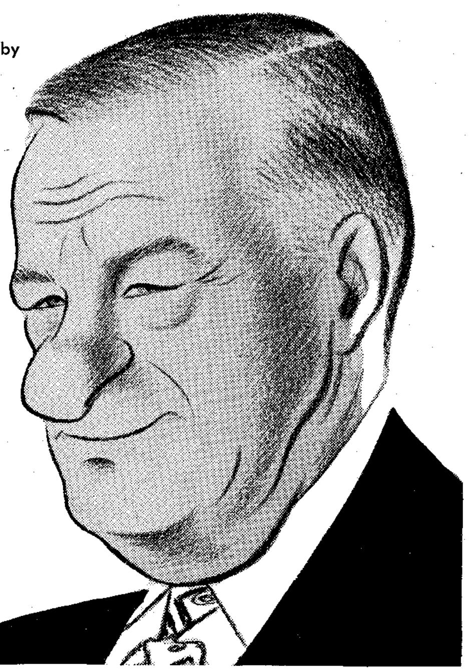

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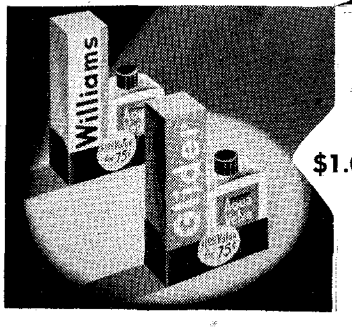

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THE ART GALLERIES

Marriage of Convenience

Delacroix and Renoir, the subjects of a fairly sumptuous loan exhibition, for the benefit of the New York Heart Association, at the Paul Rosenberg, stand in a somewhat oblique relationship. That there are links between the two men is certain. Just as John Constable, the first man to practice landscape painting in the open air, had a great influence on Delacroix, so Delacroix, in his turn, influenced all the Impressionists; his break, around 1830, with the classic tradition of sharp outlines and isolated forms, in favor of a more plastic treatment, was an important factor in the development of their even more revolutionary theories some thirty years later. Seurat admired him, and Degas, who approved of few artists, collected his works. Renoir studied him, too, and made a copy, while still comparatively young, of one of Delacroix's canvases, "The Jewish Wedding," to show how sincere his interest in the older man was. But Renoir, in the course of his studies, must have made copies of many masterpieces in the Louvre—it is one of the ways a young painter improves and expands his technique—and, except that both men were involved with the great romantic revival of the nineteenth century, they seem actually to have had little in common. The show at the Rosenberg, in attempting to prove that they did, is, I think, on shaky ground. Renoir's great admirations were Ingres (whom Delacroix opposed), Watteau, Rubens, and the Venetians, while in his choice of subject matter—youth, tenderness, warmth, voluptuousness—he is as far from the violence that Delacroix depicted as can possibly be imagined.

ART
gallery

Though the show fails to prove its point, it does succeed in providing some very excellent entertainment. The very differences between the two men add a certain sparkle, and the astuteness of the selection helps, too. Delacroix was one of the last of the great monumental painters, and if many of his really big compositions had been included—the battle scenes, the great assemblages, and so on—they might easily have overshadowed Renoir's gentleness and intimacy. As it is, only two of the large and elaborate paintings are presented—the "Fanatics of Tangiers" and the scene at Ferdinand's and Isabella's court, called "The Return of Columbus"—and the latter is so extraordinarily compact and simple in structure that it seems smaller than it is. Note, for instance, how admirably the pyramidal mound of Columbus's trophies, in the foreground, balances and at the same time ties together the two other pyramidal masses—of the spectators, at the left, and the steps to the throne, at the right. Though the Delacroix pictures we are shown are nearly all small ones, and the view we get of the man is thus a rather limited one, the side of him that is revealed is unusually engaging and cheerful. A number of his Arabian sketches are included, notably "Arabs Travelling," "The Signal," and the astonishingly adroit study of a skirmish in the hills called, temperately, "Collecting the Arabian Tax." Except for that, the tendency toward blood and thunder that we associate with Delacroix is absent, and in several other pieces—such as "Turkish Women Bathing" (one of Delacroix's rare excursions into the nude) and the idyllic "Arabs Resting," with its woodland setting—we see an aspect of the man that is rarely brought to our attention.

There is less feeling of selectivity about the Renoir half of the show, though here, too, the cards are stacked a bit in favor of indicating better teamwork. None of the canvases that suggest Ingres's influence are included, which means that Renoir's work of the eighteen-eighties is largely ignored. Apart from that, the range is from the early, very Impressionist "Young Girl in a Boat," done in 1877, to "Gabrielle with a Rose," dated 1917, two years before the artist's death. In between are such strikingly handsome pieces as the vibrantly colorful "In the Meadow," the lovely, almost translucent little study of a young girl called "Nude," and the magnificent "Portrait of Madame Tilla Durieux." It was only in Renoir's late years, to my mind, that he showed a noticeable technical resemblance to Delacroix, and even then it was a glancing one. There is, though, an almost passionate intensity about such pieces as "Gabrielle with a Rose," "Young Shepherd with Birds," and the Durieux portrait—all done, amazingly, when Renoir was in his seventies—that seems to challenge, on its own ground, the fiercer intensity of Delacroix.

MAURICE GROSSER, at Knoedler, suffers, like some of his contemporaries, from what amounts to an excess of good taste. Purity of taste—as an expression of that inner clarity of thought and exact judgment that, frequently in defiance of traditional standards, leads to vivid, balanced, and economical expression—is one of the basic requisites of the good artist. Grosser has that quality in adequate amount, but it seems to be constantly blocked by the dictates of merely conventional good taste, and in consequence his work tends to thin out into sheer surface rectitude, rather brittle and noncommittal. He does landscapes, still-lifes, and similar subjects, all impeccably painted, and some—among them "Staghorn Mountain," "House on Hill, Chattanooga," and "Helvetia's Farm, Vermont"—lit with touches of deeper meaning. Only occasionally, however, does real feeling come through, which is annoying, for one feels that it is always just beneath the surface.

THE Betty Parsons Gallery has a showing of new paintings by Gerome Kamrowski. These are symbolic abstractions, quite dense in design, and his totemic forms and his extremely arbitrary anatomical and other symbols may be difficult to decipher at first. Nevertheless, his patterns, involved as they are, are almost uniformly interesting, and such pieces as "Night Flowers," "Girl in a Garden," and the large, predominantly blue "Fêted Wedding" are exceptionally effective.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 20.—Lana Turner, suspended by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer six days ago for refusing the role of Lady de Winter in "The Three Musketeers," emerged from conferences with studio officials late today to announce that she has changed her mind "in consideration of world conditions and the economic effect upon motion-picture production." She will start work Monday.—*The Herald Tribune*.

And now for the Marshall Plan!

•

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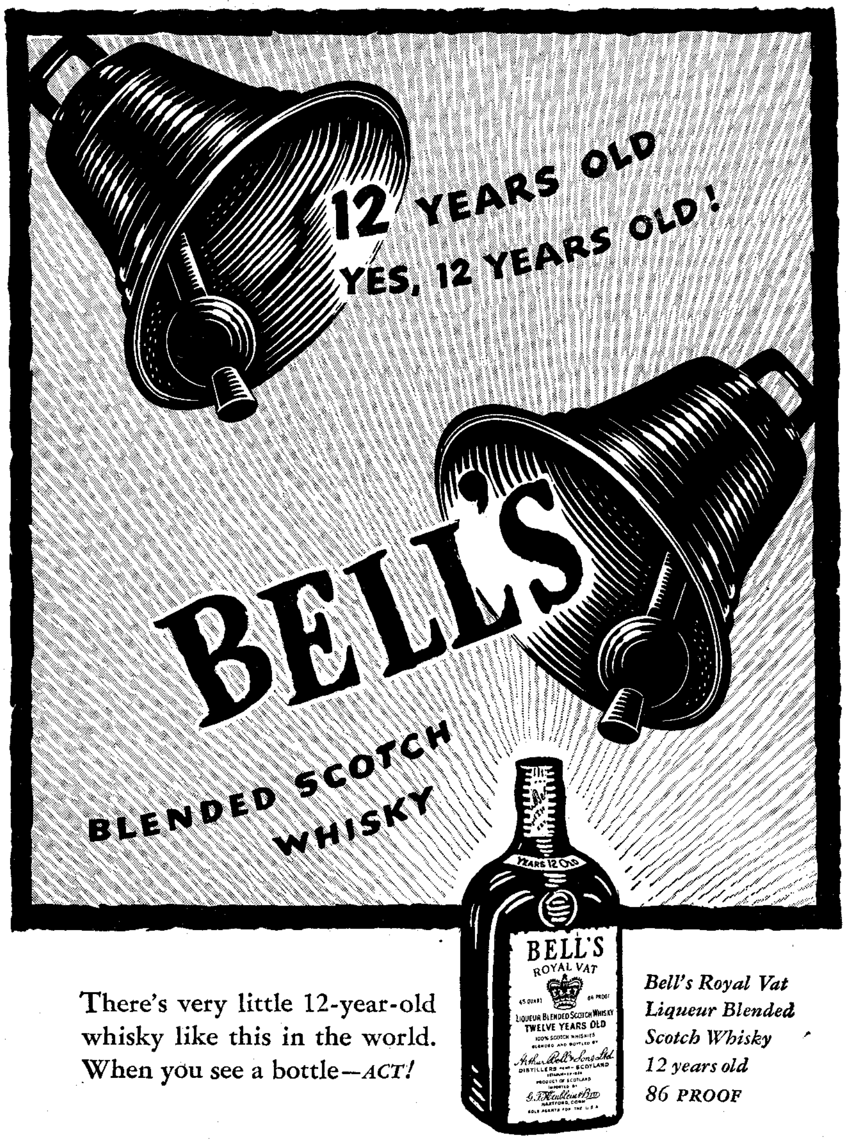

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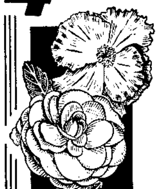

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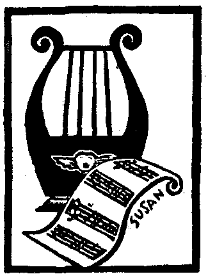
MUSICAL EVENTS

Season for Cycles



THERE seem to be more series of concerts, if not more concerts, in New York this winter than in any other season for a long time. Aside from the usual cycles of performances by orchestras and smaller ensembles, several instrumentalists and singers, among them Lotte Lehmann, have been coming up on their own with groups of three or more programs. Mme. Lehmann has finished two of three Sunday-afternoon recitals, at Town Hall, devoted to the songs of Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf. The Schubert matinée was a typically engrossing demonstration of her great art; she delivered the pieces in a way that diverted attention from the technical details and directed it to the living qualities of the music.

Another series still in progress is by Efrem Zimbalist, who has been presenting a chronological sampling of violin music, from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, at Town Hall on widely separated Saturday afternoons. This project has obvious educational value, but the thing I like best about it is that it affords the opportunity, not often come by, to hear a highly distinguished violinist play many types of music. In these performances, which wind up on March 13th, Mr. Zimbalist has been receiving excellent accompaniment on the piano from Vladimir Sokoloff.

Again at Town Hall, Robert Goldsand will play, on Saturday afternoon, March 20th, the last of a series of three concerts featuring the piano works of modern composers. He has been offering an intelligent variety of pieces, and no one style has been overemphasized. Mr. Goldsand, who recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his début (it should be added that he started at the age of ten), is a brilliant, sensitive performer, with a superb command of the piano and an unusual ability to communicate a composer's ideas.

Wanda Landowska was to have concluded a set of three harpsichord recitals comprising the first book of J. S. Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" in Town Hall this week, but because of an accident she had to postpone the last two concerts to March 22nd and April 10th. The combination of Mme. Landowska, the harpsichord, and Bach is, of course, rightly famous. Mme. Landowska has whipped up some program notes especially for this series, and in them she disposes, keenly and crisply, of such matters as how to listen to Bach and how to follow a fugue, and why the harpsichord is superior to the clavichord.

AS you undoubtedly know, a couple of dance groups have been operating in town for the last few weeks. The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is at the City Center on a visit that ends March 14th. The first bill ranged from "Les Sylphides" to the amusing "Cirque de Deux," and was full of neat contrasts.

Martha Graham and her company are appearing at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, through February 29th, under the sponsorship of the American National Theatre and Academy. In addition to many well-known items from Miss Graham's repertoire, the group is offering "Night Journey," a compact treatment of the Oedipus story, first produced at the Harvard College Symposium on Music Criticism last spring and never staged in New York before. This ballet, I am sure, will take a regular place on the Graham program from now on. When I saw it last week, it contained a few slightly grotesque moments, which will probably be eliminated in future showings. The score, composed by William Schuman, has the proper vehemence and austerity for the subject matter and ends impressively on an almost tender lyrical note.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

TREES

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  As anything in botany,
But where's the forest anywhere
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Great oaks from little saplings grow
  Within a single season,
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Brave trees, be happy while you may!
  The woodsman's arm is limber,
And June comes early down this way—
  Timber! —W. W. WATT

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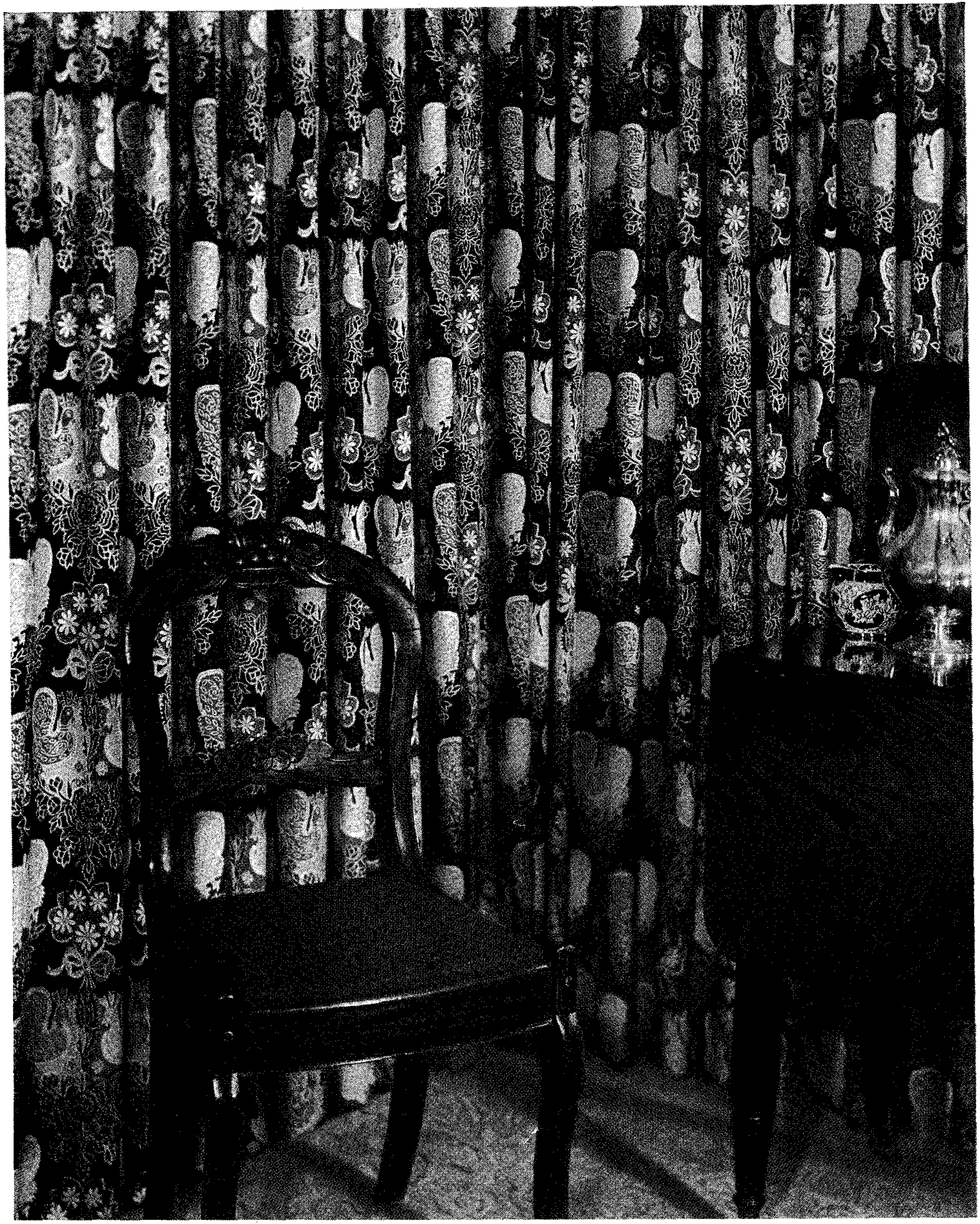

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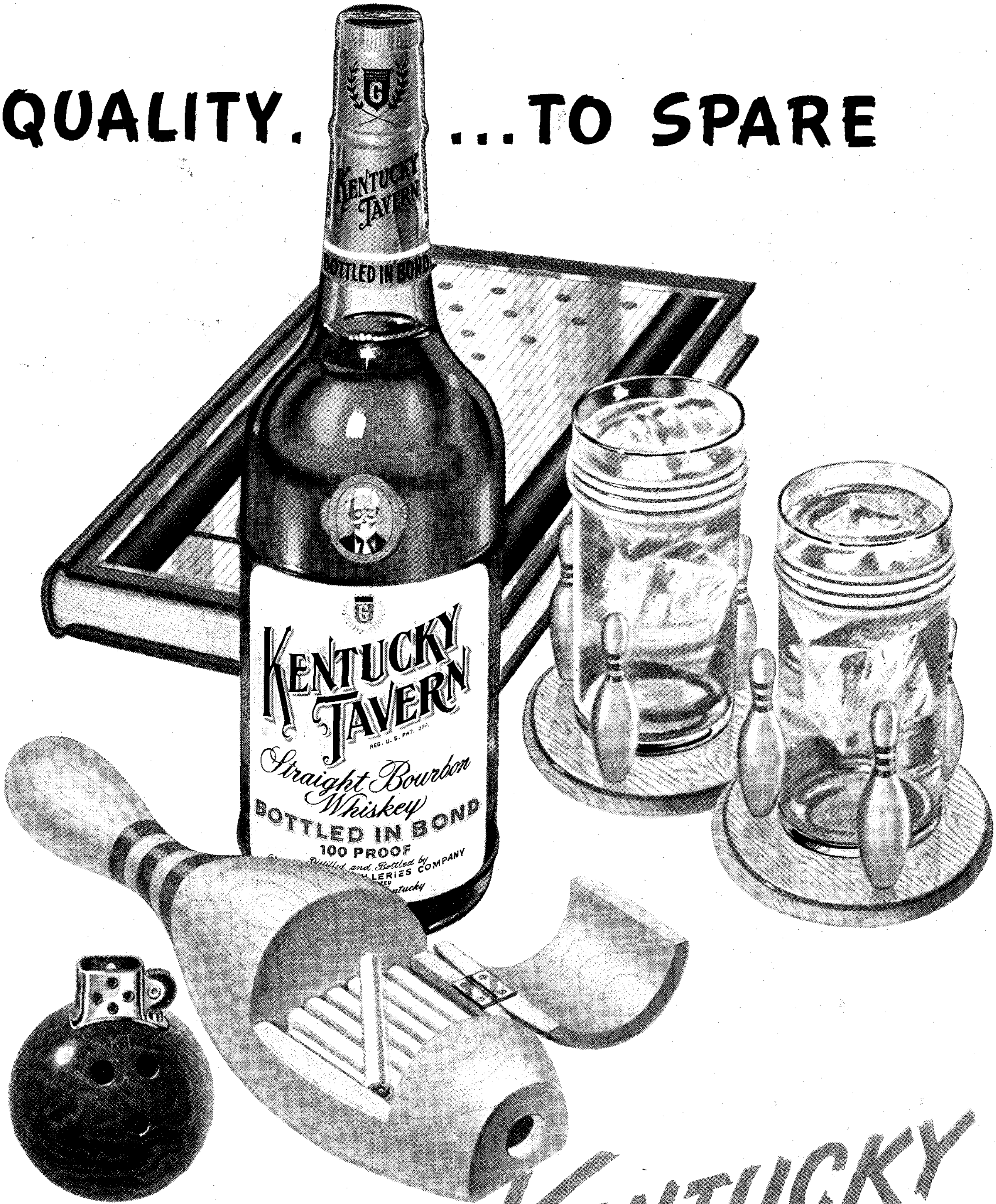
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THE RACE TRACK

Weighty Weekend

THIS is one of those times when there are quite a few important races in the offing but nothing much to say about any of them. The events scheduled for Saturday include the Santa Anita Handicap, in California; the Flamingo Stakes, in Florida; and the Louisiana Derby, which may prove very interesting if My Request turns out for it, at New Orleans.

The Santa Anita Handicap, of course, would be first on the list for any weekend. It's one of the richest items in this hemisphere, and you can count on your thumbs the other racecourse managements that put on as good a show. It costs more to run a horse in the Handicap than it does in any of the hundred-thousand-dollar purses elsewhere. A subscription to the Kentucky Derby is $50 and the starting fee is $100. For the Belmont, the tap is $100 to enter and $1,000 to start. A nomination to the Santa Anita is also $100, but one has to pay $500 to put the animal's name in the entry box the day before the running (a charge that has never, to my knowledge, been exacted at any other track), and then $1,500 to start him. Nevertheless, at least a score of runners will probably be out for the race.

According to intelligence from Caliente, more money has been bet in William Marty's future book on the Handicap than on any other event in years. Before Talon won the San Antonio, a fortnight or so ago, the more heavily backed contenders in the Handicap were Olhaverry, hero of the race last year; Autocrat; Cutty Hunk; and Miss Grillo, a stablemate of Talon. There has been such a spate of dollars on Talon, however, that he is now the favorite, at around 4–1. He seems to me a sound choice. (You had better remember that in the ten years the Handicap has been going only four favorites have won it.) Talon raced well against the topnotchers last season. He was second to Armed in the Widener, to Stymie in the Gallant Fox Handicap, and to Phalanx in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. The closest he could get to Assault in the Dixie and the Suburban was third. One thing Talon's backers have to worry about is the condition of the track. He can't run in mud; he skitters in it.

Talon isn't the handsomest animal you ever saw. He is dark gray, a color that doesn't show up conformation especially well. When he arrived at Belmont from Argentina—some time before Richard Ryan, who owns him now, acquired him—a stable pony came with him. The pony was so big and sleek, and Talon so drab, that the groom in charge of the stable decided that the pony must be Talon, gave him every attention, and put him in the best vacant stall, leaving Talon tied up outside the barn.

I DON'T suppose that the Flamingo Stakes, at Hialeah, is going to be very stimulating to anybody but followers of the Calumet Farm stable. Before Relic developed shoulder trouble of some sort, the Flamingo gave promise of being a highly unpredictable two-horse affair between him and Calumet's Citation. Now, obviously, the latter will win in a gallop and will probably pay no more than fifteen cents on the dollar. Incidentally, I must say that Citation's performance in the Everglades Handicap last week was extraordinary. Carrying a hundred and twenty-six pounds, he ran a mile and a furlong in 1:49, doing the first six furlongs in 1:10 and the mile in 1:35⅗, which is almost as fast as horses ever run—even at Hialeah. Citation is probably no Whirlaway, but I'm beginning to think that he is close to it.

WHAT with Longden trying to run up his grand total of winning mounts to three thousand at Santa Anita, and with Atkinson doing so handsomely at Hialeah, everyone seems to be ignoring Arcaro, who, as it happens, is the leading rider at Santa Anita this season. He rode three winners on the fourteenth, four on the seventeenth, and three on the eighteenth. Not bad going.

AN organizer of the Better Names for Race Horses Week reports that Loose Horsey won at Hialeah the other day, paying $14.60. Old Colonel Martingale is still shuddering.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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BOOKS

Then and Now

THE life that Sir Bernard Pares tells about in his book of memoirs, "A Wandering Student" (Syracuse University Press, in coöperation with Howell, Soskin), is of a kind that is not likely to be lived again. Sir Bernard, who is, of course, one of the world's leading authorities on Russia, was born in 1867 in a country house in Surrey—the last, he tells us, of a succession that his father leased. His parents had ten children—five boys and five girls. It seems to have been a happy, healthy, harmonious family. He and one brother sent each other birthday verses of their own composition, and he and another played football together. "Basil was like a twin to me," Sir Bernard writes. "He was a splendid halfback, master of the old amateur shoulder charge, now abolished, and would always dispose of anyone who interfered with me. Between us, we could make a good nucleus for a whole team."

Sir Bernard got his first education from a Victorian schoolmaster, went on to Harrow, where Stanley Baldwin was also a student—there was more to Baldwin, according to Sir Bernard, than he was usually given credit for—and then through Trinity College, at Cambridge. He majored in the classics, although what he really wanted to do was study history—modern history in general and Russian history in particular. To get the money to continue his education—he felt that his father had supported him long enough—he taught school for several years before he struck out on his own. He ought to be permitted to describe his project in his own way:

> I would first get a background, not only of study but of actual experience in the chief countries of Europe, living always among their own people and visiting the places where great historical events had happened.... I found it useful to get familiar in each country with their own people's ideas about themselves, their prejudices, and especially their clichés or catch phrases, by reading the textbooks of history which they provided for the lower and middle schools.... I had a method which may seem curious. I would start the day with an hour's work on a school textbook devoted to national history. After each sentence I would stop and guess at the next before I read it. At first all my guesses were hopelessly wrong. With time I seemed to reach some kind of a sequence—I mean some sense of what would follow what.

Sir Bernard did some of his studying in classrooms, too. He went to the Sorbonne—living in the Latin Quarter, in the Hotel Corneille, which has sheltered a lot of other students—and then moved on to Heidelberg, where, judging by the evidence he presents, he spent a lot of his time becoming an expert on German beer songs. After Germany, he travelled about Italy, learning the language and perusing a new batch of textbooks. By 1898, when he was thirty-one, he felt that he was ready to take on Russia. He went there and boarded with a country family—he doesn't say where the family lived, but it appears to have been near St. Petersburg—that knew no English.

> I lived in a little log house, wore hip boots to go through the long wet grass, and in some nine months was thinking as well as speaking in Russian. I travelled . . . by post horses. I carried my own sheets and a rubber tub, both of which were most necessary. When I asked for a bucket of cold water for my bath, the postmaster asked why I could not stand out in the rain. To a friend who followed me on the road, he said, "Who is that man who pours cold water over himself in the morning?" "Oh, he's an Englishman, they do that." "Is he dead?" asked the postmaster....
>
> There was [an] atmosphere of mystery in Russian life at that time, especially in St. Petersburg; it was a barrack city of officialdom, separated from the real life of the country in a far corner of the empire, where even transport and food supply were an unnatural strain. The Russians of that time were living in a fog. Even their own social contacts were made difficult; as late as 1902, the house porter, who was a direct agent of the police, had to be informed in advance of any proposed gathering or entertainment. It was an odd experience for a Victorian Englishman to be plunged into the Russia of Chekhov, who has often been called "the poet of the twilight" and has given us a wonderfully true picture of his period.

Sir Bernard returned to England, but he spent a few months every year in Russia from 1904 to 1914. He spent most of the first World War there, too. He attended the first session of the Duma; was official correspondent for the British government during the war, the Kerensky interlude, and the Bolshevik revolution; lectured in Russia and Siberia; and founded the School of Russian Studies at Liverpool University and a similar school at London University. He kept up his contact with Russia during the years between the two World Wars by visiting it frequently, and he translated various Russian authors, founded the *Slavonic Review*, and wrote eight books about Russia,

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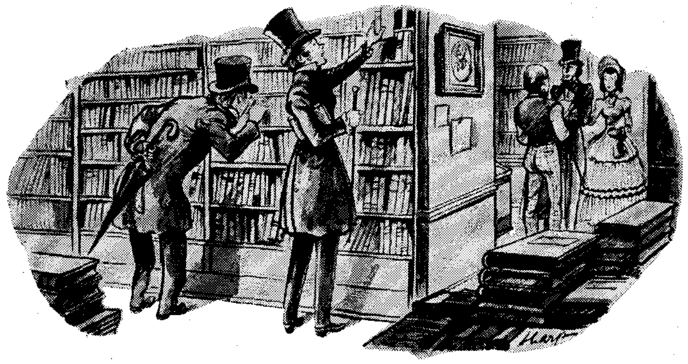

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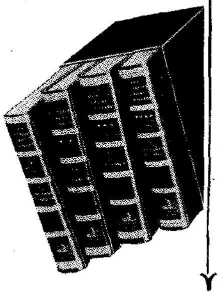

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including his well-known "History of Russia," perhaps the best short historical survey of that country in the English language. Sir Bernard, who is eighty-one, is now, by the way, on the staff of Sarah Lawrence College.

This, certainly, is a crowded life, and Sir Bernard tells of it rather charmingly, but that is not what most impresses me; there have been other lives just as full. What I keep coming back to is that, as I said in the beginning, such a life probably can't ever be lived again. It is not so much that there are very few families in England or anywhere else that can afford to "keep up" as Sir Bernard's father did—the succession of big houses, the good, easy life, the five sons and five daughters—or that the Victorian world, on the stability of which families like this one depended, has gone to smash. The whole world, and human relationships with it, has gone to smash. (The story of this smash-up, incidentally, is the story that lies behind the more personal narrative Osbert Sitwell offers us in the volumes of memoirs—a fine performance, in my opinion—that he is writing, and I am surprised that none of the reviewers have mentioned it.) Let us take, as one illustration of what I mean, Sir Bernard's early experiences in Russia. Who, today, could board with a Russian peasant family, who could go wandering about Russia at will, and who in the last World War could have lived in the Russian front lines, coming and going as he liked, as Sir Bernard did in the first one?

His book, in essence, is a plea for understanding—let us try to understand the Russians, and let the Russians try to understand us, and all will be well. This may be true; certainly it ought to be listened to. Yet what he is asking is getting more impossible every day. The understanding that Sir Bernard is talking about is, at bottom, an understanding based on neighborliness—the reciprocal acceptance of people who know and trust each other. But how is this to come about when, as he is compelled to point out, "the new Russia is far less accessible to us than the old. . . . Till this is radically altered, there cannot be any general confidence between their country and others"? And how can there be any confidence, or any mutuality, when there is developing in this country an attitude toward Russia as psychopathically fearful and suspicious as that of Russia toward us seems to be? Sir Bernard, who was nurtured in an optimistic tradition that the last two generations have been forced to modify,

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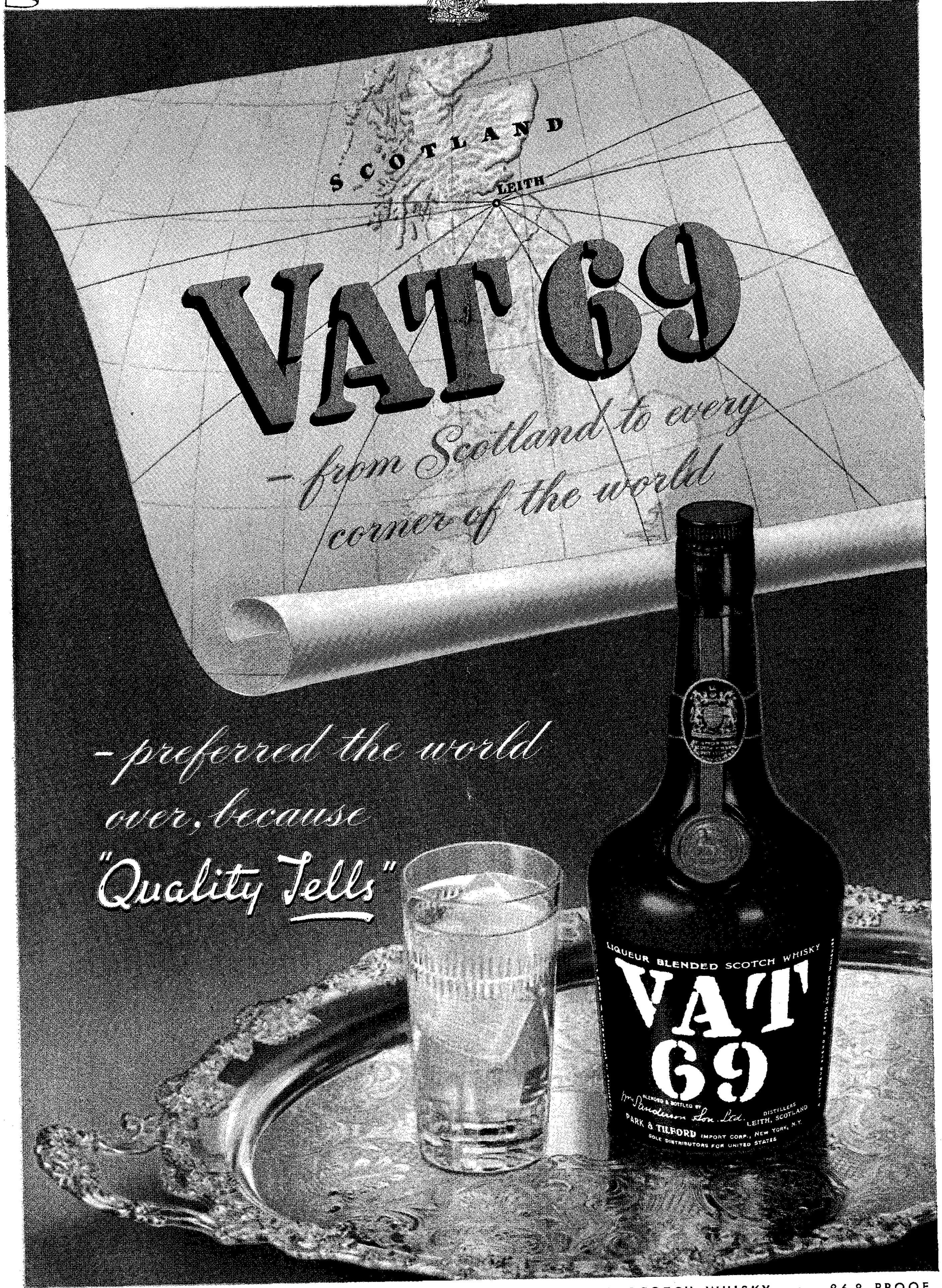
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PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF if not reject, holds that understanding is nearly the whole answer. I think that the matter is more complicated—Edward Crankshaw's recent "Russia and the Russians" goes into some of the complications—but if Sir Bernard is right, and understanding *is* the price of survival, where do we go to pay the price? Where is the ticket window and what is the cost of admission? I'd like to know. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TRAIN FROM PITTSBURGH, by Julian Farren (Knopf). A novel that covers a single day in the life of an advertising executive who, against the bitter opposition of his partner, wants to give a job in his firm to a Jewish war comrade. In Italy, the hero had not hesitated to beat up a man who had insulted his friend, but the moral climate of Westchester, where he lives, has produced in him a flabbiness of character. Besides, a number of extremely vexing experiences during the day almost drains him of what little will power and courage he still possesses. At the end, one is left with the impression that the executive will not go to bat for his friend when the latter arrives in town the following morning. An excellent piece of work, done with incisiveness and skill.

AMANDA SAID THE GRASS WAS GREEN, by Robert Bunker (Morrow). A first novel dealing with a sensitive Navy officer who, on his self-delayed return to civilian life, at once becomes involved in a psychological struggle against inaction. He finds himself unable to have convictions about anything, a weakness that he is acute enough to realize is merely a continuation of his lifetime search for certainty and not a by-product of the Navy habit of reliance upon others to make decisions. When he is suddenly confronted with a critical situation, however, he acts with resolution and breaks the grip of his paralysis. The theme is largely developed in stretches of italicized monologue by the principal character and in dialectical conversations, many of which are absorbing.

THE SHORT TERM, by Arthur Baker (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An unpretentious but better-than-average first novel having to do with a sordid, small-town murder and the effect it has on the lives of a number of people. The forces of good and evil are about

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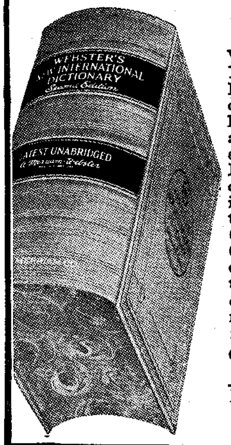

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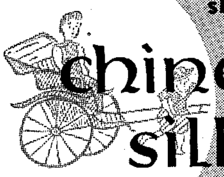

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evenly matched—good being represented by an omniscient judge, a canny sheriff, and a three-hundred-pound alcoholic lawyer, who converses with the moon, and bad by a conniving prosecutor, a sexually maladjusted clerk of court, and a ne'er-do-well ex-soldier. A couple of Mr. Baker's characters are too bizarre to be altogether credible, but the story is told with such smoothness and conviction that one is inclined to accept them without much argument.

THE WALL OF DUST, by Hallam Tennyson (Viking). Six long short stories, five of which are very fine indeed, by a young English writer (great-grandson of the poet) of unusual perception and taste. Each story employs the same device—individuals striving to cope with unfamiliar situations in unfamiliar surroundings—but Mr. Tennyson is a good enough storyteller to keep the reader from becoming distressed by the repetition. The title story, about a unit of American Negro troops forgotten by the Army and left to themselves in a remote Italian village far behind the lines, is probably the best piece in the collection. The one less than good is a somewhat confused attempt to set down the emotions of an English Jew in postwar Palestine.

JOHNNY CHRISTMAS, by Forrester Blake (Morrow). A first novel that vacillates between being a geographical panegyric on the Rocky Mountains and the Southwestern frontier of the eighteen-forties and a tough, bloody Indians-and-trappers story. None of the characters has much coherence, and the descriptions of the landscapes could have been worded better, but there's a lot of material about beaver trapping, migrations of the Ute Indians, and the decadent rule of the Spanish colonies in New Mexico and California for those who are interested in such things.

JAMES AND JOAN, by Anne Fremantle (Holt). A determinedly archaic historical novel centered on James I of Scotland, the poetry-writing king who reigned in the early fifteenth century. Kidnapped when a youth, he spent eighteen rather agreeable years of not overly confining captivity under the surveillance of Prince Hal of England and the other major Lancastrians, besieged French cities in the service of his captors, and courted and won an English lady before his thrifty Scotch cousins got around to ransoming him. In the course of her story, Mrs. Fremantle maneuvers James into meetings with practically every contemporary figure of consequence, but except for that, her novel appears to be historically sound. It is certainly informative, if not very exciting.

HARP IN THE SOUTH, by Ruth Park (Houghton Mifflin). An often amusing tale of Irish life in the tenements of an Australian city. The characters realize they are doomed to poverty, but they never despair; indeed, they make out quite well with the few grains of happiness they manage to collect. The novel, which won a prize in a contest conducted by an Australian newspaper, has some of the flavor of Louis Golding's "Magnolia Street."

LUCINDA BRAYFORD, by Martin Boyd (Dutton). A sprawling chronicle of a well-to-do family in England during the last sixty years. Considerations of class and taste govern the actions of this clan and the fashionable world in which it moves. At heart, the heroine is a typical snob; it is only in the closing passages that she betrays a glimmer of understanding of values different from and more enduring than her own. Stock characters, antique plot, and pedestrian style. The Literary Guild selection for March.

TUESDAY TO BED, by Francis Sill Wickware (Bobbs-Merrill). A New York architect and industrial designer, who feels guilty about having helped to develop the atomic bomb, is about to leave for Chicago to receive a reward for a city he has planned when he learns that his wife is having an affair with a wildly unsavory actor. This so overwhelms him that he falls in love with a lady *Life* reporter who has been assigned to interview him on the train. He drinks heavily for three days, learns about *Life*, and finally comes to a decision that is de rigueur in Hollywood and radio serials. Those who enjoyed the romantic sections of "The Hucksters" will enjoy this, too.

GENERAL

LITERARY CRITICISMS BY FRANCIS THOMPSON, edited by Terence L. Connolly (Dutton). Recently discovered critical essays and book reviews, which show that the poet was also a very penetrating critic. Thompson was somewhat out of tune with the critical viewpoint of his times—the last years of the nineteenth century and the early years of this one—when such men as

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Arthur Symons and George Saintsbury were extolling form over matter. These pieces, which appeared unsigned in contemporary London periodicals, are mainly concerned with familiar writers (Henry James, the Brownings, Ruskin, Yeats and his fellow-Irish insurgents, and Swinburne among them) and, as a result, still retain their pertinence.

THE CASE OF RUDOLF HESS, edited by J. R. Rees (Norton). A psychiatric symposium on Hitler's one-time deputy, by the eight British and American practitioners who had him in charge at various times between his parachute landing in Scotland and the end of the Nuremberg Trials. The book is unavoidably repetitious and technical in places, but it has a grisly interest because of Hess's grotesque role in recent history. As a pathological study, it is not so successful, because Hess, whether lucid or mad, was a dull man. The authors, by the way, present considerable data showing that Hess's famous lapses of memory at the trials were not as faked as they have often been made out.

OUR THREATENED VALUES, by Victor Gollancz (Regnery). An attack by the London publisher and Socialist on current British policy toward defeated Germany. Mr. Gollancz takes particular issue with Field Marshal Montgomery's attitude ("The German food cuts have come to stay. We will keep them at a thousand calories. They gave the inmates of Belsen only eight hundred."), since he believes such a regimen is not only dangerous to peace but morally degrading to the victors. He argues for a return to humaneness and for "respect for personality," the gradual disappearance of which he considers one of the great evils of our time.

BOURKE COCKRAN, by James McGurrin (Scribner). A non-critical biography of perhaps the most independent-minded politician who ever sat around a table in Tammany Hall. Cockran was a wellborn Irish immigrant who came to America in the eighteen-seventies, made a fortune as a trial lawyer in New York, became a power in Democratic politics, supported McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, and fought against Cleveland and Bryan. Mr. McGurrin makes an interesting story of Cockran's life but is not very convincing in his effort to establish him as one of the great orators of the era, despite the opinion of Bryan and the young Winston Churchill. The author notes

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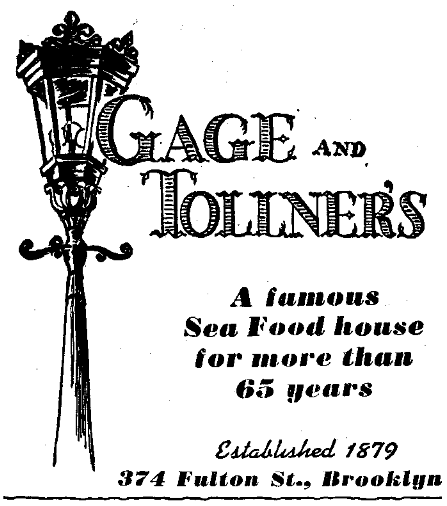

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admiringly that Cockran's speeches were remarkable for their "lavish richness of style," and they certainly were.

PAINTING IN PUBLIC, by Maurice Grosser (Knopf). A highly literate, intelligent, and frequently funny account of one painter's reactions to such artistic problems as patrons, museums, people who sit for portraits, art dealers, and so on. It is addressed primarily to painters and followers of the art, but it is witty and searching enough to interest many others.

IT TOOK NINE TAILORS, by Adolphe Menjou and M. M. Musselman (Whittlesey). Mr. Menjou's autobiography, a backward look over his thirty-five years as the cinema's most illustrious spatted menace. The book deals only with the author's acting career (no politics) and with reminiscences of famous movie people. The chapters about the early years of film making—notably one about Charlie Chaplin's production of "A Woman of Paris," in which the author made his first success—are entertaining as history, but the book as a whole has a glib, feature-story tone that robs it of almost all personality. Many photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

EXPLOSION, by Dorothy Cameron Disney (Random House). Miss Elizabeth Mitchell, middle-aged and inquisitive, finds plenty to ponder in the behavior of the Greer family, who live next door to her in Washington, especially after their house goes up with a bang one summer noon, leaving the remains of a well-heeled relative in the debris. Miss Mitchell takes in the Greers and, with some assistance from the police, finally gets at the cause of the trouble. One of Miss Disney's best jobs.

DEATH OF AN AUTHOR, by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead). Nigel Ebbfleet, who has written a best-seller called "Unborn Tomorrow," is murdered shortly before the publication of his "Dead Yesterday." This provocative situation catches the attention of that talkative threesome, Dr. Priestley, the armchair crime consultant, and Waghorn and Hanslet, of Scotland Yard. The Doctor, as is his custom, postulates a number of interesting hypotheses, which are followed up by his enraptured leg men with excellent results. Rather pleasant, in a ponderous fashion.

AN AUTHOR BITES THE DUST, by Arthur W. Upfield (Doubleday). Another sudden demise in the literary set. Napoleon Bonaparte, the Australian investigator, is called into consultation by the Melbourne police when they have about given up trying to find the murderer of an eminent novelist. Bonaparte is somewhat ill at ease in drawing rooms, after so many years of tracking down footprints in the bush, but with a bit of indoctrination in literary matters he is able to work things out in his customary efficient manner. A trifle disappointing, though, compared to some of his cases.

THE CASE OF THE LONELY HEIRESS, by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow). Perry Mason gets embroiled with the law again, mostly because of his preference for difficult young women as clients. Miss Marilyn Marlow, suspected of murdering the key witness in a case involving a contested will, of which she is the beneficiary, interests the California attorney in her plight. His activities on her behalf are, of course, strenuous, and culminate in some tricky courtroom business. Above the Gardner par.

MURDER: PLAIN AND FANCIFUL, edited by James Sandoe (Sheridan House). One more collection of factual and fictional accounts of crime—a field that has been thoroughly exploited by anthologists of late. In an attempt to overcome this handicap, Mr. Sandoe has included a short section devoted to fictional treatments of actual crimes, as well as a fairly comprehensive bibliography of tales and plays, mostly of the twentieth century, based in some degree on real crimes. A little hazy, on the whole, but perhaps worth consideration for an anthology shelf.

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Mrs. Meyer won her spurs in journalism the hard way—under the handicaps of being the wife of the boss and also part owner of the paper on which she worked, the Washington Post, purchased by her husband, Eugene Meyer, in 1933.—*From an article in the Matrix, a Magazine for Women in Journalism.*

Must have been mighty discouraging at times.

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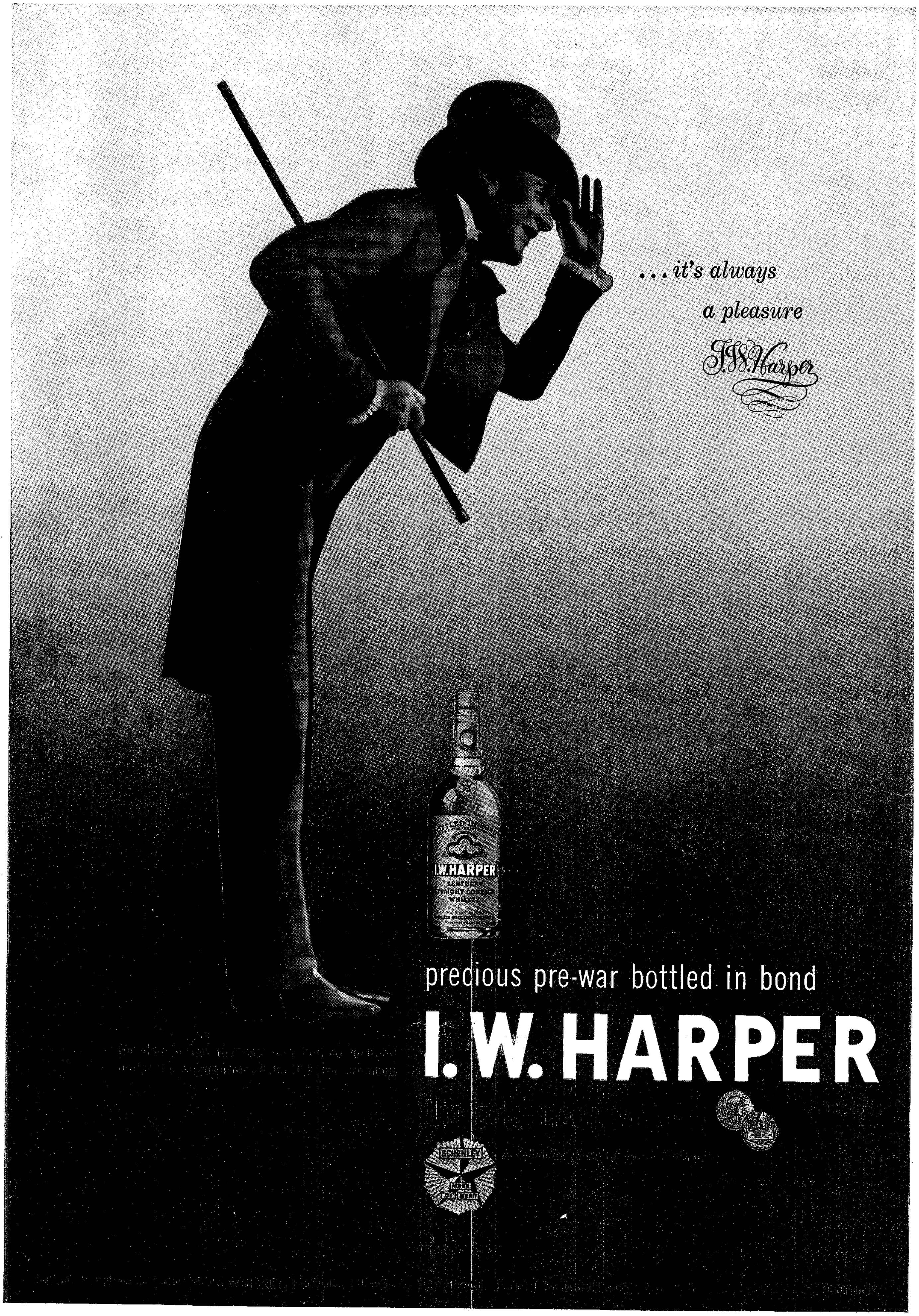
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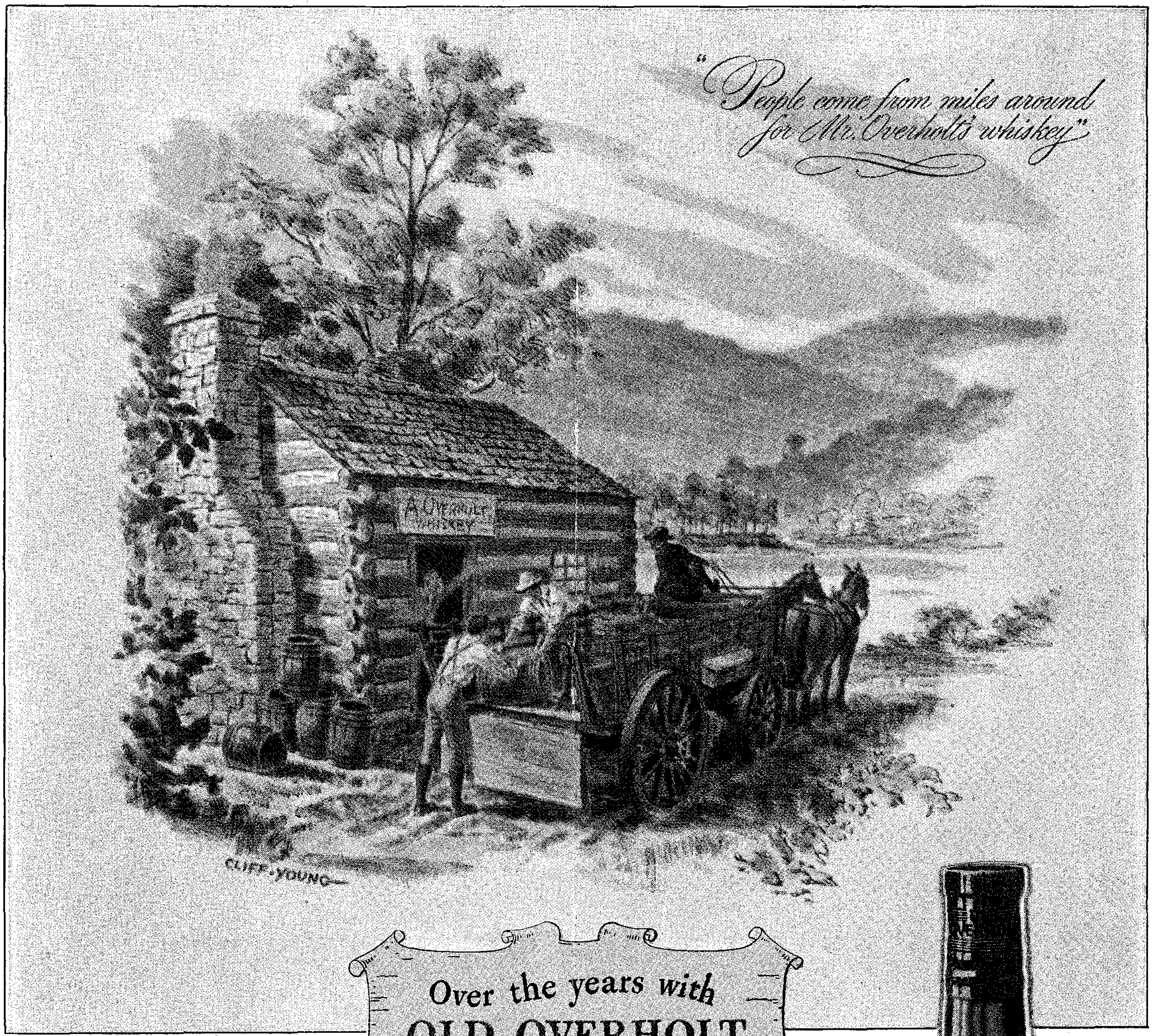
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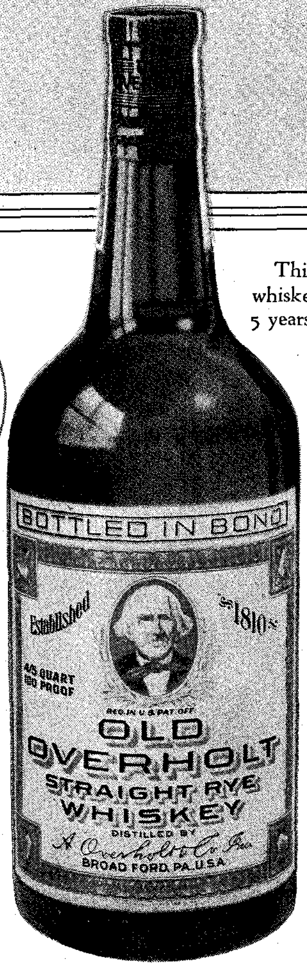
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